


COUNTRY LIFE IN GEORGIA
IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH



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MRS. W. H. FELTON.
Taken at 75 Years of Age.

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Country Life in Georgia

In the Days of My Youth

ALSO

Addresses Before Georgia Legislature Woman's
Clubs, Women's Organizations and other
Noted Occassions

BY

REBECA LATIMER FELTON,
Widow of Hon. W. H. Felton

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DEDICATION.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY BELOVED FRIEND,
THE LATE MRS. RUSSELL SAGE,
OF NEW YORK CITY.

The greatest woman philanthropist in the known world. She gave millions upon millions of her wealth—to education—to philanthropic institutions—to charity—to every good enterprise which appealed to her—and dying after ninety glorious years of good deeds—she left many other millions to other institutions—to war support and other magnificent benefactions.

She was also a noble Christian woman.

She had a broad vision as to proper uses for great wealth—a lofty example of unselfishness.

Untold generations and unborn millions will be benefitted by her noble gifts, and they will rise up and bless her name and memory!

THE AUTHOR.

WHY THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

Why this Book was written after I had passed my eighty-second year deserves an explanation. Understanding the infirmities of age, which can be easily increased by worry and overwork, I had almost decided to allow my accumulated manuscripts to remain after my decease, when those who survive me might give them to publisher if so desired. But when I gave this statement to a number of my sincere friends I was met with a storm of protest. They said I might do this work, if I would be careful as to health, and with frequent rest spells. I explained that while my memory was still good, and my condition normal, still I was a very old lady—much of my physical strength abated—and old people by reason of age were almost sure to become garrulous, talked too much (if they have impatient kinspeople) and were set in their ways of thinking as well as of saying and doing things, and are old-fogyish in regard to modern methods and activities. Nevertheless they have insisted and reminded me that while we have Southern histories concerning the Civil War, compiled from data furnished by political and military leaders, the outside world really knows very little of how the people of Georgia lived in the long ago, before the days of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, cook stoves, sewing machines, kerosene oil, automobiles, tri-cycles and a multitude of other things now in common use. "We can read about those things with a greater relish when we hear about the olden time, than when they were unknown propositions." They reminded me that Boswell's Life of Johnson really gives more satisfactory information about the early habits and homes of English people than all the fine and elaborate histories by illustrious writers. Finally I concluded to send some of my already printed articles to a distinguished Georgia gentleman who has never held political office, or sought any preferment or promotion, but whose name

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is a synonym of lofty integrity and honest purpose, and who could easily command the votes of his state and section. He had at several times insisted upon my printing or collecting together the literary accumulations of my long lifetime, urging their preservation, etc.

When his reply reached me I finally decided to set my face to the task. I copy here a few lines of his highly prized letter: "I am returning herewith your papers, registering the package in order that there may be no possibility of their being lost. I assure you it gave me much pleasure in reading these articles of the past, giving me an opportunity of knowing something of the history of the politics of Georgia with which I am not familiar. In your reply to Hon. — — you demonstrated your full knowledge of the political situation and issues of your day and the records of the public men of the time. It is needless for me to say, you used your pen in a vigorous manner. Your usual vigorous style of writing was stimulated in this case by your determination to protect the good name and acts of one near and dear to you. The other articles read like prophesy. They could be used in present customs. You have lived to see part of your dreams realized. It must give you great and added pleasure and incentives to labor for causes you advocated long before 1900.

"It is information of this kind that is contained in the articles you sent me, which I do hope you will incorporate in a forthcoming book, along with all other similar data, for only in this way will it give to coming generations an opportunity of appreciating in full the work which you did for Georgia and which will give them the advantages of a true insight as to the political history of the State during your lifetime. Sincerely yours — —."

My attachment to the readers of the Georgia newspapers is something like the affection that an aged grandmother feels towards her great grandchildren. We understand each other, and generally we think alike. Numbers of these readers (in their loving confidence) have named children for me. I prize their

affection. I wish for them Heaven's richest blessings when their faithful old friend can write no more! They write to me and touch my heart, and some of them say further—"You have a large following in the State of Georgia who are devoted to you, especially among the rural citizens, the plain people of the State. They always feel assured you will state facts and furnish proof if your statements should be questioned.

We will be glad if you will consent to write and publish this chronicle for those you have loved so long and served so well."

Longfellow's beautiful poem, 'Morituri Salutamus,' is pertinent as my reply and acceptance of the task:

"Something remains for us to do and dare
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his Grand Oedipus and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than forescore years.
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his *Characters of Men*.
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales.
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions, but they show
How far the Gulf Stream of our youth may flow
Into the Arctic region of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And, as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars.
Invisible by day."

CHAPTER I.

SOME INDIAN REMINISCENSES.

Among the recollections of my childhood, the most startling to my youthful mind, was a story told me by my mother of an Indian raid that came near enough to my grandfather's home to massacre and scalp the whole family of friends, Brantly by name. Within a very few miles of the Brantly's there was a large settlement of whites, who owned their farms—some had lands inherited from their parents. For many years they had not been thus molested and the massacre of the Brantly family came like a shock from a clear sky. Mr. Brantly was plowing in a nearby field, his wife, with a servant woman, was washing at the spring branch, when the red skins swooped down upon them and tomahawked the last one of them.

Morgan county, Ga., was not a border county either, and when the alarm was given, my grandfather Swift, then a comparatively young man, saddled a gentle horse, helped my grandmother into the saddle, lifted my small uncle, William, up behind her, and placed the three-months old baby (my own dear mother) in grandmother's lap. Armed with a musket, he walked beside the horse, until they were in sight of my great-grandfather's home, when he bade his little family goodbye and went back to join the near neighbors who had agreed to pursue the Indians. Night and day these armed men hunted the tracks of the murderers, but to small effect. This occurred in the year 1813.

My mother's aunt, born a Talbot, went to Texas with her husband and children—two in number—with a slave woman who had been given her by her father before she left her girlhood home for the "wild west." They arrived at their destination in Texas, cleared some land, built a house and were comfortably settled,

to start a home and make a fortune. The little family were at supper table one night, the four-year old boy in his high chair close at his father's right hand and the year-old baby girl also in her high chair, with a home-made doll in her arms, when the Mexican Indians raided the place, killed and scalped the husband and wife, also the little boy. They took with them the baby girl and the colored nurse and departed. The family in Georgia were informed by some means that the Mexican Indians would ransom the little girl, but she was twelve years old before her mother's brothers got on track of her, and they made the long, wearisome trip on horseback to a place designated in Texas and found their sister's child (still in care of the servant woman who had taken up with one of the natives). The ransom was paid as agreed upon. The young girl was mounted on a Mexican pony, the colored woman on another pony, and the faithful uncles started on the long return trip to Georgia.

All went well the first day. On the second day the colored woman lagged behind for some purpose. Before the uncles were apprised of her rusé, she was whipping the two ponies and escaping. Another long parly was had, and another ransom was handed over. The colored woman was left behind this time, but the journey through Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama was a fearful one, constant anxiety about Indians was added to the fatigues of the long travel, all on horseback.

The girl brought her doll with her, the only memory that remained to her of her parents and little brother. She died early—was never fully at ease with her surroundings and slow in adapting herself to the ways of her kindred.

The girl was my mother's own cousin and I found myself constantly pondering over what had happened to her in that wild country. So it is easy to understand that my early life was much concerned about Indians. I was really three years old when the Cherokee tribe was forcibly removed from Georgia in 1838, and were started on their long trip to Indian Territory. It has been stated that four thousand died on

the way before the exiles could stop and find a resting place. There were 14,000 who began the march. The journey of six or seven hundred miles was performed in about five months. Chief men of the Cherokees were assassinated on the trip. Those who took an active part in negotiating the treaty with the United States government, at New Echota, Major Ridge and his son, John, with Elias Bondinat, thus met their untimely fate. Forty years ago I met in Washington City another Elias Boudinot, a direct descendant of the murdered Cherokee Chief. He had held office under the Confederate congress and was then employed as agent for his people in their dealings with the Federal Government, when I questioned him concerning the fate of his ancestor. This final treaty with the Cherokee Indians was held in Murray county, Ga., and the house that John Ross lived in is still standing within the town limits of Rossville, Walker county, Ga., only a few miles from Chattanooga, which was named for him, then known as "Ross' Landing." Ross opposed the removal of the Cherokees and the factions for and against were known as the Ridge party and the Ross party. The Indians were finally collected at Ross' landing (Chattanooga) on June 10th, 1838, for the State of Georgia took possession of this Cherokee Country on 24th of May, 1838.

In Bartow county, where I have been a citizen since the year 1853, there are most remarkable mounds on a plantation which has been in possession of the Tumlin family for more than seventy years. These mounds seem to antedate Indian occupation. So far as known the Indians have no tradition concerning them. They are the work of skilled architects and some of the relics found in those ancient mounds are exquisite productions. There is a vase of artistic shape and high coloring which was unearched by an unusual flood time, in the Etowah river, that we may reasonably suppose was fashioned by a race of people who occupied this section of the country long before anything was known of the rude and illiterate aboriginal Indians of America. Also a large platter of beautiful workmanship was purchased by the authorities of the

Smithsonian Institute and highly prized by American scientists. The red Indians were in possession when Columbus landed in 1492. Those who erected these mounds were here before the Indian period of occupancy in earlier centuries.

In this Cherokee section of Georgia the Indian names for rivers are still preserved without change, and many of Georgia's streams in other sections have the names of Indian origin. Except the mounds, there is but little else remaining to tell the story of the red man who refused to be the white man's slave, preferring to be bayoneted off the continent, in his love for freedom. When the full story of world democracy is chronicled, in the light of this world-wide European war as connected with the Republic of the United States, what relation will the Red Indian bear to the Russian peasant who has so lately accepted democracy in lieu of Czarism? The Red Indians of North America refused to become the white man's slave, while Africa made no resistance. The aboriginal Indian received the white man as a friend until the white man taught him to drink "fire water" and dispossessed him of his "happy hunting grounds." The African in the slave-holding states did not rise up in defense of democracy or human freedom when the Federal armies of the North had overrun and subjugated the slave owning Southern Confederacy. Whoever writes the true story of the red man must give him credit for higher ideals and loftier patriotism than the Mongolian or any of the yellow or black tribes can furnish.

The story of Georgia for a hundred years and the methods used to dispossess the Indians of their happy hunting grounds will ever be a humiliating confession of the Anglo-Saxon's greed and injustice against their red brother.

Perhaps the most thrilling recital of such assumacy and violence is found in the city of Washington, where the government of the United States has chronicled it, found in various volumes under the title of *American State Papers*, and I read the story of the "Yazoo Fraud" forty years ago, in certain of these

volumes that I procured from the House Library upon application with a Congressman's written order.

There had been a bill passed through the Georgia Legislature, and which Gov. George Matthews signed, which sold to certain trading companies all the lands owned by Georgia, from the Oconee river to the Mississippi, and from the Tennessee line southward to Florida, a tract that covered the two states afterwards organized into Alabama and Mississippi, besides the entire western part of Georgia. These lands, as described in the petitions and deeds, amounted to nearly 22,000,000 acres. As soon as these lands were corruptly sold the companies computed the tract as containing 40,000,000 acres. Wars with Indians had been expensive to the taxpayers of Georgia and a lying title was made to the bill for sale of these so-called "Yazoo" lands, and a provision was inserted looking towards payment of state troops with the money that these lands sold for. The forty-million tract was really bargained away for \$500,000, the state getting one-fifth of the money in hand, the balance mortgaged to be paid within ten months. There were four of these companies, the Georgia Company, the largest of the four, took half the gross amount, \$250,000, the Georgia-Mississippi, \$155,000; the Upper Mississippi, \$35,000, and the Tennessee Company, \$60,000, each getting by metes and bounds the lands proportioned to these respective payments. The state of Georgia sold twice the land that these pretended traders claimed to receive, and for half the money that was really brought forward. A lying title was made to cover the outrageous swindle, and the legislative act forbade the sale of an acre of the land to any "foreign king, prince or potentate." It was worded to attract foreigners as well as emigrants from other states of the Union. Having bought a principality at less than the eighth of a cent per acre, the plan was laid to sell at very low figures and sell as quickly as possible.

Augusta was the capital of Georgia, and the record shows that the honor of the state and her greatest public interests were bartered off by traitorous Representatives and the Chief Executive. Except one man,

Robert Watkins by name, the official record in Washington city shows that every man who voted for the sale was corruptly influenced. The Senate of Georgia consisted of 20 members—ten voted for the sale, 8 against it. In the Lower House there were 34 members—nineteen voted for the sale and nine in the negative. In these volumes, called “American State Papers,” the amounts paid to these traitorous representatives are set down. Some received cash, some large grants of land, some had negroes conveyed to them, etc., but the whole story is blazoned in full in these official records. I copied down every single name and the amount received, but I have made a lifelong rule in discussing matters of this kind, to spare the names for sake of innocent relatives who might be hurt by a public exposure of such evil things, unless certain actors in public betrayal of their constituents had made personal attacks on me or mine, then I made the story very plain with names, dates and proof. A judge of the Supreme Court of the United States was one of the active conspirators in this Yazoo Swindle, James Wilson by name, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, also a member of the Continental Congress, a member of the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, and at the time that this Yazoo sale was carried through the legislature of Georgia, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and so elevated in public confidence that he was one of the original selections for the organization of the first Supreme Court of the United States. Prepared by his position to adjudicate the very first test case that might be made—appealed by these corrupt Yazooists. He became a leading partner and interested to the extent of a million acres in this unparalleled swindle in barefaced wickedness. Side by side with this schemer on the bench and unworthy official, was Nathaniel Pendleton, District Judge for the Northern District of Georgia, also Andrew McAlister, District Attorney of the United States for Georgia. There were only two Superior Court districts in the State, and one of the two judges was William Stith, who accepted \$13,000 in cash and prom-

ise of the traitors to elect him the next Governor of Georgia. The contrast was great between Judge Stith and Judge George Walton, who illustrated his office and retired from the bench without a spot or blemish on his character.

The active man in Georgia, the chief conspirator, was United States Senator James Gunn. He came from Virginia during the revolutionary war, and joined Gen. Greene's army when Gen. Washington dispatched Gen. Greene to recover the Carolinas and Georgia. After the losing battle of Camden, Gen. Greene had a fuss with him about disreputable horse racing and it is reported that he swindled a woman who was seeking to recover pay for a celebrated race horse belonging to her husband's estate. In Simms' Life of Gen. Greene, some of these things are related. But Gunn was adroit in his methods. In 1789 he was chosen to the U. S. Senate with Senator Wm. Few. When he ran for re-election the Yazooists were his champions and he prosecuted the Yazoo Fraud to the limit of his ability and he prostituted his senatorial influence and used his ignoble opportunity to its successful promotion. His last term in office expired in 1801; after the vengeance of Georgia had descended on the ignoble men who had vilely betrayed her trust. When the people awoke to the certain knowledge that the men who had bought the "Yazoo lands" had bribed the majority of the Georgia legislature and the Governor, the Congress of the United States also became aroused to the infamy of the transaction. Gen. James Jackson, the other Georgia Senator, resigned his seat in Congress, came home to Georgia and was elected to the Legislature which rescinded the Act, and the tempest of indignation against those who were bribed made some of them uneasy as to what would happen to them at home. The Yazoo sale was denounced in the Legislature as a fraud, the Yazoo Act was rescinded and the records were publicly burned in Louisville, Georgia (then the State Capital), by fire drawn from Heaven by a sun glass. In the days when matches were very scarce, these sun glasses were common. I well remember seeing them in my childhood's

home. Georgia's title to the immense tract sold to Gunn and Wade Hampton of South Carolina, and their co-workers was seriously questioned in Congress. Our disturbances with Spain and the dread of Indian alliances with Great Britain made Gen. Washington anxious. After years of dispute and political chicanery Congress finally appropriated five millions of dollars to settle the claims of innocent purchasers, and then the lands were divided as at present, between Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

But the Yazoo swindlers soon passed out as owners. They sold out rapidly and covered their ill-gotten gains into their plethoric pockets. This Yazoo history is fully told in the *American State Papers* alluded to in this article. I read these facts myself in Washington city. One declaration by the Congress of the United States remains vivid in memory. The names, the amounts paid to bribed officials and the shame of this transaction, are to be carefully kept, so long as the government of the United States remains in force, as a living witness so to speak of the infamy of the actors, forevermore.

In Gov. Bullock's time there were ugly stories of bribed legislators, and there have been various legislative and congressional investigations that make the people at home aware that frauds and swindles were still active in political centres, but the only part of my life that came in actual touch with corrupt politicians in high places when my husband was in Congress, was that well-known era of graft and bribery that attended the corrupt progress of Pacific Railroad legislation in the national congress in the 70s and 80s, when men of high position in many states were openly pointed at as being owned by these railroad authorities and serving in their pay, and yet holding commissions as senators and congressmen in the highest legislative body in the world. Supreme Court judges were also known to be their willing servants, appointed under agreement as filling campaign pledges and Pacific Railroad lobbyists had the finest quarters and highest salaries known to that period in Washington city

homes and hotels. History repeats itself. Human nature is the same in all ages.

MY KINSPEOPLE.

At the risk of appearing egotistical I must tell you a good deal of my grandparents and parents, because it is to their memories and traditions that I owe very much of the information which it is my purpose to relate in these pages. As I knew of these personages better than all others, I am doubtless impressed by their opinions, and their hereditary associations and trends of thought have been more or less perpetuated in their descendants, I cannot, therefore, very well avoid such opinions or omit such mention.

So far as known my forbears were either Virginians or Marylanders in the early days of the Republic. My father was a boy of seven years when his parents moved from Maryland to Georgia. Both of his parents had progenitors at that time who had been living in Maryland nearly one hundred and fifty years, and both of his grandfathers served in the Army of the Revolution. There was a trunk full of papers, letters and various valuable documents in my childhood home, once the property of his mother, and many of the letters were written to her, after she moved to Georgia, by the Maryland kin. I can recall the delight it gave me to examine my grandmother's papers when I was a bit of a girl. I recollect she was married by a bishop of Maryland—she was a staunch Episcopalian—and the Bishop's name was signed to the marriage contract that closely antedated the wedding festivities and ceremonies. Alas! When "Sherman marched through Georgia" the trunk, with the letters and papers, were all destroyed, as were thousands of other properties of like interest in countless Georgia homes during the Civil War. But the ownership of her own estate is substantiated by the records at Annapolis, Md., and in the court house of LaPlata, Charles county, where deeds and wills are fortunately

of permanent record. The various farms which she sold before moving to Georgia, and also the sale of "Marshall Hall," on the Potomac river, are recorded in the records here mentioned, and it is interesting to note that a Maryland woman did own and manage and sell her own lands as early as the year 1803. "Marshall Hall," on the Potomac river, as many of my readers know, is nearly opposite to Mt. Vernon, and is the great picnic grounds for Washington city people. In the mid-summer of June, 1916, there were seven of the largest church organizations in the nation's capital that picnicked there in one day when I chanced to go along on a river boat, and it was said that ten thousand tickets were sold at the 7th Street wharf during the day here mentioned. These river steamers touch first at Mt. Vernon and then continue to "Marshall Hall." As early as 1650 a Marshall bought and owned a place named "Marshall," and of this tract on the Potomac river he willed two hundred acres to his daughter Barbara. She married a Hanson and this two-hundred acre tract continued in the ownership and occupancy of Marshalls and Hansons as late as 1847, and has been known as Marshall Hall for considerably more than two hundred years. My grandmother inherited it from her father's estate and sold it in 1803 to her brother, preparatory to removal, as before stated, to Georgia. There were three brothers (her uncles and father) by name John, Richard and William. All three owned a part of an estate called "Three Brothers." Richard died and his will was dated October 30, 1757, before the war of Independence. John Marshall died in 1801. William Marshall died in Chas Co., Md., in 1793. John, William, Philip, son of John, and Thomas, son of Richard, all took the oath of allegiance between 1775 and 1778. (It is recorded that Hon. Benj. Few, one of Georgia's noted Revolutionary officers, was born in 1744, at "*Three Sisters*" plantation, near Baltimore, Harford Co., Md. He has a Georgia descendant in Dr. Jas. E. Dickey, president of Emory College in Georgia.)

In the time of Charles the 1st he who lost his head in Cromwell's time, Maryland was inhabited by In-

dian tribes. A gang of bandits, however, settled on Kent Island in the Chesapeake bay. Charles the 1st conferred a grant in Newfoundland on George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, and who had been Knighted by James 1st of England.

The climate was so forbidding that Calvert traveled southward and beheld a country lying on the Chesapeake bay and the Potomac river, which greatly pleased him. When he returned to England he so impressed Queen Henrietta Maria with his accounts of that part of the New World that King Charles conferred this Maryland grant on George Calvert. Soon after he sickened and died. His title and estates were turned over to his son and heir, Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore. Cecil afterward commissioned his brother Leonard to take possession, and the new country was given the name of Maryland in honor of the enthusiastic Queen. Two hundred and four Englishmen, with their families, sailed in two small ships called The Ark and The Dove, and after a tedious voyage, landed on Kent Island. Among those who came over with Governor Leonard Calvert, Lord Baltimore (Cecil never came to Maryland) were four young Hansons, wards of the Queen Henrietta Maria. Two of them later returned to England. Randolph Hanson, one of the four, and who died in 1699, married in early life Barbara Marshall, before mentioned, who had inherited the two hundred acres forming a part of the plantation called "Marshall."

In "Sidelights on Maryland History" it is recorded that the title to "Marshall Hall" was made by an Indian Chief and patented by Lord Baltimore. There were frequent intermarriages between the Hansons and Marshalls. In the list of fourteen Marshalls that can be seen in Colonial Hall, Washington city, as signers of the oath of allegiance in 1775-78 there is a John Marshall Hanson, a John Hanson Marshall, and Thomas Marshall Hanson. It was a Hanson, an official who took down the names of these signers in Chas Co. Each name had a date, also a number and this signature is considered the highest test of loyalty.

In the recorded will of Capt. Randolph Brandt, who

died in 1699, and whose will I copied some months ago, in the Land Office at Annapolis, he gives his son, Randolph Brandt the 2nd, "two hundred acres lying on the Potomac river near land of Randolph Hanson's, wherein Brandt is now dwelling, called Hammer-smith." Randolph Brandt the 2nd witnessed the will of Randolph Hanson, in 1698, likewise did Richard Harrison, progenitor of two Presidents Harrison, both of Hanson lineage. This data I collected from "Maryland Calendar of Wills" with proper dates, books of record and numbers on pages in folio.

The title deeds from the Indian chief are said to be still in possession of Marshall and Hanson families. The present owners of "Marshall Hall have been seeking the Bible record of these early owners and offered some aged relatives five hundred dollars for a Bible containing the names of a number of them, but the offer was declined."

One of these Hansons was so highly respected in Maryland that the state has presented his statue to the Hall of Fame in U. S. Capitol. Along with Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the two represent their native state. John Hanson, whose magnificent marble statue can be seen in this Hall of Fame, was a grandson of John Hanson, the emigrant and son of Robert Hanson. This distinguished John Hanson was early elected to the General Assembly of Maryland, and is known in Colonial history as one of the most noted of its citizens. He was also distinguished in Revolutionary affairs. He was president of congress when the seat of government was located in Philadelphia, and welcomed General Washington before the U. S. Congress when he returned from Yorktown after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. These facts can all be found in the Library of Congress, in "Sidelights on Maryland History." Both the Presidents Harrison were of his lineal descendants. U. S. Senator James Alford Pearce was a descendant. Hon John Hanson Thomas was U. S. Senator from Maryland, dying in 1815. Dr. John Hanson Thomas was in the Legislature of Maryland, 1861-65. He was confined in Federal prison for six months. Pages 121-324 "Sidelights of

Maryland History.” This John Hanson of the Hall of Fame was born in Charles county, 1715, died 1793. There were two dominating factions in the State of Maryland before and during the Colonial wars. John Hanson represented the Protestants while Lord Baltimore and his following were zealous Catholics. Hanson’s grandfather, the emigrant, known in Maryland records as the “Colonel,” was doubtless a brother to Randolph Hanson—both wards of Queen Henrietta Maria—the latter, as before stated, living at Marshall Hall, and married to Barbara Marshall after 1650 and mentioned in her father’s will, probated in 1698, and is of record in Annapolis at this time. Randolph Hanson’s will was made in 1698, and all these Hansons and Marshalls were citizens of Charles county, named for King Charles of England. Their wills are all recorded.

General Washington’s half brother, Lawrence, inherited the magnificent estate of Mt. Vernon on the death of his father. Lawrence became the guardian of George when the latter was twelve years old. Lawrence married into the Fairfax family, one of the most distinguished in Colonial history. George therefore spent much of his time at Mt. Vernon when he was very young. In 1752 Lawrence died, leaving an infant daughter and when the little girl died, George, the future President, succeeded to the estate of Mt. Vernon as legal owner. The Washingtons came into Virginia as early as 1657. It will be seen that these Marshalls and Hansons were even then their neighbors, their lands being divided only by the Potomac river. This nearness accounts for the fact that fourteen Marshalls residents of Charles county, Maryland, just across the river, signed the oath of allegiance to the Revolutionary cause in 1775-78. If General Washington had failed every one of these neighbors would have been exiled, their lands confiscated and doubtless their heads would have adorned a pike. My grandmother, Rebecca Marshall Latimer, inherited Marshall Hall on the death of her father in the year 1793. Gen. Washington died at Mt. Vernon in 1799. My own father was born in 1799. The ownership of

this Marshall tract began in 1651 according to "Maryland Calendar of Wills." It is obvious that Marshall Hall and Mt. Vernon House were erected near the same time. It is family tradition that brick were brought in from England, possibly as ballast for sail-vessels. Furniture and other things came in also, possibly exchanged for tobacco, the market crop of early Marylanders. This tobacco brought ready money in pounds shillings and pence. Tobacco is still grown in Maryland on a large plantation known as Lord Baltimore's "Dower House," seventeen miles below Washington city. I visited the old Dower House in 1914 with a party of friends and the owner and hostess told us of her growing tobacco crop that day. This old Dower House was built to withstand Indian attack. A secret outlet, like a tunnel, was constructed as a means of escape should the red skins overcome the whites in this great house. There were friendly Indians as well as hostiles, and another ancestor of our family had a good deal to do with this Indian warfare about the same era of Maryland history.

Capt. Randolph Brandt might have been born in the Barbadoes, where his father and mother and oldest brother lived and died, for their wills are recorded there in proper form and order, but family tradition tells of English birth and lineage for the ancestors. Capt. Randolph Brandt came into Maryland before 1660, upon the invitation of Lord Baltimore. They were close friends and patriotic workers during life and "Maryland Archives" preserved in the Library of Congress, is full of the story of Capt. Brandt's unusual patriotism. He and Lord Baltimore were zealous Catholics through life. Capt. Brandt had a wife and children when he settled at "Penguiah Manor," about the year 1670, in Charles county, and the name of the plantation is still connected with the soil, and the land lies quite near the county site of LaPlata.

The county site of Charles county up to the close of the Civil War was "Port Tobacco." Federals and Confederates had numerous clashes. It was evident that county records were in danger of destruction. These books, of incalculable value to future history

were conveyed to the Land Office in Annapolis as a place of safety. After a splendid court house, erected at LaPlata, the new county site, had been finished these valuable records have been going back into the custody of Charles county officials. The room in which they are stored at LaPlata is modern and fire-proof. It was at LaPlata that I found fuller records of my Maryland kindred, although the Land Office at Annapolis is a wonderful storage place for Colonial and Revolutionary documents. I found in La Plata a deed of sale made by my grandmother, Rebecca Marshall Latimer (for whom I was named) to three plantations called "Walker," "Poquasket" and a part of "Three Brothers," all lying and situated in Charles county, where she and her progenitors were born and lived. For the three places here mentioned she received £1,063, ten shillings, current money at that time, nearly six thousand dollars. All plantations have a name in that section of the country. The clerk of La Plata court house told me that he himself had purchased and then owned a part of "Penguiah Manor," and named other nearby places that had names noted in the wills of the Brandt's, the Latimer's and Marshalls.' I found these facts in Book "I. B." pages 365-372 inclusive. Book "I. B." No. 7 was compiled in 1806.

Capt. Randolph Brandt was captain of Maryland militia in 1678, member of General Colonial assembly in 1682, Commissioner of Indian Affairs when Wm. Penn was also Commissioner of Indian affairs in State of Pennsylvania. Mary, his daughter, married James Latimer, who died in Charles county, 1718. Their son, James Latimer 2nd, married and left a son, Marcus Latimer. Marcus Latimer, grandson of James who married Mary Brandt, took oath of allegiance 1777-78. His son, William Latimer, married my grandmother, Rebecca Marshall Latimer. The sale of "Marshall Hall" is recorded Liber "C" No. 2 page 147, Land Office, Annapolis.

James Latimer, son of James Latimer 1st and Mary Brandt, and grandson of Capt. Randolph Brandt, Lord Baltimore's friend, was prominent in early Co-

lonial days. This data is here set down, for the benefit of relatives who may be seeking genealogical data in days to come, and because of their connection with our forefathers.

Capt. Brandt was expressly engaged to protect the towns of Charles county from hostile Indian invasion. He also protected friendly Indian tribes from the hostiles, who continually threatened to exterminate all Indians friendly to the white settlers. In that time of stress and strain he raised a large military company at his own expense. In remembrance thereof the Colonial assembly of Maryland voted to Capt. Brandt several thousand pounds of tobacco as a part refund for money expended in behalf of the Commonwealth. To those of our kindred who feel inclined to consult "Maryland Archives" in the Library of Congress will find on page 357, vol. 17 the following: "Capt Randolph Brandt, precept: to protect the towns of Charles county. His course of diplomacy and devotion to duty characterized Capt. Brandt's career in Maryland, and mark him as one of her noblest founders of colonial families." I copied a part of his will in the Land Office at Annapolis. He left four hundred pounds English money to the minister who would officiate at his funeral exercises. He divided lands and slaves between his heirs, also spoons and silver and gold cups, and made provision for the education of his minor children. There were five Latimers who took the oath of allegiance to Gen. Washington's cause with several of other families, sons-in-law and near kindred. It is well to copy here this oath of allegiance, as taken from records in Colonial Hall, D. A. R. documents in Washington city: "*I do swear I do not hold myself bound to yield any allegiance or obedience to the king of Great Britain, his heirs and his successors; that I will be true and faithful to the State of Maryland, and will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the freedom and independence thereof, and the government as now established, against all open enemies and traitorous conspiracies and will use my utmost endeavors to disclose and make known to the governor or to some one of the justices*

or judges thereof, all treasons or traitorous conspiracies, attempts or combinations against the State or Government thereof which may come to my knowledge. So help me God."

Both of my Maryland great grandfathers took that oath. Both served under General Washington, who lived across the Potomac river, in sight. Several of my great uncles took the same oath. One was a major in the Revolutionary army, who willed his valuable sword to his daughter's son and his namesake, provided he (the youth) should serve his government with loyalty and patriotism. This brave old kinsman died in 1801, only surviving his great general, Washington, barely one year. His will, recorded in La Plata courthouse, Charles county, covers seven mammoth pages, and these pages are nearly or quite two feet square. In this will he bequeaths his part of "Three Brothers" to his son, Philip. In the will of Richard Marshall (1750) a part of "Three brothers" was given to his son, and his riding saddle and wearing apparel to his beloved brother, William Marshall (my grandmother's father). And William Marshall's part of "Three Brothers," passed to her, when he died intestate in 1793. Each of these three brothers owned a part of a tract called "Point St. William" in addition to "Three Brothers."

The Fendalls of Maryland were related to these Marshalls, as John Fendall owned a part of "Three Brothers," also a part of Point Marshall. Thomas Hanson Marshall owned a part of "Marshall's Adventure."

Among the early Maryland settlers appears the name of Ann Marshall, 1641; Richard Marshall, 1658; Rebecca Marshall, 1643; William, 1640, and another Richard, 1646. These arrived in Maryland before the advent of the Brandts. There is recorded an *early* settler, 1645, belonging to Latimer family.

The Bealls, who intermarried with the Marshalls, two of them marrying my grandmother's sisters, sold their plantations in 1793, preparing to move to Georgia—one as late as 1803. Emigration was afterwards heavy toward Georgia.

“The Yazoo Fraud,” of which I have written elsewhere, and more fully had been exposed and finally settled by Congress, which opened up a vast territory of fine lands, well watered, reaching from the Oconee river to the Mississippi river and these lands having been cleared of all difficulty as to government title, became exceedingly attractive to Virginians and Marylanders. As a rule they were slave owners and they sought more land to expand their agricultural pursuits, and many of those of whom I have here written, sold out and undertook the long overland journey with only wagons and carts for their necessary transportation. Many North Carolinians were also seized with this moving fever, and among them we can place all of my great-grandparents, parental and maternal on both sides of the house.

It must have given my grandmother Rebecca Marshall Latimer, a pang of regret to vacate the beautiful Marshall Hall on the Potomac river, owned by her family for nearly two hundred years, and to start southward across three states, to find a home at last in the wilds of Georgia, in Warren county. The little seven-year-old boy (my father) has often told his daughters of crossing the Potomac river on a flat-boat. The family left behind them the splendid brick residence, the capacious barn and outbuildings, all built of brick, perfectly sound and useful at this present time, a home of former wealth and luxury, to adventure life, fortune and happiness in a sparsely settled country, fully half of which was still inhabited by red Indians. They had also to leave the graves of their kindred in the cemetery which is still enclosed at Marshall Hall and full of Marshall dead. But there is a record on a gravestone showing that a Thomas Hanson Marshall was an owner and buried there as late as 1843, with an inscription signed by his beloved wife, who then survived him. There are inscriptions showing this burial place of Marshalls as early as 1680, and there are living kinspeople, who tell of a visit to this old family home and still owned by relatives as late as 1872 and 1880.

It is now the property of the Potomac Boat Company, and as before stated, transformed into a great recreation pleasure grounds, where the residents of the National Capitol are delighted to assemble on every fair day in the summer time with pleasant weather, beautiful river trip and outing.

In Georgia there are many of the descendants of those Marshalls, Brandts, Bealls and Latimers, all of whom are more or less familiar with Charles county, Maryland, traditions and memories, among them the Gunbys, the Latimers, the Bealls, the Glenns, the Furlows, the Hollingsworths and others that I fail to remember at this writing. Before leaving the subject of Maryland's kindred, it is a matter of history that James Latimer and Mary Brandt, daughter of Capt. Randolph Brandt, were entrusted with the guardianship and care of two Fairfax orphans. Lawrence Washington married a Fairfax, and you can find the following in "Sidelights on Maryland History," page 315. "In the absence of Parish registers or complete early Charles county records, the exact relation of the Latimers and other Charles county families is not exactly proven, but the fact that John Fairfax left his minor children, Ann and William, to live with James Latimer and the close ties shown in the records to have existed between the families, imply kinship. John Fairfax was the earliest of the Charles county Fairfax family, many years before Lord Fairfax became identified with Maryland." James Latimer, herein named, had a family home called "Maycock's Rest," which descended to my great grandfather.

In this compilation of genealogical data of family history my main object has been to give information to surviving kinspeople and also in a general way to show to our readers how Georgia was settled in the early years of the 19th century.

This influx of cultivated people from states that had superior advantages in wealth and culture, gave Georgia an uplift that was felt in many different ways to the immense benefit of the English settlers who had come over with General Oglethorpe seeking a refuge from autocracy and royal mandates, the victims of op-

pressive laws and debtors who were thus released from prison bounds. The first ten governors of Georgia were English born. Archibald Bullock, Theodore Roosevelt's ancestor, came from S. Carolina, Gov. George Walton was born in Virginia, Stephen Heard came from Ireland, Lyman Hall, Connecticut; Samuel Elbert, South Carolina in 1740; Telfair, Scotland, 1735; George Matthews from Virginia, he who wrecked a magnificent military and legislative record by affiliation with the "Yazoo Swindle." Jared Irwin, he who signed the rescinding act of the Yazoo law, seems to have been a native Georgian. Gen. James Jackson and the ancestors of Gov. Milledge came to Georgia from England. Peter Early came to Georgia in 1795 or 6 from Virginia, one of those who emigrated with great numbers from Maryland and Virginia. Matthew Talbot, my mother's kinsman, and a lineal descendant of Capt. Matthew Talbot, distinguished in Revolutionary war, was born in Virginia and moved to Georgia in 1785. Governors Clarke and Rabun came from upper North Carolina. Gov. Troup was a native Georgian, elected in 1823. Forsyth was a Virginian, also Wilson Lumpkin, born in 1783. Wm. Schley, elected in 1835, was a native of Maryland. Afterwards native-born governors were the rule and not the exception in the gubernatorial chair of Georgia. Rev. Hope Hull was born in Maryland, Rev. Henry Holcombe was born in Virginia, two very great leaders in Methodist and Baptist organizations in primitive Georgia days. Colonel Wm. Few was born in Baltimore county, Maryland, in 1748, a magnificent Indian fighter in Georgia. He was United States Senator from Georgia in 1793. Governor Matthew Talbot filled the office of Governor with credit to himself and to the family. My maternal grandmother was Lucy Talbot with a direct line to Capt. Matthew Talbot of Virginia and a kinswoman of Governor Talbot who settled in Wilkes county in 1785, afterwards removing to Oglethorpe county in Georgia. In White's miscellainies it is recorded "He died on 17th Sept., 1827, aged 60 years, leaving behind him the character of an honest and patriotic citi-

zen." In "Men of Mark," compiled by ex-Gov. Northen, we hear more of Gov. Talbot. The State of Georgia fitly perpetuated his memory by naming one of her counties for him. I remember hearing Hon. Alexander Stephens speak of the lofty integrity of Matthew Talbot, as one of Georgia's most patriotic citizens.

My maternal grandfather was Thomas Swift, a member of one of Georgia's very excellent families that settled in Morgan county after the Revolution. My grandfather was the eldest of four brothers, and married Lucy Talbot near the year 1810. His father was a planter and slave owner, and tradition has it that the Swifts and Talbots emigrated from Virginia after the Revolutionary war and obtained lands on Sandy creek in Morgan county, which their descendants owned for at least a hundred years. The next brother was Dr. Elias Swift who married a sister of Major Taylor, of Athens, Ga., who was a practicing physician and died in Madison, Ga., when a young man. The succeeding brother, Dr. John Swift, married in early life a sister of Messrs. John and Stewart Floyd, of Newton county. She died, leaving two children, one of them the late Mr. E. S. Swift, of Columbus, who has surviving children. Dr. John Swift was married the second time to Miss Mary Ann Harris, a sister of Hon Y. L. G. Harris, one of Georgia's noted philanthropists. She became the mother of a large family of children, being left a widow when the most of them were small. Mrs. Mary Ann Swift lived to be nearly one hundred years old. Mr. William Augustine Swift married a Miss Keller, of Abbeville, South Carolina, and two of his sons, Thomas and John, are still living in Elbert county, while the aged widow is nearing the century mile stone and is still a very remarkable woman of the olden time. This longevity is worth mentioning as in striking contrast to the fragility of more modern women. There were two sisters of this early Swift family, Mrs. Mary Darden and Mrs. Bethenia Lewis, who also raised large families.

My Maryland grandmother died several years before I was born, so it was my Georgia grandmother,

Mrs. Lucy Talbot Swift, around whom my early recollections cluster and are well remembered up to this good time. I was often at her home (which she inherited, and was her father's early residence) and I was a close observer of her housekeeping methods and of her abounding hospitality. The mother of eleven children, all reaching maturity, except two that lived to eleven and twelve years, her industry, her management and her executive ability in caring for and carrying on her household affairs are still wonderful memories, and have continually lingered with me as examples in the progress of my own extended life. It was a fine specimen of a Southern planter's family and home in ante-bellum times. Grandfather had a plantation, a grain mill and saw mill, which kept him busy with his own duties as a provider, but it was grandmother's skill as a home-maker, with an eye single to her domestic duties and diligent attention to home economies, that impressed me most in that early time of my life when I trotted around after her as she went from the dwelling to the garden, and to the milk dairy, to the poultry house, to the loom house, to the big meat house, where rations were issued once a day, and to the flour and meal house where there was always a superabundance of supplies for white and colored. She had fowls of all domestic kinds to look after and there were fattening pigs in the pen also. She had geese to raise feathers for the family beds, because there were no mattresses in that early time. When one of the children married there was a substantial outfit prepared to set them up for limited housekeeping. There were no such things as "comforts" eighty years ago, but quilt making was never interrupted, winter or summer, and in early Georgia homes woolen "coverlids" woven at home, and quilts innumerable, made by hand, were the bed coverings in all such well-to-do Georgia homes. I distinctly remember that my own mother made and quilted with her own nimble fingers, fifty good, serviceable and good looking quilts in the first ten years of her married life. In that early time, before there was a railroad in Georgia, our own home became a regular stop-

ping place for travelers and there was urgent need for beds that could meet the demand when people traveled from Savannah and regions lower down south even to Nashville, Tenn., going north, and after stage coaches were set going the coach expense was so great at ten cents a mile, that the bulk of the travel was still made in carriages, carts, gigs and on horseback. In event of stormy weather these travelers were often detained at our house. Sometimes floods in rivers and washed-out roads intercepted travel. All mules and horses and hogs brought into the state were driven from Kentucky and Tennessee, as there was no railroad in Georgia to furnish markets in southeastern Georgia. When my grandmother, Lucy Swift, began housekeeping, wool and flax were the dependence of housekeepers for clothing their families. Silk culture was exploited in Gen. Oglethorpe's time, but the use of cotton was handicapped. Before there were any cotton gins the cotton lint was picked from the seed by human fingers. The lint was then carded by hand, spun on home made wheels, then reeled into what were called "hanks," by use of home-made reels, then the warp was prepared for the home-made loom, by a variety of processes, all tedious and slow and all the work done by the house mother and her helpers. The thread was "sized" with a thin corn meal mush, then rolled on to home-made corn-cob spools from these stiffened "hanks," then the spools were carefully placed and manipulated on warping bars, then rolled on the beam of the loom, then drawn thread by thread into the "harness," keeping exact count of each thread, one to go up and another to go down when the treadles were moved by the weaver's foot, then carefully pulled through what was called a "sley," fashioned from canes gathered in swamps. After all this was performed the soft spun thread for "filling" was carefully transferred to small spools that were fitted into "shuttles." The warp being thus made ready for the weaver's shuttle, the process of cloth making was nearly accomplished, so the weaver pressed one treadle with her right foot and rushed the shuttle through, then pressing the other treadle with her other foot, she

again dashed the shuttle back again, each time beating up the "filling" by fierce muscular strength in her arms. In this slow, tedious, intricate and nerve-racking and painstaking way all the wearing apparel of the masses was constructed. Well-to-do men generally contrived to get a broadcloth coat, maybe once in a lifetime. The rest had coats of plain jeans. Silk dresses were scarce and with scanty lengths and they were only worn occasionally, at weddings or brilliant occasions. A "Leghorn bonnet" would last a woman a lifetime, and kid slippers were the fashionable and expensive footwear of the belles of the period. The shoe problem was an immense proposition and the hides were generally tanned in dug-out troughs, stretched out, dressed and dried at home. The traveling shoemaker made periodic visits and one pair of shoes per annum was considered a liberal provision for grown-ups. Suffice to say the children as a rule all went barefooted summer and winter, and how remarkable they were for good health and lusty frame, and their longevity was astonishing. And this perplexing shoe-making problem lasted a long time. I recall with vivid memory the first time the family shoe-maker measured my feet for a pair of shoes. He brought along a piece of white pine board, and I stood flat-footed on the board, while he marked a line in front of my toes with his big coarse horn-handled knife. Then he marked another line behind my heel and cautioned me that I must not draw my toes together or try to crumple up the bottom of my foot. I felt quite a somebody when the new shoes came home and I had liberty to lay aside the red-morocco baby shoes to which I had been accustomed. Stumped toes in summer and cracked heels in winter were always in evidence with pupils during my school days, when the country child had a log cabin for a school room and "puncheon" benches for seats, and the farmer boys and girls of the rural neighborhood wore coarse home-fashioned clothes spun and woven in looms at home. Towels, table cloths and shirts were made in the same slow way, and even the "best-fixed" families were glad to use "thrums" for towels and soft soap

in a gourd to wash hands, and the family had a shelf for the wash basin outside for young and old.

In the rough, country-made looms, the last ends of the warp were cut loose and the warp made slack and thin, so these rough sleazy lengths were only good for towels and wash clothes. The old timers called them "thrums," and the modern factories call them "mill ends." All the men's wear was woven at home, coats and pants, and the wool was grown on the farms and picked of cockelburrs by hand, spun and woven just as cotton and flax cloth was fashioned. Men's socks were home knitted of woolen thread (they generally went sockless in summer) and overcoats were an unknown quantity. Grandfather Swift owned and wore a blue camlet cloak, with a cape on it. It was a family treasure, perhaps it was an heirloom. Grandmother owned a woolen shawl made up North. In cold weather the women folk used the shawl if they had to go on an outside trip. But the homespun clothes were warm and enduring. My mother and grandmother had "bed-gowns," short affairs when I was a child, and the young women had chemises and bare arms for nightly repose. Home-made sun bonnets were always in evidence. A pretty white complexion was the call of that period. The young women were emphatic on this line. They were constantly busy, often with cloth making work, but they were scrupulous in care of the skin. They wore gloves for washing dishes or when washing clothes. "Tomboy" girls were sometimes encountered, but the belles of Georgia enjoyed beautiful complexions. They also laced very tight, and it was fashionable to faint on occasions. Weddings were sumptuous affairs. When my mother married there was a crowded wedding at night and three more days of festivities, with a different dress for each day. "Infairs" were popular, where the wedding spreads were transferred to the groom's home. Everything good to eat was bountifully furnished, meats in abundance, all sorts of home collections and concoctions topped off with pound-cake and syllabub. There was always a sideboard where gin, rum and peach brandy held distinction. Loaf sugar

brought from Charleston and Augusta by wagons was uniformly present. I can remember with accurate recollection those beautiful snowy cones of white sugar encased in thick bluish-green papers, that were always in request when company came, and the side-board drinks were set forth in generous array. "Peach and honey" was in reach of everybody that prided in their home. Those primitive farmers had abounding peach orchards and bee-hives were generally in evidence more or less on Georgia farms. Everything to eat and to wear that could be grown at home was diligently cultivated and the early fortunes of Georgians were promoted by such thrift, economy and conservation of resources. In the summer time the drying of fruit was diligently pursued, and it was a poor and thriftless domicile which failed to supply itself with dried peaches, apples, cherries, pears, etc. My careful grandmother put up bushels of dried white English peaches of which she often made family preserves for home consumption in the scarcer spring-time. In this present emergency of war strenuosity the remembrance of those affluent households with always something good to cook inside, and no stint anywhere in big-house or negro cabin, appeals to me with most suggestive force. The present generation lives in paper sack supplies. They buy everything in paper sacks, from a goober-pea to a small sack of meal, when everybody knows the soil will yield a superabundance of good eatables if it is only "tickled with a hoe." I plead guilty. I am now buying peaches (July) at thirty cents a dozen, when I might be handling the fruit from that many peach trees planted on my own waste ground and with a minimum of expense in the care of them.

My grandmother made all the starch she used, sometimes from whole wheat, oftener from wheat bran. Her seven girls, big and little, delighted in dainty white muslin frocks, and laundry work for thirteen in family was always going on, and insistent in that large household. She was a rare soap maker and every pound was prepared at home with diligent care. The meat scraps and bones were utilized and cooked with

lye, drained in ash-hoppers. It made perfect soap for domestic uses. Hard soap was prepared for the big house in various ways, tempered with age and used by young and old alike. For wounds and baby usage there could be bought Castile soap, but the soaps of the multitudes were prepared at home. Except salt, iron, sugar and coffee, everything was raised by those early Georgia planters necessary for human comfort and sustenance. Coffee was scarce and high, sometimes a Sunday morning luxury, and brown sugar was generally used, the exception being the beautiful loaf sugar brought from the North. The family loom was kept going from Monday morning until Saturday night. My grandmother's home was a two-story frame dwelling also with a brick basement, largely above ground. In that brick basement there were three spacious rooms. The principal room was used for the family meals, with capacious fireplace and safes stationed around the wall. In these safes or cupboards there was storage room for all sorts of domestic supplies. The middle room was the "loom room," the third was the kitchen, with wide hearth, cranes in the chimney for hanging pots and kettles. (I never saw a cook stove until I was grown) These rooms had brick floors and were well ventilated. My grandmother had an easy chair in the dining room and the coffee and tea were made under her direction. She supervised the cooking in her kitchen and that cloth-making business went on exactly where she could overlook it. The colored women were always busy and likewise the mistress. The daughters were taught to spin and weave, to knit and sew, and to overlook the dairy, etc., as the mother directed. There was plenty of work for all because a large slave family had to be clothed from that busy loom, and the cloth was to be cut out and made into garments as soon as woven, and that large house was to be kept in "apple-pie order."

And the abounding hospitality! My grandfather was a deacon in the Baptist church at Sandy Creek church and the Saturday and Sunday meeting days always brought friends and neighbors for at least one meal, many to spend the night. My mother said it looked

like a camp meeting when the kinspeople, the neighbors, the beaux and girl friends alighted from their horses and the crowd collected in the house. Servants carried the riding saddles into the harness room in the barn yard. The daughters prepared the Saturday big dinner while grandmother went to conference meeting. On Sunday grandmother supervised the big Sunday dinner and the girls mounted the riding horses, wore their best dresses, and went to church, and, as was the custom of the time, there was a lot of courting going on when the beaux rode home with the girls they were inclined to marry. It would take the genius of a Judge Longstreet to faithfully picture what took place on these big meeting days, after the congregation vacated the meeting house. Sometimes an unlucky swain would find himself "cut out" as a shrewd fellow would often mount his own horse and watch his rival as he led the young lady to the horse block to mount her steed, and before the latter could untie his nag and start the shrewd fellow was cantering off with the girl. In some old books that I read with delight in the long ago, it was told how the young swain would hold out his hand, the beautiful girl would place her left foot in his hand and he would swing her up to the saddle with a skilful use of his muscular strength. That was not the early Georgia style in the up country. There were always horseblocks prepared for use at church and at home and at country stores to mount from, and it accorded likewise with the modesty of the girls and the timidity of the boys. Every woman who rode horseback had a riding skirt made of substantial home weaving with a belt, but open to the hem. These riding skirts protected the dresses and were in universal use when my mother and grandmother were young. After I came along, also a horseback rider until I was seventy years old, I owned once or twice a riding habit, but I had my early training with my mother's riding skirt and side saddle. I began to ride at six years old and one of the proudest days of my life came along when my father slackened his firm hold on my pony's bridle and let me go alone to manage for myself. To this de-

lightful and frequent horseback exercise I attribute much of the vigor of my later life. It is essentially a delicate woman's opportunity for healthful recreation and it never lost its charm for me even when I became a grandmother, for I could canter over the fields and farm lands with perfect freedom, assured of my ability to manage my horse. I always had some sort of a horse to ride up to old age.

This universal use of horses for men and women contributed very greatly to the raising of fine stock in the early days of Georgia, and Kentucky furnished droves of them to supply any lack at home. My father prepared barns and lots for such horse drovers and they were sometimes detained for days by high water at our house. During one long period of detention, the drover ran short of funds and the horses were "eating their heads off." When starting time came he led out a fine pony-built horse and told my father he would give him the horse for his feed bill. Pointing to my small self he said, "pony will be a treasure for your little girl. He has sense like folks, and is as gentle as they are made." So I came into ownership of dear old Pony at a very early age. Everybody could ride him in the family, including children. The negro boys learned to plow with him and he was the dependence for going to mill, with a sack of corn on his back for more than a dozen years. When I married he was still in fine appearance and doing good service, and one of the most beloved appurtenances of the family home. We owned also a twin pair of "claybank" horses at one time, a perfect match, named Pompey and Caesar, in my early girlhood days. Hitched to a barouche they sped along in famous style, flinging white manes and tails to the breeze, and it was perfectly delightful to me to see my father and mother, mounted on the "claybanks" for a horseback ride, and both were good riders in their early prime and dearly loved the sport.

We had singing schools in our section seventy-five years ago, about the time I could be trusted to ride Pony and hold my own in a merry crowd of youngsters. It was three miles from our home to Macedonia

meeting house where the whole neighborhood gathered for education in old fashioned round and square note books, and where we closed the exercises by marching around and singing, old and young, to the bent of our inclinations. We traveled along a leafy road, crossed two or three clear branches, and occasionally the big girls and boys raced their horses. This racing woke up in Pony's brain a remembrance of his "Old Kentucky Home." Whenever I saw him lay back his shapely ears and arch his proud neck I always clutched the horn of the saddle to hold on. The race was all right for the rider and pony were in full accord in a frolic of that sort.

In the long ago the "stars fell." My mother saw the falling. She often told me of it. Uncle William, the oldest of Grandmother's children, was to be married in November, 1833, to Miss Elizabeth Furlow. The preparation was immense in the Swift family, getting ready for the "infair." My mother, as eldest daughter, was the mainstay of her mother and they were working far into the night with some sewing for the children of that large family. There were blazing fires in the living room and candles on the sewing table. Going out on the back porch between midnight and day, for some wood to replenish the fire, my mother saw the "falling stars." The negroes down at the quarter also witnessed the wonderful sight. They rushed to the big house in a panic of fear as "the world was coming to an end." Soon everybody was up and wondering what would come next. Grandfather went out on the back porch and then discovered that no star ever rested on the ground. The star disappeared and its light went out, when it reached the dirt. He therefore quieted the frightened people but all hung about the big house until daylight came. Uncle William got married all right and raised a large and splendid family of children in Houston county. Charley Northen was the oldest grandson in that delightful household, late clerk of the Georgia Senate for a long term of years. Another of the Furlows married my mother's sister, Harriet, and Hon. Charles Furlow, their father, married, as his

second wife, my Aunt Maria Latimer, born in Maryland, and my mother married Maria's brother, Charles, my father. All these weddings and infairs came along in rapid succession. Matrimony, like the measles, is undoubtedly catching, and Grandmother must have had a strenuous time of it, in getting feather beds, quilts, bed linen, china and silver spoons for the newly wed, as their lawful marriage portion. Grandfather, with lofty impartiality set down in a book what he gave as a marriage portion to each of his children, and my mother was fond of telling us, how rich she felt when he made his first visit to her, bringing a set of mahogany furniture, the household effects before noted, along with an excellent servant woman and a fine saddle horse. When I arrived on the stage of action, Agnes, the servant woman, was ready to nurse and love the little new comer, which strong affection remained intact as long as she lived. *En passant*. I own two of those early silver teaspoons that were in use for my comfort eighty-two years ago, also two tablespoons, part of a set given by my father to his bride, with their united initials engraved thereon. In those days there was not much to be bought but whatever was purchased was sterling and lasting. I remember well the china plates. In the centre was painted a lovely pink rose also a delicate border. When I was uncommonly good I had my molasses on one of these precious plates, and as I sopped my biscuit across I contrived to get a continuous good look at the centre rose until the lunch was concluded. My education in art, although very limited, was early begun.

It required a day and a half to make the annual journey by gig or barouche to Grandmother's house, one night of lodging to be secured on the trip. I might go to California or Europe nowadays with fewer thrills and expectations, and a globe trotter might envy the delight that pervaded my soul when we came in sight of the dear Grandmother's home, and when the aunties snatched me to themselves and kissed and petted me to my heart's content. Blessed are the grandchildren that can go on such annual journeys and revel as I did in such pure affection.

My Uncle John, who made his home with us for various years, carried me along to his wedding with Miss Elizabeth Paxton, when I was but a tot, and from the wedding we made a bridal tour to see the grandparents. With the "claybanks" in fine mettle and my Sunday best in wearing and with my extra promotion as a wedding attendant, I certainly was in ecstasy. When we arrived at our journey's end and saw the kinnery swarm out from piazzas and Grandmother from the basement, with her cap strings flying, and I could so easily connect her with the good things to eat that were awaiting our arrival.

There was in Grandmother's big, clean yard, a small structure, a little house, mounted on long legs. It was called the "milk dairy," and butter and milk were kept therein for immediate use. Besides the milk and butter ready for the table supply, there were pies and cakes that could be handed out to little folks when they were hungry. This milk dairy was stationed under an enormous white oak tree, which afforded a dense and delightful shade in summer time. There was also a long bench nearby where little folks might sit and enjoy a bowl of bread and milk before sleepy-time came along. Oh! The delights of that old-fashioned milk dairy. And the odor of those pies and cakes still visits me in memory. It has hardly been a year ago since Rev. G. A. Nunnally, of Rome, an octogenarian like myself, lately deceased, and who was grandmother's nephew (sister's child) said to me: "Do you ever forget the wonderful goodies that Aunt Lucy could hand out from that milk dairy when we sat on the bench in that cool, clean-swept yard, when we were little people?" Nor do I ever forget those wonderful beaten biscuits that I ate for breakfast along with rich red ham gravy, or the dinner-time experience with a plateful of chicken and dumplings, and also a generous slice of pot peach pie, smothered with cream and sugar. And can I ever forget those enticing plum orchards where we young ones were prone to linger until my frock would be so tight in the belt that I could hardly stand it. When I see children of the present time racing to the soft-drink store,

with every nickel they possess, and cramming on the painted candy until they destroy their digestion, I wish they could see what children had to eat nearly a hundred years ago in such abundance and such truly pure foodstuff. And the watermelon time beggars description. Wagon loads found their way into a dark, cool cellar and all that were not O. K. went to the pigpen when everybody had liberty, black and white, to cut and eat until satisfied so long as the crop lasted. There were no selling places for such superabundance and if any neighbors failed in such crops the way was clear to participate without stint with the lucky ones. Home-grown wheat, home-raised meat, home-pressed lard, the whitest corn selected for meal, poultry abundant and fresh eggs collected every day, and milk, cool and sweet, with cakes of yellow sweet butter and plenty of colored help to cook it all and serve it, and partake bountifully on what was left over. I honestly believe that Georgia farmers were the best fed people on the globe in our ante-bellum days. All owing to industry and thrift.

Large families were the rule, visiting was constant, and in times of festivity or bereavement, there were crowds of willing helpers to laugh with the happy or weep with the suffering ones. When my mother was quite small she soon became expert with a needle, and she remembered going with grandmother to neighbor Gov. Wilson Lumpkin's home to a "family sewing." She sat in a high chair near a table and "backstitched" a seam in a pair of men's breeches on that occasion and I thought it was fine when I could sit in my low chair and "backstitch" seams in a pair of breeches for Uncle Dave who was our faithful colored family fire-maker. I never saw a sewing machine until I was full grown and twenty one, but there was no lack of dainty finger work in those early homes. There is a revival of this fine hand-sewing in later days and it is good fortune to find somebody with ancient experience to show what our ante-bellum women could do on this line. Homespun dresses were not to be despised by any means. Carefully spun and woven with indigo dyes and turkey red to form a pattern,

they made admirable dress materials, washed well and endured mightily. Just think however of the toil that went with their home manufacture when the cotton had to be handpicked from the seed and every thread, warp and filling spun by willing and painstaking hands. What energy, persistence and fortitude. When my grandmother's brood of eleven circled around the big open fireplace in the evening, knitting work in hand, she understood without doubt, that she must rise early and work late, start before daylight and endure until after dark to put clothes on them and keep them with changes and well-fed for their health's sake. If cotton mills and factories were blotted out today is there sufficient fortitude, energy and persistence in the present generation to conquer a similar task?

Grandmother raised her brood in credit with genteel manners and fine reputation and her grandchildren have sung her praises and paid glowing tribute to her industry and fidelity. None of us are clamoring for a return to the hard work and unremitting effort to make cloth by hand or do sewing with fingers or cook meals on open hearths in hot fireplaces, but I hope the day will never dawn that succeeding generations shall fail to applaud the vigorous self-sacrificing and unfailing industry of their forbears. Now-a-days there is a mania for spending. In those earlier days there was a well-formed habit of saving. Therein lies the difference between the new and the old. In the present generation we tear down spacious, convenient and comfortable church buildings and replace them with palatial edifices partaking of cathedral appearance. The struggle to compass big salaries for the pastorate has advanced into strenuosity. The meek and lowly feature has entirely vanished and unless our modern congregations are out on dress parade the mass of the people remain at home on Sundays to read the daily papers or go on an auto ride to the most attractive nearby town or city for Sabbath diversion. My mind reaches back to the old-time country meeting houses where there were religious services not oftener than once a month. Everybody

was anxious to go. It was a great time with children, negro nurses and dogs. There was always a spring of good water close about. The mothers provided biscuit and teacakes for their hungry tribes. A quilt or shawl was spread on the church floor, the babies that could sit alone were thus made comfortable, and the preacher was in no wise disturbed by their various activities when the little pitcher of fresh water was brought in and the young ones were duly watered. I remember these things with accuracy because I own the quaint little pitcher that Nurse Agnes carried along for my use and comfort, and it represents nothing similar in modern ware as to shape and coloring. It may be more than a hundred years old. I can vouch for more than eighty years myself. The women occupied one half of the building. The men and larger boys kept to their own side of the house. And the preacher was a discourser. He got but little as to pay and he expected little, but he omitted nothing as to creed and doctrine to explain his views to the congregation. Hard Shell Baptists had a large following in Middle Georgia a hundred years ago. I have seen a number of foot washings and I have always queried as to why the Saviour's attitude towards the washing of His disciples' feet should have been abandoned by any Christian organization. If His command as to sacrament administration is imperative it seems to me that foot washing is likewise an imperative example.

Some will ask about the preacher's pay in those early times? I remember well what was told by Capt. Felton, my husband's father, speaking on this particular line of church work sixty odd years ago. There was never, he said, a discussion, as there was no salary. At one time in the history of Oglethorpe county where his father had settled (and had removed from North Carolina, at the close of the Revolutionary war) there was however something said on a certain meeting day as to some tangible remuneration for the minister's services. Being as before said a delicate subject, there was considerable hesitation until a brother who could tan leather quite satisfactorily from cattle

hides, rose up and contributed a pair of shoe soles, and another neighbor who was also skilful as a tanner, matched the proposition by offering the uppers for the preacher's footwear. There the question halted for a spell until the best shoemaker in the neighborhood agreed to get the preacher's measure and would proceed to make the shoes on the first day when it was too wet to plow. "And you young ones needn't smile," said the Captain, who was a veteran of the war of 1812, "for a man who owned such a reliable pair of shoes as preacher — — was given was very happy in such possession." It is a good place to set down the fact that Capt. Felton was in the famous Indian battle of "Chalibbee" when he was commanding Oglethorpe county troops, serving under Gen. John Floyd. After a six-months campaign on the frontiers of western Georgia, helping to build Fort Hawkins at Macon, they went forward by regular marches until there was a line of forts and block houses extending from the Ocmulgee to the Alabama river. There was a Fort Mitchell erected on the right bank of the Chattahoochee river and where Antossee battle was fought, where the crafty Indians inflicted heavy loss on Georgia troops.

The battle of Chalibbee was begun before daybreak and in White's Miscellainies you will find that the Indian surprise did not affect these brave Georgians, not a platoon faltered and Gen. Floyd made a valiant charge after daylight and won the battle. Capt Felton lived to be 80 years old and despite his military services in 1812 and heavy losses in Civil War, he declined to ask for a pension. He said "pensions should be for those who were maimed or wounded in service, that every man owed duties to his country in time of war or peace. Those who were spared in life and limb were fortunate and should not be a burden on the community." According to this creed and practice, he refused to apply for a pension. His survivors are in possession of a little cow-leather traveling trunk that he could strap on the rear of his saddle by aid of iron rings and in which he carried a six months outfit for heavy and exhausting army service, exposed to

Indian attacks day and night all the time he was absent. He had a change of underclothing, a pair of extra socks, some writing materials, and his razor in this small military outfit. One suit of good, strong, home-made jeans carried him through and he made no complaint as to finding himself in service to his country more than a hundred years ago. And he was an officer, better equipped and mounted than the privates.

In his early time there were no banks or safety vaults for depositing money. Salt was one of the main articles of domestic use, and he and his wife kept an open salt barrel in the kitchen. Black and white dipped out salt, as needed for cooking, saving meat and for salting horses and cattle. This salt barrel constructed of a hollow poplar log with a well-fitted bottom, was always kept half full of salt or over. Silver money was the favorite coin of the period. Down at the bottom of the salt barrel the early Felton's kept their silver money in a sack, and although they were accustomed to make journeys to South Carolina and eastern Georgia, they also made a safe-deposit box still safer by emptying a fresh sack of salt on top of what was still in the kitchen barrel as a preparation for leaving home. No thief or burglar ever thought of finding money in a place that was never locked and covered with salt. There were no banks in those days.

I wish I could remember all he told of the early settlers of Oglethorpe county, formerly Wilkes. He was familiar with his near neighbors, the Lumpkins, and Gov. Gilmer, Rev. George Lumpkin was his pastor at Beaverdam church and he occasionally came to see us in Cass county, now Bartow, when preacher and Captain were old men. After I married into the Felton family I gathered a lot of information as to the way Georgia pioneers lived from such reminiscences. One of the stories that delighted me was their recollections of some famous race horses that were trained and raced at Lexington, Ga. These were four-mile heats and sixteen miles to run to be declared the winner. As I recollect Col. Wade Hampton's medium-sized

gray mare was the best racer of that early time. Money was staked by men from a number of different states, and crowds attended from all eastern Georgia.

Augusta was the great market place a hundred years ago. Cotton and wheat were waggoned long distances to be sold in Augusta. It required about five days steady driving from Lexington with strong teams to make the round trip to Augusta. The neighbors managed to go in large companies, camping out, with a supply of cooked victuals already prepared. After the produce was sold, salt, sugar and iron were purchased for the return trip. Store goods were bought in limited quantities for the women at home with an occasional bonnet and slippers. Calico was scarcer than silk velvet at the present time, and the stuff which was laid in for a coming baby's Sunday frock was called Leno, a medium white cloth, lighter than bleached domestic and heavier than plain white lawn. We preserved such a baby frock as an heir-loom made for Dr. W. H. Felton in 1823 (who died not long before he was eighty-seven). A queer little frock, low necked and with long sleeves and it ranked as something extra for quality when it was completed, about a half yard in length with a two-inch ruffle at the bottom. But it differed greatly from the cloth made in the home looms, where the cotton seed were picked out by hand before the thread was spun or woven. Everything a grown man wore as before stated was prepared at home from the cotton in the seed and the wool on the sheep's back down to the knitted suspenders and fingerless mittens.

Nutmegs with other spices were hunted for in Augusta, brown sugar and black molasses were in demand. There were small stores in little towns and some creditable country stores also. My father had a country store where he sold pins and needles, lute string ribbon and prunella shoes on one counter and dealt out thick black molasses and kit mackerel within ten feet of the millinery. Can I ever forget the day when my Uncle John who had adventured to Charleston to buy goods and returned with a wax doll and how I could not be parted from it and how I slept with

it, ate with it in my arms and finally wrecked it by going to sleep before a great log heap fire in the living room and where the heat melted its head and spoiled its beauty for all time? Anything so rarely beautiful had never crossed my experience before. I have often wondered as to how the nude red Indians felt to see white people in accustomed dress for the first time. The change from my clumsy rag dolls to the Charleston beauty with real curls and blue eyes must have produced somewhat similar effects on the small Georgia cracker who had never seen a bought doll before in her four years of mortal life.

We had for small silver change thrips and seven pences, value 6 1-4 cents and 12 1-2. I had a few of each that were my very own and I would have given all I was worth for a recipe to restore my doll's pristine loveliness.

In these country stores there was large traffic in cotton and woolen hand cards, and joy without measure when cotton factories were built in Georgia and "spun thread" could be bought for the warp, because homespun warp was not easy to manage by inexpert weavers. It needed harder twist and stronger thread for warp uses, while the filling could be spun softer and with less care. We have preserved some of the store accounts of the early period. Indigo, madder, turkey red and copperas were staple goods for dye purposes and the housewives of early Georgia history went to meeting (church services) with every finger nail as blue as indigo mud would paint them. It was considered a badge of efficiency, experience and culture in cloth making. The wool dyes, made women's hands almost black with logwood and walnut leaves. Men's summer working breeches were copperas dyed and those plain men-folk were as yellow-legged as our choicest breeds of chickens.

Among the Felton neighbors a hundred years ago was a farmer and his industrious wife who spun and wove all their wearing apparel and who had manufactured enough cloth to provide her husband with two strong, good shirts. When he returned at night from the hot corn and cotton plowing and his shirt

was wet with perspiration she had always a clean, dry garment ready for she did a bit of laundry work as regularly as she washed and dried her breakfast dishes and this good woman's fame has followed her down as an extraordinary manager and capable married woman. I was impressed as to her super-excellence, because the family washing in such plain homes was done once in seven days as a rule and where children were numerous they might take off their one garment and sit in their skin on hot days until a clean shirt or frock was ready for use. In the olden times farmer boys of eight, ten, even twelve years, were provided with a summer shirt of extra length (perhaps the pattern has been retained for men's night shirts) and the youngsters had nothing to hinder their agility in athletic sports. It would be refreshing to find a chronicle of the self-made distinguished men of early Georgia who were glad to own and wear these one-piece, home-made suits when cloth was scarce and hard-work in the field a necessity for family subsistence.

In those early days the children said "Dad" and "Mam" and as history repeats itself the petted child of 1917 is happy to call his well-groomed father "daddy." Fifty years ago it was a mark of very common raising to say daddy and mammy. Virginia and North Carolina children said "Paw and Maw." The Huguenot or French strains said Père and Mère, while another breed of folks in upper Georgia said "Pap and Mam." The most of well-raised folks said Par and Mar.

But the folk raised in that early period of Georgia's history were brought up to wait on their elders and reverence for the aged was the habit inculcated early in their childhood. Old people then and now were apt to be garrulous and sometimes tiresome with their advice and platitudes, but the neglect of aged grandparents, common in many sections today, was of rare occurrence in the homes of the pioneers of our Southern country.

The first wedding I ever attended was in 1840. My baby sister had very lately arrived, but the good

neighbors insisted that my father and myself (barely five years old) should be there. Black Mammy had me in charge, also the brass candlesticks and silver spoons that were loaned for the big gathering. Mammy belonged to the F. F. V. colored, in old Virginia. She always fixed her head dress turban shape with a big white neckerchief around her neck and shoulders and a big white apron about her capacious self. Mammy was an expert on big table arrangements. There was a girl in the neighbor's family with whom I had slight acquaintance but the wedding festivities accelerated our friendship. I saw the bride and groom walk out to be married and the latter had been so unfortunate as to split his big toe with an awkward axe, so his unlucky foot was outside the upper part of his shoe in a white store stocking. The rest of the time I devoted to seeing the people eat, tablefulls giving way to new comers as fast as they could be served. My new girl friend agreed with me that it was tedious waiting. Finally she made her way between crowds and found that a quantity of plates had been emptied into a capacious tin pan under a side table. I questioned the advisability of going under that table cloth and helping ourselves as one pig helps another. I did go, and I did partake, and when I was missing it was black Mammy who discovered the lost child in her ignoble plight. Time has never quite erased the feeling that possessed me when my escapade was narrated at my mother's bedside on our return. To start out as I had done with my best bib and tucker, traveling in fine style with a pair of matched horses and a driver, with the comfortable feeling that I was going to a big wedding, and then to be brought home in some sort of disgrace, because I ate under a table, out of a scrap bucket, with all the indignation that Mammy was capable of expressing by words and looks and gestures, I was given a lesson as to table manners and wedding feasts that always remained with me. So far as I know nobody but Mammy ever suffered stifling mortification about it, nevertheless the memory of it has lasted nearly fourscore years with the delinquent.

The first funeral I ever attended still haunts my memory. The dead wife and mother left a family of small children, two of them my school mates. There was a poor little baby, two months old, and the children were left in deep sorrow and gloom.

The dead woman and my mother had been girlhood friends. I loved her like I loved my kin, and I almost cried myself sick with those lonely children who came to us to get relief from the sad home. There were no hearses in those days. Neighbors took hold of coffin handles and carried the coffin to the grave yard. The preacher took the hand of one of my sobbing school mates and walked behind the coffin. The snow was falling and the gloom of the whole business was almost too much for us all.

The coffin was made in the town. I saw the people tack on the outside black cloth and the inside white linings. It filled me with an awful dread that my mother might die, too. I was worked up into a sort of hysteria. When the clods fell on the coffin I could scarcely repress a shriek. Little children can suffer intense agony under similar conditions.

I do not recall any particular mourning garments. In rural districts death always caught the people at a disadvantage. Home-made coffins were clumsy. Shrouds were made around the dead body. Neighbors had to dig the graves and do all things else, as there were no bought things to help along. Crowds could be had to sit up with the dead. Silver coins were laid on eyelids to hold them down. When a person got so low down in reputation that he deserved the meanest that could be said, you would hear "He is mean enough to steal the silver on a dead man's eyes." Graves had to be made nearby unless there was a meeting house within convenient distance. People were generally buried on their own land and enclosed like a tiny garden, with wooden palings.

I recall an incident that stays with me. Occasionally my mother helped in the store, in push times. I was in evidence too. One day a lady with several children came and bought big bundles. When she left I found my mother crying and to pacify me she told the

reason. The customer had a dreadful cancer and felt she was going to die. She desired to prepare a good supply of children's clothing (there were no such things to be bought) before the crisis came. Just before she started home, in her carryall a sort of conveyance in general use, she went with my mother into the back room of the store and showed her bosom with the cruel ravages made in her breast. And those children were so happy and knew so little about the heroism of their mother who faced death like a martyr.

The first railroad in Georgia coming from Augusta and toward us in northwestern sections created much excitement. This excitement became intense when the legislature passed a bill to construct another railroad starting from our section going to the Tennessee line, with State's money, and to connect with the other road known as the Georgia railroad, at Marthasville.

The civil engineer of the Georgia road made his headquarters at our home off and on for perhaps eighteen months. The progress of both undertakings was a topic of daily conversation where I could wonder and also listen. When the state railroad was able to lay down rails from Atlanta, then known as Marthasville, to Marietta, twenty miles, the engine, freight car and passenger coach were hauled from near Augusta by mules, over the stage line, and the wonderful new cars were halted in the big road in front of my home. They had already come over one hundred and fifty miles when I saw the three before named.

It was decided to celebrate the opening of the state road by an excursion to Marietta from Marthasville with a big ball at the latter place and considerable speech-making from the politicians. It was the first adventure of that sort in the Southern States and broke the ice for internal public improvements. My parents were invited by the beloved civil engineers. I was included, a tot of seven years, and I could now paint scenes, if I was an artist, with distinct remembrance of what I saw on that great trip.

The future Capitol of Georgia then had one building, the rough plank depot, with a shed room equipped

with a fireplace where all sorts of good liquor could be bought, etc.

It was a cold day in the late fall and my father and mother, with my small self, reached Thompson's Hotel in Decatur, where the excursionists assembled and where a fine dinner was provided. It was a six-mile drive to Marthasville and conveyances were in demand. We were delighted when Maria Gertrude Kyle took a seat in our barouche on my mother's invitation, and she was well known as authoress and poetess, in our few Georgia papers. She had lately married and her new clothes interested me, and I was even more interested to see her dance that night in some of the new sort of dances, different from the Virginia Reel and cotillions that I had been accustomed to, in our own home, by tourists who traveled from Savannah and Augusta to Nashville, Tenn., and regions beyond, either in a stage coach or private carriages. The supper was handed to us as the people sat on benches around the Marietta ball room. Some people had syllabub strong with Maderia wine, but I had a wine glass of jelly and a spoon with which to dip it out.

I soon had enough of the frolic and was put to sleep in a bed, already a foot deep with shawls, capes and bonnets. The joyful folks danced all night. There were relays of fiddlers to keep the tunes going. I remember I thought I had been awake all the time because the music and the calling of dance figures and the dancers' feet seemed to be going on until daylight in the morning.

The trip homeward was as dull as the going had been hilarious, but I have always taken satisfaction in the thought that I was a trip passenger on the very first passenger train that ever left the Union Depot in the present city of Atlanta. Judge Warner, the grandfather of Judge Warner Hill, of Supreme Court, was on board with his little daughter, now Mrs. Hill. So far as we know she and I are the only two known to be living, and fellow travelers on that momentous occasion when a railroad was adventuring into Cherokee Georgia where the Cherokee Indians had been living only ten years before. A Mr. William Longstreet had

invented a steamboat before that time and should share honors with the so-called inventor who got the credit. My father used to sing for me the following ditty based on Mr. Billy Longstreet's new fad.

Billy boy, Billy boy, can you steer the ship to land?
Billy boy, Billy boy, can you steer the ship to land?
Yes, I can steer the ship to land
Without a rudder in my hand.

Billy boy, Billy boy, can you row that boat ashore?
Billy boy, Billy boy, can you row that boat ashore?
Yes, I can row that boat ashore
Without a paddle or an oar.

I remember also a Maryland corn-shucking song that my father would sing to me in my baby days. He came from his native state when a small boy, but he brought to Georgia many songs that delighted me. One of the many still remains. Among the Maryland chronicles of wills and deeds, mention is seen of the Notleys. The song runs thus:

“Mighty wedding over the River (Potomac)
Hoosen Johnny—Hoosay!
Notley Dutton courts the widow.
Hoosen Johnny—Hoosay.”

These Marylanders and Virginians had corn-shuckings. They were almost universal in Georgia in my childhood. The ripened corn was hauled to the barn lot and heaped on the ground outside the crib. Word was sent around that so and so would have a corn-shucking on a certain night. White farmers came with their colored men. A great supper was prepared for all who came—substantials—plenty of it. In the big house there was a bountiful table, in the kitchen another table just as plentiful for the blacks. It was a big time for everybody. Before the daylight came the shucked corn was safely housed. Everybody had a good time and “all went home in the morning.”

Those corn-shucking melodies are yet twittering in my recollection, and when my own babies came along

in the early days, for my first born arrived when I was only nineteen, I found myself singing "Papa's Corn Songs" that he brought along from his old Potomac home.

And I must not forget the "quiltings." Fashionables would call them "quilting bees," but they were popular gatherings. The women of the neighborhood were delighted to entertain. Each guest brought along her own thimble, maybe a needle or so; as needles were scarce and high. Along about midday the husbands began to come, some afoot, others on horseback. And the dinner, was a spread that tested the skill and industry of the hostess to be sure. The "tables groaned" with everything that the mistress and her colored women could prepare. After dinner was over the farmers returned to their work and the women finished the quilt, even to binding the edges in first class style. And there were famous quilters abroad in the land in those industrious days.

I had almost forgotten to say that when a farmer was very sick and unable to work and watch his crop his neighbors would go over on a day agreed upon, with all their forces, plow hands, horses and plows and before dark came the crop was in good order.

A couple of fine Georgia gentlemen whose grandparents were my father's early neighbors, told me the following story about two years ago. The grandfather became ill and died—left a widow and a house full of children. There were slaves but nobody to direct but the anxious woman who had this large family, black and white, to provide for. Everybody had to fence the cultivated land. Old-fashioned worm fences were all they had. The widow could not get the "worm of the fence" laid straight. My father heard about it and early one morning he went over (about a mile) and carried every field hand he had, and he made a straight fence out of a crooked one before nightfall. When she sold her crop he kept the matter straight for her, whenever she needed advice she knew where to go to find a willing helper.

After eighty years or more had passed the grandchildren of the widow told me of the esteem and affec-

tion that lasted with their family when all the actors were dead and largely forgotten. All along down the line they said they were told of the "best neighbor Grandmother ever had." These fine, elegant Georgians requested the privilege of carrying my sister and myself on a visit to our birth place in an automobile. Also to the girlhood home where both of us had been married, neither of which I had seen since the Civil War was over. It was a day of days for us. What they knew and could tell was largely tradition and hearsay, but what we knew and felt, words cannot fitly express. The river plantation passed away from us in my father's lifetime. We had, therefore, no financial interest in it. It had changed hands several times within the half century. It had gone down in decay but it was a thrilling place for two aged women who had been happy, active girls when we called it "home."

Somebody sent me the following circular before it passed into the present owner's hands. As it gives me kind mention, I wish my descendants to know of the occurrence. In our day we had crowds of company, music, good living, all the things that belonged to a comfortable country home in upper Georgia.

"BIG AUCTION SALE

of Farming Lands, at Court House in Decatur, on Wednesday, September 15, at noon.

"Panola Plantation to be Subdivided and Sold.

"One of the finest plantations in DeKalb County, the famous Panola Plantation, will be divided into eleven farms by the enterprising Real Estate firm of H. F. Sanders and Shelby Smith, of Atlanta, and sold at public outcry to the highest bidder at the Court House in Decatur, on Wednesday, September 15, at twelve o'clock, noon. The plantation contains 725 acres. It lies on South River, fifteen miles east from Atlanta, ten miles from Decatur, five miles from Lithonia, and seven miles from Ellenwood.

"Panola Plantation, from our best information, was the childhood home of Mrs. W. H. Felton, whom all Georgians love and honor. Maj. Latimer, the father of Mrs. Felton, built the fine colonial home on this place. The body of the house is in a fine state of preservation.

"Mr. R. M. Clark was the next owner of this place. He supervised the Oglethorpe Manufacturing Company, which built

a cotton mill there. This plant was burned several years ago. In connection with his milling interests, Mr. Clark maintained on this plantation a very fine stock farm, raising in great abundance, all kinds of provender, such as wheat, corn, oats, hay, etc. In addition to the cultivated lands, he had very fine pastures.

“There are several public roads that converge at this place, making it a good point for a public store. There was at one time a store and post office there.

“This plantation was later bought by Col. Milton Candler, and afterwards sold to the present owners.

“It will be seen from the above, that this plantation is historical.

“These eleven tracts as subdivided, for quality of land, value of timber, convenience of location, and many other points, have never been equalled at any auction sale in DeKalb county.”

Among the notable family occasions that I recall was the wedding of our miller, colored, and the housemaid, that would doubtless interest the northern people as a feature in Southern country life before the war. Ben was quite a catch in his early manhood, and Minerva was one of the three colored girls given my mother by her father. She generally journeyed with the family to Grandmother's home when we children were small, as my sister's nurse. She was not a field hand but remained in the big house as house maid. The match was of prominence therefore.

They were to be given a house of their own, a plain cabin, but close and comfortable. Ben had a new suit of clothes for a bridal present. The bride got her outfit from we girls. There was a preacher to marry them and a good supper for the occasion. There were a happy couple, had a family of sprightly children and were a part of my sister's allotment after she married and had her own home. The surrender turned everything upside down and Ben went back to the old Panola home and secured a position as miller. As the years rolled on Ben lost his wife and his boys married and he was lonely in his old age. He came back to his “Mis' Mary” and she gave him a house to live in, coal to burn, clothes to wear, was fed from her table at every meal and he swept the sidewalks and did errands for my sister as well as he could. After he had passed eighty years he was often infirm, sick at

times. One of his sons was comfortably fixed and sister advised the old negro to go there to be properly waited on. She gave him the money to get there. Inside of two days Ben turned up again with nothing to say beyond "Mis' Mary I've come baek." When he died "Miss Mary" furnished the coffin and burial clothes and had been his best friend in his extreme poverty and weight of years, when he was too infirm to help himself. He died two years ago.

Once I was "candle-holder" at a big negro wedding at Grandmother's home. The girl was a housemaid but the groom lived several miles away and came to his wife's home every Saturday night to stay until Monday morning daylight. The patrol system was in force throughout the South. Colored men going to the wife's house were given a "pass" and it was a wise precaution. Slaves were too valuable to allow one of them to be beaten because he did not have a "pass." The colored boy came one night after supper to "ask for the girl," and I was present at the asking. I was very fond of the bride-to-be, and I became a close listener. There seemed to be a sort of matrimonial catechism for such occasions. "Will you treat your wife decent, if I allow you to marry her?" "Will you act the dog and beat my good darky when you get mad with her?" He gladly answered "no." "Now I expect you to behave yourself if you come here to live. It's my house you will live in with your wife but you are welcome if you behave yourself."

As a wind-up Grandfather said "Now, Jim, my own colored men that go to the wife's house, always cut up plenty of firewood for house and kitchen before they start on Saturday afternoons. Mind you, now, if you take any of their wood and are too lazy to go to the woodpile to make your wife a good fire by your own labor, I'm as certain to thrash you as I find it out, and they will be sure to tell me." The crowd that attended the wedding had to be entertained out of doors for the ceremony. No cabin could give them standing room. As "chief cook and bottle washer," or rather director of arrangements, I held the candle for the colored preacher to read the marriage pledges. He

had a newspaper clipping in his hand and I saw it was upside down, but it served to raise a laugh when my part of the performance was over, and I repeated to Grandfather what I saw and heard as an official at the marriage. And I was so welcome for I was Miss Ann's oldest little gal, and I was to tell about it when I reached my own home, and you may be sure I was a faithful narrator to a very eager set of people while I was doing it.

RAILROADS, SCHOOLS, SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND REVIVALS.

My father's early plantation was twenty miles from Covington, Newton County, Ga., and ten miles from Decatur, and situated on the main highway coming down from Nashville, Tenn., to Augusta. As far back as I can recollect stage coaches were actively used on this line. These coaches were ponderous affairs with a big leather boot on behind and a little bannister around the top to hold baggage. There were regular stage stands ten miles apart, where a relay of four horses were constantly stabled. About a mile away the stage driver's horn would be sounded so that the hostler would be ready with fresh horses on his arrival. They were also mail carriers. It cost ten cents a mile to travel on the stage coach and it required ten cents to send a letter. I have an old letter written by my father to my mother, before I was born, and it is marked for twelve and a half cents for postage from Charleston, S. C. It was also a newsy letter, for those days. It was his first ride on a railroad from Augusta to Charleston. The railroad was built on trestles, and my mother suffered painful anxiety as to whether her husband would survive the dangers of that rapid journey. At Aiken, S. C., there was an inclined plane. An extra engine would be hitched on to one end of a chain or cable and the train would be pulled up and down on this inclined plane. I rode over the Aiken plane, when I neared my twelfth birthday, and

experienced the hoisting (or lowering) process with extra engine. It seems to have escaped the minds of the railroad contractors that a road could be built on the ground, or that a hill could be graded or dug around or tunneled. Not long before the Georgia R. R., from Augusta to the town of Marthasville, was started and the state of Georgia decided to build another road from Marthasville to the hamlet of Chattanooga, Tenn., known then as Ross' Landing, of which I have made mention. I seemed to have come along about the time that railroads and good school houses were agitated in my part of the country. And there were progressive people around us for it was decided to build an extra good school house close by and engage a teacher that was somebody, in our immediate neighborhood. My father gave the site and the community erected the building. It was a long framed house with a chimney at each end, doors in the middle, front and rear. My first teacher was Rev. F. M. Haygood, uncle of Bishop A. G. Haygood. The teacher was of Baptist faith while the Bishop's father was a strong Methodist. The school house cost so much money to build that the patrons "signed" for the pupils, which meant a pledge to pay the teacher an allotted sum at an allotted time. My father "signed" for his little girl, not yet five years old, so I had an early start in primitive schooling. There is a halo about the memories of that first school business which do not pertain to my later schools. As I remember the time, I was as happy as the day was long, and I was devoted to Webster's blue back spelling book. It was "readin, writin, and cipheren" from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon and the big boys took their slates and worked sums out of doors and the girls had reading lessons in the school house part of the day and the teacher taught the small ones every word of the lesson in the spelling book at his knee. All pupils when advanced to writing lessons took a spell at the high writing bench. All brought goose quills from home to fashion into pens, and the teacher occupied a good part of his teaching time cutting the goose quills into pen shape. There might

have been some pencils in use, but I cannot recall any such things. Writing ink was scarce and high but the oak balls that fell from the oak tree limbs were plentiful. So the thrifty ones manufactured red ink in that way and the copy books were parti-colored on every page and almost every line. Slates and slate pencils were sold at my father's store, and I had a small slate on which I drew pictures of cows, cats and dogs and the large girls and boys made pictures of the teacher on the sly. The spelling lesson of the day was the closing exercise. The teacher had a queer contrivance nailed to a post set up in the middle of the room. It was known as a "spelling board." When he pulled the string to which the board was fastened the school gave attention. If he let the board half way down the scholars could spell out words in moderate tone in preparing that evening spelling bee. If he proceeded to pull the board up tight everybody "spelled to themselves." When he had drilled them considerably on the "shut-mouth" plan, he would advance towards the spelling board, give the cord a pull until down dropped the plank and then the hubbub, began. Everything went with a roar.

Just as loud as you pleased. You might spell baker or circumlocution or anything else and the people going along the road were happy to know that the children were getting their lessons, and that the teacher was earning his pay.

When the spelling class was called those that missed went down to foot of the class, and those that spelled well went up head. There was some luck in the matter; nevertheless, I fairly danced on my way home, when I went up head the first time. When my first school term closed (aged five years) the entire neighborhood gathered to hear the boys speak, and listen to the girls as they read a page in the reading book. I recall one other time when the school exercises were closed after a big audience had been there all day by a marriage ceremony between Mr. Haygood, the teacher, and his handsomest grown-up girl pupil. It took us all by surprise, nevertheless it was considered a delightful wind up. We had ups and downs in the next

three years. Changed teachers, the fine school house was burned at night, and my parents decided to send me to school in Oxford, Ga., where I was boarded at Rev. Mr. Simmons' and attended Miss Hayes' school and took music lessons from Mr. Guttenberger, a blind man and a pioneer in music teaching in upper Georgia. The stage driver became a great friend to the little girl and I expect I enjoyed my stage trips of twenty miles much more than a late one to New York city within the last month. At Miss Hayes' school I won a pound of candy by repeating the multiplication table back and forth without missing a figure, and I played the "Blue Bells of Scotland" for my blind teacher at his concert at the school's close, which was considered pretty fair going for an eight-year-old girl in the early 40's in piano playing.

In the rural schools of my earliest days nearly all of us wore a cord about our necks with a little wallet of brimstone or assafoetida tied on as an itch preventive. And the warts. My! My!! How to get rid of the itch and the warts on their hands occupied much of general conversation at recess time and the surprising part of the whole thing was the apparent indifference to both itch and warts in the rude homes where the majority of the pupils were domiciled. After these girl pupils were able to read fairly well and to write a little they vacated the school benches and went back home for the domestic duties that were imperative. When I think of the helps afforded to pupils nowadays and their attendance at fine schools from six to sixteen and later, my appreciation of the early ones increases in immense ratio. They got so little eighty years ago and yet made so great progress in business, at home and outside. Some of the finest business men of that early era had something less than three months schooling, yet they were capable, wrote legibly and made headway in fortune-making and good living.

My next adventure with schools took place in Decatur where Dr. John S. Wilson established an academy of high grade. My parents moved to the town, and made various business sacrifices because of this educational opportunity. Dr. Wilson was also pastor

of the Presbyterian church and founded the first of the same kind of churches in Atlanta. He was a famous teacher because of his thoroughness. The five years of my school life that I spent under his supervision were the very best of all I received and I have reason to thank him, because he kept me at spelling lessons year after year, and his grammar instruction was well nigh perfect in its exactness and constant application. That still embraces the secret of a good education. His good influence on that community has been felt for more than half a century as an educator. Decatur, in his time, was one of the finest towns in upper Georgia, with its high grade of citizenship and distinguished for the fine women that were reared and educated there when educational opportunities were limited and no advantages from travel abroad were obtainable. Allow me to tell a story.

Dr. Wilson was unutterably opposed to dancing. His opposition became a serious matter when he forbade his scholars to attend dancing parties. For a while the controversy ran high. It put me in a panic because I loved to dance like I loved candy. My father liked to have me dance, he said it gave girls a graceful walk. My mother was not so much in favor of it. I was now very uneasy. There was always a big ball in Decatur at the principal hotel on Friday night of Superior Court week. Our judge was Hon. Edward Young Hill, one of the handsomest men I still think I ever saw in my life. I looked forward to that big ball with delight. I was just entering my teens and several times the judge would ask me to dance with him and he was a splendid dancer.

I was quite sure at that time, that I was something extra on the "light fantastic toe," but I am now satisfied there were so many handsome belles fond of dancing that the judge evaded a choice by selecting an active little girl who cared only for the sport, just as he did. He and my father were great friends, both Whigs as I recollect, and it was the easiest way out to get a very harmless little dancing mate. Up and down inside the rows of partners or outside (as it happened) in the Virginia Reel, we kept up our part of

the business with joyful alacrity. But the opposition of Dr. Wilson grew apace. He became more aggressive and the school patrons were divided in their opinions. While some agreed others said it was none of his business. The crisis came. The time of the big ball was only a few days off. One morning after school opened, the stern old dominie shot his bolt. The fiat read this way: "Any girl that goes to a dancing party while in school attendance will be dismissed next day." When he said a thing he said it with emphasis. We were up against it hard and fast.

I told the story at home and my mother said "We'll wait until your father hears about it." My heart was almost in my mouth when the case was laid before him. He was my dependence. I hoped he would assert his rights to govern his own household. But the case was decided against me. He finally said: "We keep up two establishments, one in town the other on river plantation, where I must stay from Monday until Saturday night, to give you school privileges. This is why I bought this home in town. Otherwise we would not be here." He disliked to give me pain and he knew I loved to dance. Finally he jokingly said "Little girl, Dr. Wilson is trying to educate your mind and I must help him. After awhile there will be time a plenty to educate your heels."

When the big ball came on we could sit on our front porch and see the dancers in the hotel, because the big dining room was always emptied of its tables for the ball. The music had never been more enticing. I could hear the dancing orders spoken. I don't think I had ever wanted to go anywhere so badly in all my life before. But I gave it up with a fairly good grace. When the school term closed my parents gave me a dancing party to show their sympathy with the girl that tried to be brave.

It was a new era in Georgia history when Northern women came down South as teachers or governesses. No Southern woman of means ever proposed to work at anything outside of home. When she left school she began quilt-making, etc., looking towards matrimony and it was nothing uncommon to get married as

early as fourteen or fifteen, and an unmarried woman of thirty was rated as an "old maid." It was a quasi stigma of reproach to fail to receive an "offer" after the girl advanced into long dresses. The girl who was coveted by a half dozen beaux at one time was the center of admiration at a wedding or "in-fair." Nobody that I ever heard of said to a daughter, "You have got to marry," but plenty could be found, who did say. "I am sorry for so and so, with a house full of old maids." One of the handsomest women I remember in my childhood was a bride at twelve, a mother at thirteen and who had raised a family of fine sons and daughters before she had reached middle age and still beautiful. Nevertheless there were plenty of marryings that were not love matches. If there was a prospect of a plantation and slaves as dowry, there was a rush into matrimony, just as the nobility of Europe court rich American heiresses and the majority of both classes were more than apt to regret the hasty undertaking after a trial of it.

These early married Southern women wore lace caps very early after motherhood. It marked the distinction between married and single in promiscuous company. And the babies wore caps also whenever dressed for going out with the young mother. I thought my delicate mother and baby sister were the prettiest pair in the world when I saw them thus dressed for going to meeting which was the general custom of the early Georgians, once a month. Quick to catch on I put caps on my dolls, big and little, and occasionally contrived to put on for myself one of my mother's caps on the sly when I took on a spell of doll nursing of which I was remarkably fond. When I was about seven years old my uncle John brought from Augusta a drawn silk bonnet for my mother and also one for myself. The silk was gathered in close rows on fine whale bone strips and shaped as a calash. Each had a tiny skirt to the bonnet and inside was a row of small pink rosebuds encircling the face. Hers was of "silver gray" and mine "bottle green." This was my first bought bonnet and considered a beauty! As a rule, in plain households, the mother purchased

a nice calico dress with enough to make the little daughter one like it. If there were scraps left a bonnet was made for both and families could be identified by the flowers on the calico, and the style in making. There were fine English and French calicoes and muslins and "northern homespun" came from the factories in New England fine and white, while our southern factory cloth was rough and unbleached after cotton mills were erected in Georgia. As my father had a store, I began to wear "prunella" shoes very early. They were made of cloth as well as leather but only used for dress up, not for service. I had plaid woolen dresses at various times but generally my mother cut down her worn or out of date frocks for my use. My first silk dress was a "made over." This descended to my small sister after I had outgrown it. When I had reached the age of ten the fashionables wore voluminous skirts and many of them. The underskirts were starched as stiff as possible, and I remember hearing a friend of my mother say she had on at that time eight petticoats beside the outside frock made of "balzarine." Something like the voile of modern dress goods. As she came down the street she was like a ship in full sail. Her dress skirt was as wide as the sidewalk. The body to the dress was tight as beeswax and she was laced until her beaux could nearly span her waist with both hands. Everybody, women and children, wore bonnets. Hats belonged to the masculine. Artificial flowers were plentiful on these bonnets but when a young woman was religious or became converted she laid aside her flowers along with her finger rings and breastpin. And I never can forget my feelings when I heard a woman pray in meeting for the first time. It came like a "clap out of a clear sky." She had been talking to a bench of "mourners" and broke loose, in the fervor of her pleadings. It was the talk of the town for a good while. Some said it would not do at all—others said she was so good that she must be forgiven, but the majority said she should have kept silent. "Aunt Annie Bird," as she was known

to us, continued to pray aloud at protracted meetings but she was "one by herself."

Nevertheless it was a very common thing for women to shout at revivals. Perhaps there were then more women shouters than masculines. Sometimes the excitement made them faint but the difference between a shouting woman and a praying woman was never clearly defined in my youthful mind, as connected with St. Paul's oft' quoted adjuration for women to "keep silence in the church."

In later years there is more praying than shouting in public gatherings by women, yet there are ministers who are stubbornly averse and use sledge-hammer logic against such women who are full of religious fervor, and devoted to religious exercises, and the most assiduous church goers in their respective congregations.

There were many noted revivals in the middle years of my life and being a Methodist myself I applaud these revival occasions, because they awakened the minds of many sinners, connected broken friendships and made the children aware that religion stood for something better than mere morality at home, and could save the drunkard and bring peace and domestic happiness into divided households. The patience and fortitude of long-suffering women who, full of zeal and the Holy Ghost and always remarkable examplers of Christian excellence and piety, under this demand for "women to keep silence," has been an enigma to many good men as well as women.

I recall a revival of religion in Decatur, Ga., when I was a young girl, where Rev. Alexander Means, Bishop Jas. O. Andrew, Judge Longstreet and other noted Methodist divines gave weeks of service, daily and nightly sermons, and which resulted in securing a large membership and which is felt to this good day in regions around and about Atlanta, the present metropolis of our state, in Methodist families. I went to school in Oxford with daughters of Dr. Means, Judge Longstreet and Bishop Andrew and my remembrance of those dearly beloved friends of my youth have been a well-spring of pleasure in my own journey

through life. I am doubtless the sole survivor of those mentioned here.

I must not omit mention of the annual picnics of Dr. Wilson's school at Stone Mountain. Everybody was glad to go; some by carriages and wagons and multitudes by the Georgia railroad after it was set a-going. The first passenger conductor that I remember was Col. George Adair, the elder, and he became an institution in which both passengers and railroad men took pride.

The story of Atlanta's early days can never be fitly told without including an extended notice of Col. George Adair, the elder. His sister was my early school mate and when we had young lady guests with us Col. Adair was most helpful, because he chaperoned numberless beaux to make my single aunties have a good time. In those generous old days it was delightful to be there. I was permitted to sit with the gay crowd around a glowing hickory fire and listen to the jokes as well as the music and general merriment, until my bed time arrived. My mother was a champion cake maker and there were waiters passed around with all sorts of light refreshments. I was often privately instructed that such small girls as myself should be only seen and not heard. In those merry old days what I could see was very satisfying.

Col. Adair joked everybody, myself included. One time he got turned down and I was hilarious over it. It was a very cold evening and the party of young gentlemen collected near the blazing fire. First one and then another would inquire. "How are your feet feeling, Mr. Adair?" For awhile he refused to notice the questions. The young ladies were given a hint, and they were choking with laughter, over what was told them. Somebody also said "your boots are a perfect fit," and the girls screamed with laughter. To make a long story short, Mr. Adair had on a fine new pair of high-top boots that fitted him "like a bug's shirt," and he struggled a good while when dressing to get into them. He found out his companions were going to get the joke delivered when he put out his shapely feet and quietly said to the folks, "I tried to

get on two pair of socks, tore them into ribbons and failed and these rascals are dying to tell you that I am a sockless joker and they want to turn me down and make these girls laugh at me." My mother had to send me to bed I enjoyed the episode so hilariously. A dozen or more years ago Col. Adair gave an interview to Miss Isma Dooley on Old Atlanta days that all those who were mentioned enjoyed heartily.

"ATLANTA'S EARLY SOCIETY.

"But with the name 'Atlanta,' society seems to have begun here, and the first parties I remember attending were at the old Atlanta hotel built when the road was extended from Atlanta to Marietta. The new engine brought here at the time was hauled by mules from Madison, and the first car, built in the penitentiary at Milledgeville, came the same way.

"Dr. Joseph Thompson moved up from Decatur, and building the Atlanta hotel, gave the place its first rights to be called 'town.' His family was a most interesting one, and his two daughters were then Georgia belles. Mary Jane Thompson, now Mrs. Richard Peters, and Julia, the late Mrs. Orme, of West Point. The other girls I remember in Atlanta at the time, were Miss Lou Loyd, whose father built the old Washington hotel; Judge Meade's three pretty daughters, Misses Kate and Jane Kelsey, and Colonel Rhodes' two daughters, and then the visiting girls that would pass through and stop over for a night at the Atlanta hotel. Atlanta always was a good stand for visiting girls.

"'Who were the beaux? Well, there were several very prominent society beaux. I went out myself,' modestly remarked the colonel. 'Then there was William Priestly Orme and W. C. Printup. We all held lucrative positions at the time, being conductors on the railroad, and as our rivals we had the good-looking conductors from the Western and Atlantic railroad—Joe Bennett and Jim Dobbs, and W. A. Huff and George Jones, of the Macon and Northern railroad.

"'Our parties were all given at the Atlanta hotel, and we called them 'soires.' I didn't know why they gave them that name then,' said the colonel chuckling, 'but my youngest granddaughter, Lizzie, now studying French, told me a year or so ago, 'Why, grandpa, all evening parties are appropriately called soires. That's the meaning of the word.'

"'These soirees began early in the evening about 8 o'clock, and were generally over about the time the 'sparking' begins now. The orchestra," said the colonel, presumably guying the society column, "was not hidden behind a bank of palms and hot-house plants, or screened off by silken portieres veiled in smilax, but the fiddlers sat right where they could be seen and

heard when they called out the figures, as we all danced the old Virginia reel.

"Our first fiddler was old Howard Brown, while Guilford, Judge Ezzard's barber, played the fiddle or the triangle, either one well. Howard Brown, however, imbibed too freely now and then for the spirit of the times, and Erby Powell, the well-digger, was then called in to take his place. Erby was a fine fiddler as well as digger.

"I remember one of the finest soirees we ever had was given in compliment to Mary Willis Cobb, of Athens (now Mrs. Johnson, the mother of Mrs. A. W. Hill and Mrs. Hugh Hagan.) Mary Willis was quite the belle, and had more tony party clothes than the rest of the girls, because she had spent a winter in Washington, where her brother, Howell Cobb, was representative from Georgia. She was such a pretty, round, plump girl, with laughing, beaming eyes, and danced better than most girls do these days.

"Did we have a chaperon at these parties? Yes, one that we all loved—Mrs. Joseph Thompson. I can so well remember how she would enjoy the frolics, and I remember, too, that often times, sitting near her and dozing to sleep soon after the fiddlers would begin, was her little girl, Joan (now Mrs. Tom Clarke). Mrs. Thompson was one of the finest women I ever knew—of imposing dignity in appearance, with the finest head and best heart. She was the leader in all interests for good in this community, and I recognize so many of her characteristics in her granddaughter, Nellie (Mrs. Nellie Peters Black.)

"About this time the town began to enlarge and the social circle was brightened by such pretty girls as were Laura Farrar, Harriet Eliza Cone, now Mrs. Hayden, and Jane Killian, now Mrs. L. P. Grant.

"I remember, too, when Charles Latimer's two pretty, smart daughters first appeared in Atlanta, Rebecca and Mary (Mrs. William H. Felton and Mrs. Mary L. McLendon). Rebecca was considered the smartest and Mary the prettiest, but don't put that down for publication, because women are curious, and the two sisters might have a dispute over the truth of that statement.

"In them by the way is a wonderful blending of parental characteristics. Their father was one of the stanchest and strongest of men, very much in advance of the times as to theories and thought which accounts for their force of character and advanced ideas, while their mother was the gentlest and most religious of women, imparting to them their religious ardor and stand in the temperance movement.

"I would not undertake to enumerate the events that marked the progress of Atlanta society after the war, but now and then when I see some prominent woman, or read of her achievements, I recall the first time I ever saw her. For instance I never read of the president of the Georgia clubs that I do not recall Mrs. Lowe as a bride, when she appeared at church in a blue velvet frock. The women folks talked a great deal about it, and I believe they said it was made in Baltimore. It created

quite as much comment in society on the west side, then the quarter for the city's aristocracy (I still live there) as did the black silk dress worn by Mrs. Joseph Smith, the grandmother of Mrs. Will Spalding and Mr. J. E. Butler, when she came to Atlanta before the war, at the time that Joe Smith succeeded Wash Collier as postmaster.

"There are few things, however," mused the colonel, "in which Atlanta has progressed more wonderfully than in her livery, for when I brought 'ole miss' here a bride I had to wait three days before I could get a buggy to take her for a drive. She was so pretty—a great deal prettier than any of my daughters or granddaughters—and I wanted to show her off. Finally I managed to borrow Oliver Jones's buggy, and his little mare, 'Jennie Lind,' and we took our first drive together in Atlanta."

Imagine, if you can, the advent of a real railroad in a poor section where no railroads had been expected and what the eight-mile travel to Stone Mountain stood for with a popular conductor who provided sugar plums for the children and rare and racy jokes for the grown-ups! There was a tower on the mountain that I saw first when I was a small child. There was that day dancing galore in the lower hall of the tower. A candy vendor persuaded my father to buy for me a white candy dove with buckshot for its eyes.

That first tower was blown down in a storm and its successor was erected on the highest point on the mountain. The second one, also, went to the discard, but in "White's Miscellanies" you can see a picture of the Stone Mountain and its noted tower taken about seventy years ago. I remember well the coming together of the first state agricultural society ever organized in Georgia, at Stone Mountain, and the sensation created thereby in 1847 and also the crowds that went in 1848 when our household went along with all the neighbors who could be spared from home on that occasion. The little town had meagre hotel facilities and the visitors from Madison, Greensboro and as far down as Augusta, completely swamped their accommodations. I remember that day riding in a railroad box car, and sitting on a squash sent for exhibition that tipped the beam at eighty-two pounds. Some squash that, but I was weighed that same day and marked eighty-two pounds on the scales. My father remarked, "some girl and some squash." It is astonishing how small

incidents stay with you when greater ones go glimmering into oblivion. The politicians were active at that early day and the defeated ones complained that the new agricultural society was only a political machine. History repeats itself and the society chaperoned several governors into the executive chair in later years.

Along about that time I began first to hear about small pox. The disease was brought into Atlanta by a guest at Thompson's hotel and spread panic all through that section. So far as I knew it was the first excitement of that kind in upper Georgia. Until then nobody, old or young, had the disease or had been vaccinated. Vaccine matter was as scarce as hen's teeth. We refuged to the river plantation and I there attended a rural school where I saw the school boys race out of doors to punish a smart Aleck who went by crying "school butter." I learned to play marbles and study Latin Grammar and carried to school in a little basket a small bottle of molasses for use at lunch time. Nothing in later life has been more appetizing than those good biscuits with holes punched with my forefinger and then filled with molasses. We also ate hard-boiled eggs and cold sweet potatoes and green apples with salt without telling about the latter at home. We sat on hard benches ranged along the wall with books lying under us on the floor. I met a truckster in Atlanta last week, over eighty, who went to school with me in those early days. We were delighted to renew acquaintance. At recess time we paddled in the spring branch occasionally with bare feet and the boys brought red apples and plums in their pockets for their favorite girls. When a rain cloud rose up the pony was sent for myself and small sister. I rode in the saddle and she sat behind and held on to my waist with both of her dear little arms. Sometimes we would be dripping wet from head to foot, and the thunder and lightning terrified us both while I whipped up the pony and tried to comfort the little one behind me. Surely those were exciting, happy days. It was a land of plenty and I took no thought of the morrow.

My college course began when I was half-way between fifteen and sixteen—Junior, half advanced. Madison, Ga., was a remarkable educational centre, the Baptists and Methodists had each a girls' college. LaGrange had the same equipment and those were the only high-grade girls' schools in upper Georgia in my early life and north of Wesleyan College located in Macon, the latter claiming to be the first among women's colleges in the United States. There was no railroad to LaGrange so Madison won the day with my parents. My mother had attended school there also in her girlhood days, and mother said "Don't forget we must be convenient to the railroad if this girl gets sick. It will take two long days and more to drive to LaGrange in the barouche," so I went to Madison.

Rev. Lucius Wittich had a reputation among Methodists for learning and disciplinary qualities as president, and I went to his house to board and received my diploma in July, 1852, sixty-five long years ago. It was a great and appreciated opportunity and I had a royal good time; shared the first honor with a class mate, read a valedictory essay and played time and again during the commencement exercises on piano and guitar, and received a real calf-skin diploma and, more than all, made my parents very happy that I had not failed to make good. When I see (as I did see last year) one hundred and eighty odd young ladies at the Milledgeville Normal and Industrial college receive diplomas in one day and knew what that meant to parents at home, who had made many sacrifices and spent money to give those girls a start in life, I could tell very accurately what progress had been made in sixty-five years when there were only a few denominational schools for girls and only a limited number of girls who were fortunate in securing a college education, and every dollar expended came out of the self-sacrificing parents in the home, and not a free school for the masses throughout the confines of the Empire State of the South. We have so many opportunities now compared to the few in

the long ago. I also wonder that there is not more appreciation and progress than we find in 1917.

I married shortly after I was eighteen, and my entire life was soon absorbed in home service and home making and the care of my babies and the duties that fell upon women of my class and kind in caring for a considerable number of slaves and in keeping up with the requirements of a plantation home in the country.

Before I forget it I will mention the interest which colleges for women excited in the public mind about the time I graduated at Madison Female college in 1852. Great crowds gathered and were delighted. There were twelve girls in my class and so far as I know all are dead but two at this writing. I was entered at fifteen years and six months and graduated at sharp seventeen. I took the entire course, also lessons on piano and guitar. I had pencil drawing also for all of which I had a strong liking. I had no time to throw away to keep it up and during one session I undertook French. He was an American, the teacher, and I had had a previous French teacher raised in France, so we had more than one discussion on the right and wrong of our French lessons. But my music teacher was an enthusiast and we worked together famously. We speedily became a mutual admiration society composed of two. Oh, it is sweet to remember how often at the close of my music hour he would say "Play for me an accompaniment for my violin and we will have De-Beriot's Sixth Air. I enjoy seeing your love for music the best there is." In rural neighborhoods seventy years ago pianos were very scarce and I am still thankful that I had a willing mind and was ready to play for everybody. My father had a flour mill, also a store, a woodshop and blacksmith shop and there were always people busy coming and going.

A few weeks ago a young gentleman almost a stranger to me, told me of a visit to lower Georgia and of meeting a gray-haired man in his eighties who had asked about me, etc. The octogenarian told him of his delight in his young days when he was allowed to go to Latimer's mill and then could go to the house and

ask me to play for him. He told my young neighbor of my willingness to oblige him and the others that were with him and what a glimpse of real life and melody I thereby opened to him. It gave me sincerest joy to find this compliment returning to me after many days. When the war of the fateful sixties left us impoverished, obliged to earn the bread we ate, until the plantation could be restored and farm labor secured, my husband and myself decided to open a school in Cartersville and do something for the young people who had been almost without school facilities, and also provide the wherewith for a start, making some sort of an honest living owing to our poverty. How I enjoyed that work would take a volume to tell and my diligence in my own school days was a prime factor for success in this strenuous time.

I have never been an admirer of our public school system, set up in reconstruction days, and full of handicaps and infirmities. Some years ago I was invited by the Legislature of Georgia to meet with joint session of House and Senate and talk it over from my viewpoint. I will include the newspaper report of my address on that occasion at the end of this chapter. Since that time the system has grown more unwieldy as to size and more costly as to expense. It is surprising to know that our law-makers did not appreciate the impossibility of covering the ground and getting all the children educated by failing to command compulsory attendance.

When Georgia legislators assumed the liberty to commander or conscript your tax money to educate my child it was only just, fair and equitable to compel me to send that child to school or know the reason why. I fully understand that public utilities are hard to manage, but I also agree with a level-headed old legislator who was "agin the whole business, because it is the easiest thing to do, spend other people's money."

The basic principle in such education is protection against ignorance and illiteracy, it being a preventive to crime and disorder, as elaborately expounded, but public school education is or should be limited to a

plain English education, for it is a well-established fact that many of our greatest criminals are among the best educated and it is rank Socialism to take your money by force for any such purpose. Our public school education is a sort of moulding machine where all the children are herded together and forced into the moulds prepared by theorists, sometimes thoroughly impractical in general use and application.

In my part of the country a girl or boy begins to go to school at sharp six and holds on until nearly nineteen or twenty. The boys are not fitted for any calling or profession and generally serve as "bundle carriers" for merchants, and girls must then go to some other place to become equipped for making a decent living. But somebody will say "Mrs. Felton is an old foggy, behind the times, a slow coach, etc." There is only one answer to meet such charges: It is a gigantic scheme to squander tax money, growing bigger every year and standing in the way of a better and more satisfactory way of securing education for the very people who need it most and care the least for this opportunity of free tuition. Up to this time there have been millions of tax money drafted or conscripted out of those who own something, to pay teachers and school commissioners while the parents of no-account homes can completely defeat the undertaking by keeping the children in the cotton patch or in cotton mill work instead of attending school.

Railway travel in Georgia was nothing like the present use of rail passenger transportation. The rates were high, connections difficult and when you started a journey you expected to get back of course but when you might get home was uncertain.

I remember a trip my father and myself took in the summer of either 1846 or 47. We were to go to Brunswick, Ga. There was no way to get there from Decatur unless we first took train to Atlanta, lately named from Marthasville. Then we started to Macon. We had a before-day breakfast and traveled until 3 P. M. to reach Macon, one hundred miles. We went to the best hotel and later walked about in the city. We were told that the train to Savannah start-

ed early in the morning and there was nothing to do but hang up until next morning. As we had small experience with railroads that did not bother us. We started on Thursday, left Macon Friday morning and traveled until after dark to make the trip to Savannah. A tremendous rain storm overtook us and the track was often under water. The train hands frequently shoveled off the wet sand from the rails. After dark we were able to get seats in an omnibus which jolted and careened over the flooded streets until we were able to go in the Pulaski House. Securing a room we prepared for the hotel supper. We had been traveling, as you see, two whole days to cover a distance that is trifling at this time.

Next morning we bought tickets on a steamboat that made semi-weekly trips to St. Augustine, Fla., touching at Darien and Brunswick en route, going and coming. It was a fine boat they said. Everything was fine to me, a girl of eleven or twelve perhaps. We went the inland passage around and among the historic islands off the coast of Georgia. We reached Brunswick about eight o'clock Sunday morning. There was no landing wharf. Brunswick had experienced a boom and the boom had collapsed. We were lifted down from the steamboat into a small boat. We were rowed along until the beach became troublesome, so a sailor picked me up in his arms like a baby and waded to hard ground. My father rode pick-a-pack on the shoulder of a robust sailor. There was one other passenger, a victim of the boom catastrophe. He told us the big hotel was shut up and the whole thing was flat, but we might get lodgings with a plain family that fed pretty well and were clever, all of which was a modest estimate of some of the cleverest folks I ever met. We were the only guests and they fed us up to the limit on sea foods, like turtle soup and eggs, crabs and shrimp to which I took like a regular fish. My father's business was to validate some land deeds and the Inferior Court of Glynn county met on Monday, and that part being settled we made merry until the boat came back Wednesday evening on the return trip. We fished and rode in little boats to my heart's con-

tent. Between the mosquitoes and the hot sun my tender skin was generally blistered where exposed. We reached Savannah Thursday up in the day and gave the balance of the time to sight-seeing and getting things for the dear mother and little sister at home. There were such heaps of things, the like of which I had never dreamed of, that decisions were hard to make.

Finally our generous parent said "We all must have shoes and I know the numbers," so we went to the finest shoe store we could find and bought not one pair apiece, but two pairs each. They were the best he could find and my first experience with extravagant footwear.

I was so full of enjoyment, wide awake in every fibre of my being, not a bit troubled about boys and in keen pursuit of all new ideas, that my father said, "Wouldn't you like to see Charleston also?" My answer was a joyful hug, so he bought tickets on a boat called the "William Seabrooke" and we started out to ride the big ocean waves. I fared all right until I tried to dress myself next morning and then I was so seasick my father had to come to me and carried me on the upper deck, and I had so much "mal-de-mare," that I have shied at another ocean trip and will never see Europe at my time of life. We remained a couple of days in Charleston and it required the best of two more days and one night to get back to Decatur. We were very fortunate to make the trip in such good time, as they told us.

The 4th of July came while we were in the decayed city of Brunswick. Everybody, I mean men and boys, celebrated with guns and powder. When they came around where I was, in the house of our entertainers, and fired a volley or two under the floors, I was scared badly enough to be averse for a whole lifetime to seeking entertainment by scaring children and dogs nearly to death with shooting frolics.

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

When I received the Congressional Record, bearing date July 16, 1917, I found Hon. Ben Tillman of South Carolina recorded therein and discussing slavery in the nation. He uses the following words: "Slavery was a curse and the Civil War was necessary to destroy it. Nothing else could have done it because of the profit there was in it. The same struggle for freedom and the rights of the laboring classes in Europe is going on right now." He reprinted also a part of an address he made at Arlington Cemetery some years ago. "I never believed it possible I could do it, but slowly and by degrees I have come to think it was best that the South should be defeated and for me to say that is a marvel to myself. Slavery was a curse that had to be destroyed ere the South and the world could advance. It was a curse for which the South was no more responsible than the North. Both sections were responsible and both paid as penance four long bloody years for their joint sin."

This discussion grew out of the late riots in East St. Louis, where negroes were mobbed and killed and ordered to vacate. I think this confession of Hon. "Pitchfork Ben" was perhaps good for himself, lately returned from a sanitarium and not a candidate for re-election to the U. S. Senate, but it will not be enthusiastically received in the State of South Carolina by the "fire-eating" politicians of the Palmetto State. It is only human nature to defend the actions and opinions of our forbears, and South Carolina's record on "nullification" and "secession" make it absolutely impossible that Mr. Tillman's confession will be echoed by those who will hereafter vote in Senator Tillman's successor. But this belated confession gives me a text for my present writing, and I propose to set down the very words employed by Georgia's political leaders, when Georgia followed South Carolina out of the Federal Union in the winter of 1860-61. I own a complete copy of the proceedings of the Secession convention. There are very few in perfect preserva-

tion, and this book hoary with age presents the official statement of Georgia's grievances against those who opposed the institution of domestic slavery.

What Mr. Tillman thinks or what I think is a very small matter, but the results of the Georgia Secession convention are sufficiently important to be carefully remembered by succeeding generations. As a preamble I will also say that Georgia, in General Oglethorpe's time, discounted and discredited African slavery, but the "*profit in it*" overcame these prudential considerations. After the *Yazoo Fraud* was finally settled, the inrush of slaveholders to the Carolinas and Georgia became very great, and the new comers brought along their slaves that they owned in Maryland and Virginia under the laws prevailing in the early colonies.

I will not attempt to record in this connection the opposition that northern states early evinced towards the abolition agitators. The "*profit in it*" and the sale of negroes to Southern owners made business lively. The abolitionists were frequently rotten-egged in the state of Massachusetts in their attempts to secure a hearing. Perhaps I am justified in saying that abolition oratory continued to be distasteful to the public so long as there were slaves to sell to southern planters and until the "*profit*" in them became nil. These abolition agitators did not become popular until the politicians enlisted the northern churches in this work of reform. When the preachers and the politicians joined forces the row began in dead earnest, and grew apace.

I was a small girl when I became acquainted with Bishop James O. Andrew and I was only nine years old when the Methodist church split over a negro girl owned by Bishop Andrew's second wife in 1844. The story of the split has been so often discussed—abused and defended—that I am not inclined to say any more on that line, at this time. From the hour when the Methodist brethren separated at a General Conference, until Georgia seceded in January, 1861, this slavery question was kept to the front. The preachers of the Southern church quoted the Bible, when they

took slavery for a pulpit discourse. Our Southern bishops owned slaves and vigorously defended the institution by voice and pen.

Slave property increased rapidly. Child bearing sometimes began at twelve years and frequent births made a heavy per cent of "profit." According to Hon. Thos. R. R. Cobb, who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, "the greatest evidence of wealth in the planter was the number of his slaves. They gave the most remunerative income. It was considered the very best property to give to children and children parted from their slaves with greatest reluctance." These are plain and accurate statements.

Therefore, these Southern planters clung to their slave property and continued to invest money in slave property in Georgia after Sherman marched to the sea. It was nothing out of the common for a planter to pay twelve hundred dollars for a young, stalwart negro man, and a girl who brought easily eight hundred or a thousand dollars on the court house block might be relied upon to bear a healthy slave child once in two years. Anybody who could raise sufficient money invested in slaves.

As I look back on that time of eager slave buying, I am amazed at the lack of foresight in a business way. Every nation that was civilized had abandoned domestic slavery except Brazil, when our people were apparently confident that it was a permanent thing, commanded by the Bible and ordained of God.

There were abuses, many of them. I do not pretend to defend these abuses. There were kind masters and cruel masters. There were violations of the moral law that made mulattoes as common as blackberries. In this one particular slavery doomed itself. When white men were willing to put their own offspring in the kitchen and corn field and allowed them to be sold into bondage as slaves and degraded them as another man's slave, the retribution of wrath was hanging over this country and the South paid penance in four years of bloody war.

The Southern slaveholders looked on the "profit" side so long that they believed what they said. They

proved their sincerity by buying and herding together large slave families. The abolitionists were the best hated people ever known within my knowledge and the slave owner had no mercy when the abolitionists in the pulpit discussed him. It was a time of madness, the sort of mad-hysteria that always presages war. There seems to be nothing left but war—when any population in any sort of a nation gets violently angry, civilization falls down and religion forsakes its hold on the consciences of human kind in such times of public madness. “Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.”

We Southerners claimed almost divine right to the ownership of chivalry but it would have outlawed the most consecrated preacher known to that era of our history if he had dared to say that a slave woman had divine right to own her own liberty or direct the lives of her own children. Some of the finest educators, pious and godly men threw up their positions in the South early in the struggle and returned to northern latitudes after becoming residents in Georgia.

My husband, Dr. W. H. Felton, often regretted the going away of Rev. Stephen Olin, after he had been associated with Franklin College. The slightest disaffection on the slavery question would have vacated every editorial chair within the limits of the state.

The story of our disagreements with the North filled a part of every page in every official record of congressional legislation. This heat and fury increased at every session of that body until the break came, and the Southern States pulled out and set up for themselves. We, in the South, honestly believed we could engineer a peaceable separation. There is no doubt of the sincerity of the belief. It was not an attempt at revolt or insurrection or anything else but a resolute intention to own slaves and regulate slavery just as our forbears had been doing for nearly a hundred years.

So it happened that South Carolina went out first, followed by Alabama, Mississippi and Florida. Georgia saw she was up against a tremendous proposition and as I am only concerned to prove that it was slav-

ery and nothing but slavery that made Georgia secede, I find in the records of the Georgia Secession Convention certain indisputable facts, and nothing but facts, will furnish reliable history. Every county in Georgia had representation and Hon. Geo. W. Crawford was chosen as president by acclamation. Commissioners from South Carolina and Alabama were there to speak. Rules for the convention were adopted. Gov. Joseph E. Brown and ex-Governor Howell Cobb were invited to seats on the floor. The commissioners made their speeches on 17th January, 1861, and the convention adjourned. On the 18th, next day, the following resolution was offered by Hon. E. A. Nisbet: "*That it is the opinion of this convention it is the right and duty of Georgia to secede from the present Union, and to co-operate with such of the other States as have or shall do the same, for the purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy, upon the basis of the Constitution of the United States, and that a committee be appointed by the chair to report an ordinance to assert the right and fulfill the obligation of the State of Georgia to secede from the Union.*"

Remember that the convention had not cast a vote or debated a single question and this hasty movement was rushed upon it. Ex-Gov. Herschel V. Johnson, late candidate for vice-president on the Stephen A. Douglas ticket, offered a substitute. "The State of Georgia is attached to the Union and desires to preserve it if it can be done consistent with her rights and safety, but existing circumstances admonish her of danger; that danger *arises from the assaults that are made upon the institution of domestic slavery and is common to all the Southern States, etc., etc.*"

First, Be it ordained by the State of Georgia in sovereign convention assembled, that Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Missouri be and are hereby invited respectively to meet with this state by delegates in a Congress at Atlanta, Ga., on 16th of February, 1861, to take into consideration the whole subject of their relations to the Federal Government, and to devise such a course of action as their interest,

equality and safety may require.” Section 2nd invited the already seceded states to send commissioners to said congress. Section 3rd, “That inasmuch as Georgia is resolved not to abide permanently in the Union without satisfactory guarantees of future security the following propositions are respectfully suggested as the substance of what she regards indispensable amendments to the Constitution of the United States:

1st. Congress shall have no power to abolish or prohibit slavery in the territories or any place under their jurisdiction. 2nd. Each state shall be bound to surrender fugitive slaves, etc. The United States to pay the owner the value of such slave, the county in which such enticement shall occur to be liable to United States for amount to be recovered in Federal Courts. 3rd. To be a penal offense to rescue or entice or encourage any fugitive slave or to assist, etc., etc. 4th. Whatever is recognized as property in the United States shall be held to be property in the Territories, etc.

Section 5. New states to be admitted into the Union with or without slavery by the people at the time of admission. 6th Congress to have no power to prohibit or interfere with slave trade between the states, nor prohibit citizens of United States from carrying slaves passing through or sojourning in District of Columbia, with prompt punishment of all persons who may interfere. 7th. No state to pass any law to prohibit owners from carrying slaves and returning with them throughout the Union. 8th. Obligation to surrender fugitive slaves or fugitives charged with offenses connected with or committed against slavery or slave property with agreement that whatever is criminal in one state will be deemed criminal in all states. 9th. No person of African descent shall be permitted to vote for Federal officers nor to hold any office or appointment under government of the United States.”

Such were the demands to be made on the Federal Union or Georgia would secede. There was “elaborate discussion” that day until the previous question

was called, and Mr. Johnson's substitute was set aside and a direct vote on Mr. Nesbit's resolution was called for, yea and nay vote. 160 yeas, 130 nays.

The convention organized on January 16, heard commissioners on 17th and had virtually seceded Georgia out of the Union on 18th. Alarming haste!!

When the ordinance was put on its passage, Mr. Hill, of Trout, moved to give attention to Mr. Johnson's resolution here copied. This was defeated, yeas 133, nays 164.

Then the ordinance itself was voted on. Yeas 208, nays 89, January 19, 1861.

The balance of the secession work went along with a cut and dried program of the first working day. The majority was with the "fire-eaters" and they overrode the large minority. There were tens of thousands of Union-loving people in Georgia, but they had no chance in that convention. They were forced into a four-year bloody war to defend the institution of domestic slavery, and they lost their slaves, their real estate and personal property, lost their surplus money and lost their lives in many cases. Excepting those who retained their lands by self denial and self-sacrifice, this section was swept bare by war destruction.

In a crowded parlor in Washington City, during the late Confederate Reunion, June, 1917, I heard a Confederate (wearing a handsome uniform with a number of decorations on his breast, and apparently well-to-do in this world's goods), expatiating on the slavery question, insisting that the Bible approved it, and God had ordained it, and the negro belonged nowhere save in slavery and the world would not be set aright until the old order was restored. Fifty-two years had come and gone, and domestic slavery had been abolished on both hemispheres, fully half a century and this ancient warrior was still stirring the embers of sectional fury and still spluttering about the rights of Southern slave owners.

All we individually owned disappeared, except the farm land, and in my old age, I am pondering this question, why did not the South compromise by selling their slaves or offering to take a price, and put it up to

those who were afraid of war? Was slave ownership ever worth the sacrifice of blood and treasure that resulted from that secession ordinance? Was Mr. Tillman correct in saying that there was no other way to remove the curse, and the South did penance with a four-years bloody war? To clear his words of all ambiguity, did the Lord Almighty punish the slave owners by sending on them the awful struggle that ended in complete destruction of the South and the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives? Any reader of history will agree with me that the negro question is not half settled. Our fifty years of hard experience since the Civil War demonstrates one fact only, that the negro is in the United States to stay and according as he is dealt with, depends our own peace or disaster in his association with the whites.

There is a well-authenticated story exploited in the newspapers of the present year, 1917, that President Lincoln, in February, 1865, met the Confederate commissioners at the Hampton Roads conference and made some sort of advances, looking towards a cessation of hostilities and other suggestions looking towards some reasonable remuneration for slave property. This is affirmed by several reliable persons, who declare that Hon. A. H. Stephens made such statements and he was the vice president of the ill-fated Confederacy at the time. Some of these declarations are in the shape of affidavits. On the other side several noted persons declare there was nothing of the kind that occurred, that it was a fake story. I have understood that the Confederate Veterans organization proposes to explore into this matter and give the result at the reunion in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1918.

Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, declares he had the story at first hand from Mr. Stephens. Hon. Julian Carr, of North Carolina, denies that any such story can or will be affirmed. The meeting between President Lincoln and Vice-President Stephens *did* take place in Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865. Mr. Stephens was accompanied by Confederate Secretary of War, formerly Judge Campbell, of the Federal Su-

preme Court, and Hon. R. M. L. Hunter, Confederate Senator of Virginia.

Secretary of State W. H. Seward was the Federal Commissioner, and so far as known Mr. Lincoln's presence was not expected. What he said on any of these matters was addressed privately to Mr. Stephens.

There was lack of harmony between the president and vice-president of the Confederacy. I am convinced that Mr. Stephens entertained different views from Mr. Davis, especially in the latest months of the war struggle. Mr. Stephens is recorded as being in Crawfordville on the 20th of February, 1865, and he evidently understood that the government at Richmond was on its last legs. The surrender at Appomattox was only two months off when the meeting at Hampton Roads took place. The story goes that Mr. Lincoln said if he might write Union on the top of the page, and the Confederates would lay down arms they might write anything else below and he would sign it. The Confederate commissioners conferred and reported they must only ask for their independence. So the last and final chance to get some sort of a compromise went glimmering, and Mr. Lincoln's overture did no good and every life that was shot out afterwards was sacrificed. Indeed as the war business appealed to me there was nothing but loss and sacrifice after the battle of Gettysburg. Going into war as we did to preserve the institution of domestic slavery, we risked everything and lost everything by the venture, and we also lost the sympathy of the outside world because of our slavery contention.

I remember the visit President Davis made to Macon in February, 1865. My husband went to the city to hear the speech. We were poor refugees, only four miles distant. I watched and waited for his return, for my heart was heavy and the times ominous. I saw little hopefulness in his face. "The President told us we were doing well and there was no doubt as to our final success." It was the old, old story, and Sherman had already marched to the sea and Georgia was prostrate. Despite the rigid, drastic conscription which called all men from sixteen to sixty, despoiling

the cradle and the grave. Sherman went from Atlanta to Savannah practically unopposed. I was called to see my sick mother in Crawfordville, Ga., just before Sherman threatened Macon. We were cut off in returning by the burning of the railroad bridge over the Oconee river. We were only ten miles from the conflagration, and there was nothing to be done but to go back either to Crawfordville, or try to make a long circuit by Savannah, then to Albany, and then northward. We essayed the latter route. On that trip we passed car-loads of Andersonville prisoners being removed to another camp as it was expected that Sherman would strike for Andersonville. The night was gloomy and the torch fires made a wierd scenc as our train rolled along beside passing flat cars on which those Federal prisoners were guarded, with torch lights illuminating the faces of those ragged, smoke-begrimed, haggard and miserably filthy men. I had a glimpse of war conditions that was new to me. Prison treatment of such men has always been a disgrace to Christianity and civilization. I had read of Camp Chase and Johnson's Island and been angered at the treatment accorded to our Confederate prisoners, but that sight of train-loads of Federal prisoners on that wild night in Southern Georgia, when I could look into their faces within a few feet of the train I became an eyewitness to their enforced degradation, filth and utter destitution and the sight never could be forgotten. Nor can I forget seeing on a depot platform a dead negro man who had said something offensive to an Andersonville guard and he had been shot a few minutes before our train pulled in. The quivers of dying flesh had hardly subsided in his stalwart body as we rolled away.

There never was a more loyal woman in the South after we were forced by our political leaders to go to battle to defend our rights in ownership of African slaves, but they called it "State's Rights," and all I owned was invested in slaves and my people were loyal and I stood by them to the end. Like General Lee, I could not fight against my kindred in a struggle that meant life or death to them. Nevertheless I am now

too near to the border land of eternity to withhold my matured conscientious and honest opinion. If there had been no slaves there would have been no war. To fight for the perpetuation of domestic slavery was a mistake. The time had come in the United States to wipe out this evil. The South had to suffer, and even when our preachers were leading in prayer for victory, during the war, and black-robed mothers and wives were weeping for their dead ones, who perished on the field of battle, I had questions in my own mind as to what would be the end of it.

We had a Methodist camp ground on our plantation in 1860. Immense crowds were in attendance on Sunday exercises, among them the Governor of the State. The crowd was so great I could not leave our tent as we were cooking and feeding people the most of the day. On Sunday night, while the mourner's bench was crowded and people shouting down in the auditorium, there were neighbors and friends inside our tent armed to the teeth waiting for midnight to go out quietly to suppress a "rising" that had been reported to them late in the afternoon. The dread of negro insurrection and social equality with negroes at the ballot box held the Southern whites together in war or peace. That "rising" was a false alarm but the terror of these risings made Southern fathers and husbands desperate as to remedies. It is the secret of lynching instead of a legal remedy. It was "born in the blood and bred in the bone," and a resultant of domestic slavery in the Southern States. It was at the bottom of the East St. Louis riots. It is working like leaven in a thousand localities where unsuspecting people live today. Therefore I affirm that the negro question is unsettled and the end is still out of sight. This irritating side of the slavery issue is still rampant throughout Georgia, and spreading in north and west.

I heard the cannon in Rome, Georgia, twenty-five miles away, when Georgia seceded. I was only three miles distant from the railroad the night Mr. Jefferson Davis passed through to Montgomery, Ala., to be made President of the Confederacy. If it had been in day time I should have seen him. I saw Georgia troops

reviewed by the Governor at "Big Shanty" when they were drilling for the last time before leaving for Virginia. The battle of Manassas was going on when they passed through our town on July 21, 1861. The wires were working telling about the battle and the women were sobbing with arms about the necks of soldier boys who were bidding them a final good-bye at the depot. The only brother I had was a cadet at Marietta Military Institute and he volunteered with the Gate City Guards of Atlanta sometime before he was sixteen. That boy—beardless, slender, tenderly raised, immature, a child in years, left his mother in gleeful delight, anxious to go, craving excitement, and knowing nothing whatever about camp life or the dangers that were in front of him. His mother's face was quivering with suffering and anxiety, a part of her very life was carried along with that heedless youth, and her anxiety never lessened until her son surrendered with General Forrest, at LaGrange, at the close of the war.

The most serious thing about war is the slaughter of boys. It is the boys of the country who must face the enemy. They lose education. They risk the vices of camp life, they encounter the diseases that swoop down on them, and generally bring home enough of the evils to wreck physical and moral health for all time. They are the "seed corn" of any nation and the crop fails. The political leaders force a country into bloody strife and three-fourths of the army are young men and boys who had absolutely nothing to do with bringing it on, without any real knowledge of the evils resented or principles fought for.

If our political leaders in January, 1861, had placarded the walls in Milledgeville with our intention to fight for the perpetuation of negro slavery the convention would have stepped backward, but to show the exceeding haste and folly of our times the members of the secession convention, as before noted, placed no other grievance or policy of defense on their official minutes.

There was scarcely a week of war time that we did not feed soldiers going or coming. I knitted socks, gloves and sleeping caps continuously. We had woun-

ded soldiers to stay with us, we carried food to trains, when wounded soldiers were being transported to points lower down. For a number of days after the bloody battle of Chickamauga the trains were packed with wounded, a number dying on the way. We made a daily business of cooking and carrying baskets of good food to help them along. Some of the most tragic episodes of my life happened in trying to relieve the distress of the time. It would take a larger book than this to set them down in detail.

In the spring of 1864 it was evident that Cherokee Georgia would be overrun by the Federal army. The Confederate troops were at Dalton, and Gen. Sherman was preparing to leave Chattanooga. We decided to refugee southward, secured an old farm four-miles from Macon to make a crop and left our home with fifteen colored slaves in charge. I never saw the home any more until August, 1865. When I reached the gate I picked up the springs that had been a part of my dead child's fine baby carriage, also the arm of a large parlor mahogany chair that had been also burned. Desolation and destruction everywhere, bitter, grinding poverty—slaves all gone, money also. We certainly paid the price while we were in refugee condition. General Storeman made his raid on Macon, expecting to reach Andersonville where the Federal prisoners were located. We fell in his line of approach. They tethered their horses in our lots after midnight. When day light came the face of the earth was covered with "blue coats" mounted cavalry. They did not capture Macon but our place was inside their lines all day and succeeding night. They took all they cared to have and trampled down crops before they slipped away. They surrendered eight or ten miles from us to General Iverson.

Sherman's army and Wheeler's cavalry overran us in the month of November, 1864. When it came to foraging one side was nearly as bad as the other. Sherman had so little opposition that he chose his own direct route to Savannah. The Confederacy was cut in two and a line of lone chimneys marked the burned path he made from Atlanta to the sea. It was very

astounding to remember all these reverses and yet we were constantly told we would certainly succeed, and we clutched at every item of news that indicated a success. Our politicians still were speechifying. Hon. Linton Stephens made an address in Macon in which were criticisms of the administration on the futility and fatality of conscript legislation as it was worked out in the Southern army.

With drastic regulations as to conscription, and every male from sixteen to sixty liable to service, the armies dwindled away. Yet there were men in plenty—officials galore, and exempts in abundance.

I cannot go into minor details but must not fail to note the surrender of Macon, which completed the surrender of the sovereign state of Georgia, and which occurred a very few days or hours before Appomattox, early in April, 1865.

There was at least one newspaper still printed in Macon and we had to go there for news and to mail our letters. Having heard nothing but rumors for several days, I decided to ride horseback and find out if General Wilson was really advancing on Macon. I hitched the horse in East Macon, walked across Central R. R. bridge (city bridge having been burned), and made my way to Burke's book store on Mulberry street. Mr. Burke had formerly lived in Cass County (We were angry with General Cass and renamed it Bartow, after General Francis Bartow was killed at first Manassas battle) and was our friend. As I approached the store door, nearly level with the street, I saw a gentleman sitting close by outside in a split-bottomed chair. His face seemed familiar but I was not certain, so I requested Mr. Burke to return to the door with me and tell me about him. He had on plain clothes, plain hat, etc. Said Mr. Burke, "that is Major-General Howell Cobb, commander-in-chief of the military forces of the State of Georgia." He proceeded to tell me that whiskey barrels had been broken in (I could smell it in the gutters) and a squad of Macon citizens had gone out to meet the victorious General Wilson who was reported twenty miles away early that morning, with rapid moving cavalry and at-

tended by hundreds of negroes, who had been gathering behind him since he had occupied Columbus. The citizens expected the worst and that squad of citizens were asking for protection from loot, rapine and the torch. Mr. Burke advised me to get back to my refuge shack without delay, which advice I followed and in haste. I still wonder that I had the temerity to undertake that lonely ride. It was a deserted road, much of it still in forest growth, and the poor little horse was slow. As I went along, grieved and depressed by our condition, I remembered that Major General Howell Cobb had been one of the most active fire-eaters in the secession convention, one of the many who could not wait even a few days to discuss the risks and dangers which everybody knew would assail us.

Not a corporal's guard did he bring forward in Macon to meet the advancing foe; and yet as commander-in-chief of all of Georgia military forces he could have called to the colors every boy and man from sixteen to sixty in that section by conscription. (From what I then saw I was strenuously opposed to conscription for Georgia boys in 1917. I had no objection to allowing volunteers to go to France or to serve in airplanes if they volunteered for such service, but I did my little best to convince Georgia readers that it would not do to force our soldiers into airships or to send them across the Atlantic ocean to dictate to foreign governments or fight for kings or queens or command the sort of rulers they should have in the future.) The army of General Wilson reached Macon in the afternoon and poor old Georgia was done for. Although the state had sent many thousands to army service and had borne with patience the failures, mistakes and defeats that had been forced on her by lack of statesmanship, yet in the hour of her deepest humiliation the commander-in-chief of Georgia's reserves had nothing, not a man to offer to stand between her innocent women and what an invading army might inflict upon them. The issue of slavery became too frail a support in that gloomy period of the South's history for protection, and I still wonder that we still had no influen-

tial statesmen who might have grasped the facts and stood for something else besides war, where hundreds of thousands of white men were forced by conscription into bloody combat to defend that slavery contention. After Macon surrendered we also understood that the Confederacy had collapsed. The final surrender at Appomattox fell on dull ears. The capture of President Jefferson Davis and the bringing of himself and escort to Macon made a ripple of excitement for a few days, but we realized that the game had been fully played and all was lost. Billions of values disappeared and nobody but thrifty speculators had a dollar to spend or to begin the struggle again or start in business with bitter poverty and starvation in front of them.

We must also chronicle the lack of statesmanship after the Southern politicians were convinced that they had unwisely rushed Georgia into secession. For more than fifty years this subject has been discussed in Congress, on the stump and by churchmen, and newspapers. It filled congress with small men, of the demagogue variety, both North and South. It has retarded the South's progress after the slavery issue was settled so far as slave ownership was concerned. It has been stirred and exploited in every national election. If the ownership of slaves was a curse to the South, according to Mr. Tillman, the enmities and injustices of Civil War hatreds, along with sectional animosity and race evils, have been a curse to the entire Union. And the end is not yet. As I write these lines there is bloody race conflict in Pennsylvania. It promises to be a lively issue in the progress of the present war as an internal disturbance from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf. The children of the Southern States are being unwisely taught by Southern agitators, women as well as men, that the political issues of the Civil War are still germane and worthy of adoration. They are instructed to call the Lost Cause a glorious cause. They resent any change in public opinion, because the change would mean their own retracy to back seats in politics and from public attention. They are barnacles on the ship of

state, and they have inoculated hatred to "D—n Yankees," as a creed to be eulogized and fostered. The curse of slavery is still following hard upon the footsteps of our nation's progress because of hybrid races of mulatto and mestizo varieties. Every nation that has a recorded history went to decay when honorable marriage was trampled upon and the South went to defeat because of violations of the moral law. As a rule, slave owners were careful of the health of their slaves. "The profit in it," made them careful. There were bad masters, many of them, but the increase of slave property before the Civil War attests the good feeding and housing of the slaves. The crime that made slavery a curse, lies in the fact that unbridled lust placed the children of bad white men in slave pens, on auction blocks, and no regard was shown to parentage or parental responsibility in such matters. I remember well a noted home in Middle Georgia where a rich man lived in open alliance with a colored woman and where Governors and Congressmen were often invited to dine and where they were glad to go. These visitors understood conditions in the Dickson home. They knew there were children there born of a slave mother and the law of Georgia forbade such miscegenation. These facts are of record because of the contest over the valuable Dickson estate in the courts of Georgia and the colored children were given the money because the owner acknowledged the progeny in his will. There were other men of distinction in Georgia who also defied the marriage law of the state by keeping up two households on the same plantation, one white and the other colored, and both women were afraid to make public outcry.

Therein lay the curse of slavery.

It is continually urged that "Southern civil war soldiers were not thinking of their slaves because few of them had any." It is a serious arraignment, because those who had no slaves were finally forced to go, because of rigid conscription laws, and very few of the large landowners who urged on the war were killed on the battle fields. They were active as a rule in legislation passed by the secession convention, and

as herein shown devoted to slaves and slavery and its perpetuation and protection.

On page 293 of *Journal of Georgia Secession Convention*, you will find the following words: "The General Assembly (of Georgia) shall have *no power* to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves." These were very superfluous words. Those who owned them wanted more and those who did not own them were looking forward to the time when they hoped to own them. This secession convention had a great deal to say of "slave-holding states" and while no general assembly was allowed to pass laws emancipating slaves no citizen might forbid or interfere with the bringing in of slaves. One of the inducements offered to Maryland and Delaware was worded thus: "Go on and raise your own labor." This slave-owning Confederacy was to be a close corporation, only slave-owning states were to be admitted and by raising their own labor there was nothing to hinder in commercial enterprises because of this monopoly of slave labor.

"The profit in it" made these slave-holding states arrogant, also very angry. Abolitionists were likewise politically active. When the heat of the argument became consuming, there was nothing left but the arbitrament of the sword. Thus the South lost the slaves, and the profit in them. Common sense should have dictated a compromise. There was apparent lack of statesmanship.

I am impressed that the slavery advocates expected to retire without bloodshed. If they had been wiser compromise offers would have been in evidence. Nothing but the expectation of a peaceful separation will explain the hasty methods used by the politicians of the early 60s. And the end is still in abeyance.

CHAPTER II.

SOUTHERN WOMEN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

[Synopsis of an address delivered in Augusta, Ga., on invitation of United Daughters of Confederacy in year 1900.]

“The pleasing introduction to which I have listened this evening was delightful to me, and will be long remembered. To one like myself, going down the sunset slope of life, such kind words are like cooling drinks in the heat of the day, and will remain with me to keep this visit in sweet remembrance.

“I would be glad if I had the time to tell you what I have gathered concerning Georgia women in Revolutionary periods. I could present you with some of our Colonial women who were noble patriots. I am tempted to recite what I know from early Georgia history of Mary Musgrove, known in General Oglethorpe’s time as the Empress of the Creek Nation. Her father had two children, a son and daughter, and he made choice of the latter as the reigning sovereign of the then powerful Creek Indians.

“She had frequent dealings with General Oglethorpe as a ruling chieftainess. She drew a pension of \$500 from the British Government for many years before her death. In a settlement with the whites she was allowed three Islands on the seacoast of Georgia, two of which her last husband sold for \$10,000 in solid cash. She was given at another time \$3,000 in gold. Mary died on St. Catherine’s Island and her dwelling was standing as late as 1820. Mary’s weak point was matrimony. Every venture she made was only fairly good, then bad and then worse. Her latest spouse was an Episcopal clergyman who came out with General Oglethorpe and who urged Mary to press her claims as an Indian Empress to the limit. When Mary was sober she refused to follow the preacher. When

she was full of rum she made a fool of herself as generally happens.

Nevertheless there was in her the making of a great woman. She is the most prominent figure in General Oglethorpe's time, save this great English lord who first settled in Georgia.

I might tell you a good deal about Nancy Hart, the revolutionary patriot, in the early settling of Eastern Georgia. She made her mark in brave, bold, strong lines. She was a terror to the Tory factions of that stormy time. One biographer says Nancy was cross-eyed and loved her dram. She could be all that is charged against her, and still be superior to her ill-natured biographer, who was doubtless a woman hater. Nancy could handle a gun with the best marksmen of her time. She did defend a fort filled with women and children while the men of the neighborhood were chasing Indians and catching up with Tories. She loaded the cannon in the fort and when she discovered a sorry fellow in hiding she brought him out and put him behind the cannon to obey orders or she would give him what he deserved as a slacker.

One critic says: "Nancy was a honey of a patriot, but a d—l of a wife." Nevertheless Nancy raised a large family of children and only moved westward when game became scarce in the rich bottom lands of the Savannah river.

Nancy enjoys the very notable distinction of being the only Georgia woman who has had a county in Georgia named after her. True it is, she married a Hart, yet it was Nancy who captured Tories and drove them to the camps of the patriots. Hart county should have been called Nancy Hart county.

Before I begin to tell you what I personally knew of Southern women in the Civil War, I shall tell you something about a class of women who lived in plantation homes, and who belonged there, and who raised families and whose work in the fields and the kitchen, in the loom-house and the dwelling, that we occupied in the Southern States, and who richly deserve honorable mention, and who contributed mightily to the

maintenance of the struggling Confederacy during four years of bloody warfare.

I allude to the colored women, who were the cooks, the nurses and the main reliance of the white women in their arduous duties and unremitting struggle of the early 60s, where numbers were to be fed and clothed, nursed and protected, both black and white.

It was a marvel, an enigma in abolition latitudes, that the slaves did not rise en-masse, at the beginning of hostilities. They marvelled, still that they did not, as did the Israelites when Pharaoh was buried under the waters of the Red Sea. When the Federal armies encircled the Confederacy and every day's supply became scarcer and more difficult to gather, and the cordon was drawn closer in and raids were always threatened and many times were experienced, it was astonishing that the slave population did not refuse to serve and become unmanageable to their owners. They could have "despoiled the Egyptians," and yet strange to say great numbers were not only anxious to stay with their white folks when the surrender came, and did stay after emancipation and was a fact beyond dispute. In getting close to my subject I cannot omit the part that thousands of these colored women carried on in perfect or apparent harmony with their mistresses in the big house, the business of those households.

I was born and raised in Georgia. My active life has been linked with the fortunes and misfortunes of my native state. I was raised with the servants that were in my home when I was born. My nurse, Agnes, was given to my mother by her parents to be my nurse. I loved her dearly and she often gave proof of her love for me. When she took unto herself a husband he lived on another plantation and came to see her every Saturday night with a pass. When she became the mother of several children and her husband's master would not sell Tom at any price, Agnes told us she would like to go with her husband, and she did go (at a sacrifice) to oblige her. But when I married Agnes came to me and begged that I should buy her and her family. She loved me so well that she was

willing to go anywhere to live near me. The affection was strong on both sides, but there was more money at stake than I could command.

My sister's nurse came to her in the same way. Minerva took to herself a husband in the family at home. They had their cabin and a big wedding as a starter in married life. To the day of her death she was equally devoted to my sister and I am going to say in this connection, that the strong affection that existed between the whites and blacks will give the answer to the question. "Why did not the negroes rise and struggle for freedom when the Federal armies were pressing the Confederacy to the wall?" As I stand in this presence and measure my words in the sight of Heaven, I believe we owe the security of Confederate homes to the affection that prevailed between those who had lived together so long and the confidence that both had in each other.

When the majority of white men were in the army and plantations were crowded with slaves large and small, there were fewer disturbances than occurred before or since the Civil War. I recall my black mammy who belonged to my father, a childless black woman, a cripple from white swelling since she was eleven years old, who was the most capable and satisfactory house servant with whom I have been associated during my long life. My first recollections are of Mammy. I remember a little stool in her cabin that was kept for my use. I can see in memory a little child intent on learning things Mammy could teach her, to knit, to sew, to card cotton rolls, and trying to do what Mammy did. I never heard an ugly word from her lips. I never heard my parents utter a cross word to her. I can still see the walls in her cabin festooned with strings of red pepper, bachelor buttons and ropes of chips of yellow pumpkin. Her small looking glass was encircled with cedar twigs that had been dipped in flour and the happy child would fall asleep in Mammy's lap and take a nap on Mammy's clean bed when the housefolks were gone to town or off on a visit, or at church. I have never eaten anything more appetizing than Mammy's cooking where we ate together.

The best that I had was shared with her and her husband, Uncle Sam, on Saturday nights always brought chestnuts, chinquapins, red apples or bird's eggs and such like and placed them in the "till" of Mammy's chest, and there I was sure to find them on those delightful visits to Mammy's cabin. I had some temper then and later on, and one time I got impatient and slapped Mammy. I knew I had committed a serious offense but I was too stubborn to say so. I went to the big house, crept into my little bed and suffered as I deserved to suffer until Mammy came in, to get her orders for next morning's breakfast, and broke the news of my late insurrection to my mother. I was glad. I wanted to get it done and over with. I had to beg Mammy's pardon, and also have her hug me once again to her bosom in token of a better peace.

To her dying day she was a true and faithful friend. These personal allusions will, I hope, illustrate what I have intended to convey at this time. When Mammy's lame leg made an invalid of her, her meals were always sent from the table and arranged by my mother's hands. Her clothing was good and made for her regularly. She knew she would be cared for and was grateful for the affectionate kindness. Kindness begot kindness and I do not believe any living human could have persuaded Mammy to consent to an injury for those she had loved so well.

There were just such colored women scattered all over the Southland. I take pleasure in paying tribute to their fidelity and general excellence for seeds of violence might have been quickly sown if the soil had been receptive.

There was more or less of self interest in the slave owner's attitude to such faithful ones. They were valuable as property in ante-bellum days. Their health was looked after, they had abundant plain food and they were provided with good strong, coarse shoes and heavy cloth garments in cold weather. There was no stint as to fuel and the doctor came when they were sick.

I chose to begin my lecture on these efficient and willing workers and I will further say they were ac-

customed to use better speech and copy better manners from the white folks at the "big house" as house servants.

I know slavery had many and glaring evils. There were bad men then, also bad men now, but the colored women on the farms were glad to go to the mistress for protection when raiders came along and the roar of the enemy's cannon could be heard in the distance. It is proposed to raise a monument of either marble or bronze to the memory of the good slaves, and I hope it will be done. That much money could hardly be spent in a more satisfactory way. With Joshua, who made his wind-up speech after the twelve stones were placed in the river Jordan, *we* can also say: "That this may be a sign among you that when your children ask their fathers in time to come what mean ye by these stones"—this story can also be told. The Northern people had an idea that Southern white women were constitutionally lazy, because of idle habits and enervating climate. Doubtless we had plenty of idle people as in other sections but the wife and mother on an ante-bellum Southern plantation was rarely one of such idle ones. Sometimes there was a housekeeper who was most frequently colored, but the mistress of a plantation household had to be efficient to keep things going with the necessary amount of economy and caution.

For one thing I will mention the prevalence of a most generous hospitality. Invited people came, of course, but the great majority came when the notion took them. There were nurses also and carriage drivers to come with children or invalids. It required administrative talent, executive ability, and unwearying patience not to mention economy to conduct such establishments, and give satisfaction to guests and hostesses. Such a household had hotel appearances, without hotel remuneration.

There was something in these things that might be compared to feudal times, but I never expect to see in any station of life, where so much entertaining was so gladly given, and so little expected in return, except in kind. Wealth accumulated sometimes, but it was

the increase in slave property that counted up. More negroes meant more land, then more land required more negroes to work it.

Generally the planters squared off their store accounts once a year, at cotton selling time, but Xmas was the time of great eating and sometimes drinking, when neighbors and friends had great spreads of everything good to eat for visitors.

When young folks married they were settled off with land and negroes and then they traveled the same old circuit. More negroes to cultivate more land, then more land to raise up more negroes to work it.

I had foresight enough to see and know that these responsibilities were becoming formidable. I could as I believed, foretell a halt on a machine that kept spreading over ground, getting more difficult to manage year by year, but like the rest of the Southern women, I was only a woman and nobody asked me for an opinion.

It was a great agricultural section of country that the Civil War broke upon, like a thunder clap from an almost clear sky, with a four-years of hail storm along with it.

Upon nobody did the storm fall more dreadful and unexpectedly than upon the women of the South. At first there were volunteers, but there was actually no preparation for equipping an army in the Southern States. The clothing problem was a difficult one. The women proceeded to send their blankets to the army and cut up their woolen carpets to help out the blanket proposition. We scraped lint from all the linen of worn towels and table cloths and stripped the sheets into bandages for the wounded in hospitals. We knitted socks and sleeping caps, and mittens, incessantly. We sent all the good things like jellies and preserves to the army. I had two serviceable dresses of fine wool cloth with five or six whole widths in the skirt according to style. I fashioned them into fatigue shirts for the boys in the army and wore cotton homespun frocks at home. When the war closed I had a silk dress, but not a woolen one to my name. For more than two years after the war my best street

attire was a home-spun and home woven linsy frock, the wool clipped from a few sheep that we had brought back from a refugee home, and the weaving paid for out of my earnings as a poor school teacher. The winter stockings on my feet were knit by my busy fingers at odd times, and the shoes that carried me through two hard winters were fashioned by a country shoemaker, and made of leather given by a refugee friend who once owned a tannery near the Tennessee line. This was after the Civil War, remember, when there were plenty of Northern made things in all the stores, but money was scarce, provisions were high, and the old home had been dismantled and all I could spare was needed just there—to start up housekeeping in even a very plain and comfortable way.

After the blockade was effectually established during the Civil War, the South was thrown back on native supplies. At one time a famine of salt was ominous.

The sea supply was inadequate and the salt springs in Virginia were more than once raided.

On all big plantations salt had been lavishly used from time immemorial. Where sixty or seventy fat hogs were slaughtered annually as occurred in our ante-bellum home, to provide pork and bacon for a large slave family, the ground floors of these meat houses were full of dissolved salt. The dirt was dug up, thrown into big hoppers and water passed through the salty dirt into long troughs. We skimmed and boiled and reskimmed and boiled and then evaporated the water, securing quantities of gray salt that could be used to cure meat. I experimented with the salt and finally produced a little salt that could be used for butter.

The salt scare penetrated my entire being, and what we would have done without salt still perplexes my mind. The scarcity of sugar was felt after General Grant succeeded at Vicksburg and cut off Louisiana sugar.

But Georgia, near the southern limit, grew all the sugar cane that was possible. Cane syrup was so good

and sorghum was a universal crop to provide "long-sweetening." Some poet should sing the virtues of this sorghum. It tided us over a very hard time in the Confederacy. All silver money slid out of sight. We had bushels of Confederate paper and as many "shin plasters," which were of great service as equal parts of a dollar.

Coffee played out completely in farm homes. We had all sorts of substitutes—parched wheat, parched rye, sweet potatoes cut in small cubes, first dried in the sun and then cooked in an oven like coffee. Okra-seed was the best of them all. For tea we gathered raspberry leaves and the great majority had sassafras root tea. It was healthy and plentiful. Sweet potatoes filled an immense place in the Civil War. They were roasted in the fireplace, baked in the ovens, fried in the skillets, boiled in the dinner pots, puddinged for dessert, with long sweetening to make it toothsome. Wheat flour was scarce, and we had every sort of corn cake that might be contrived from the "ash cake" of the cabin to the "Dixie cake" of the big house, where it was made to look like pound cake.

From the time the roasting ears could be prepared for the table until the lye-hominy was plentiful in frosty weather, we had corn bread every day in the Southern homes. Lee's soldiers were well satisfied when they could get plenty of boiled corn in the trenches, and the folks at home made no complaint if the "boys at the front" were fed.

After Stoneman raided from Atlanta towards Macon, in July, 1864, I knew a nice family who had nothing whatever to eat unless they chewed bushes or dug up roots to quiet hunger. After the raiders had passed them they gathered up the scattered corn left by the cavalry horses, washed and rewashed it and boiled it into hominy and kept going cheerfully until their needs were made known to more plentiful neighbors.

It was a serious time in homes, where hunger had never entered before.

And those long, waiting, dreary winter nights! Oh! those long weeks when a battle had been fought and

no letters from the army came to relieve the anxiety at home!!

And the gude wife wrote the letters
To the dear man at the front.
And the handmaid flung the shuttle.
And Sambo shelled the corn.
With weeping and with laughter,
They passed the time away.
Oh! who will tell this story,
To children yet unborn—
How these women faced the terrors,
With hearts oft crushed and torn,
Yet, like Roman mothers,
Sent brave men to the field.
“Come back to me in honor,
Or on the bloody shield!”

Perhaps your mother, like mine, has passed to her eternal reward, or mayhap she is still here to tell you how awful it is to be overrun by an invading army, to be driven to seek shelter in refugee homes, to see the hand work of a lifetime scattered and disappear, and to know that those dearer than her own life were still battling at the front with big battles impending, and newspapers full of casualties, and lists of the known dead coming along with awful certainty and in great numbers.

My mother had only one son, a cadet at the Marietta Military school, not yet sixteen, a beardless boy, and he did enlist and left that anxious mother with a smile on his face, eager for the excitement and the fray. He spent his first winter in West Virginia, without tents and with deep snows. His mother couldn't sleep at night in her warm bed because this heedless boy was lying on the ground, with a rubber blanket under him, and a wool blanket over him, and every day was a long day, that she did not hear from him and with the heedlessness of youth he only wrote when he wanted something, and he might die and be buried weeks before she could hear from him. The anxiety of these faithful women of the South can never be described or appreciated by outsiders.

When the South lost out and the will of the military was the law of the land, the sense of helplessness of Southern homes was a dreadful burden to bear. A country without law is a country to get away from. I was in Macon, Ga., the day that Georgia was surrendered to Federal troops in April, 1865. The utter helplessness of a conquered people is perhaps the most tragic feature of a civil war or any other sort of war.

But for the fortitude of the women of the Confederacy, and the resolute courage of the plain privates, the bottom would have dropped out just then. The story of Southern women will never be told until the final chapter is written of their heavy trials with poverty, with poor help, with no money to educate their children and no privileges of travel or education in new methods, in labor-saving, etc.

I am going to close with a tribute to a dear woman who was reared in a lovely and refined home, and made a lovely and refined home for her husband and children, until war's rude alarms came to the home and took off the husband and father.

She was obliged to get away when Sherman began to march on Atlanta. She was more than two hundred miles from home when the civil war ceased. She and her three or four children started back, with a small wagon, one horse, and a colored driver, who was glad to go home also. The driver walked beside the horse, the small children rode in the wagon and the blessed woman walked the most of the way in that tedious trip. When I saw her first, after some months of absence from my own home, she was the brightest, the cheerfulest, and as I thought, the happiest person I had met in a long time. The husband had also a weary trip from Virginia, a footsore trip a good deal of the way, but as she said, "I am so happy over his return, I am so happy to be at home again, reunited to my dearest ones, and so happy over peace, blessed peace, I have everything in life to be thankful for."

One more and I am done. After the war had been over several years, we had a little family on our farm, consisting of a widowed mother and her industrious

son, over 21. Their whole dependence for a living lay with this well-meaning son's wages.

She kept the house, had his meals ready and did some knitting to sell, and quilting for neighbors. She and her husband had a number of children when he was called into service. The county authorities paid out some money or some supplies to her until Sherman came along and everything was in chaos. She lived in the country where wood could be gathered and she had a good Irish woman and some railroad track hands for neighbors, when small pox broke out in her home. When two had died and the situation became extreme because everybody but the Irish people who were immune from the disease, after inoculation, were afraid to go near her. A relative advised of her forlorn condition, with every child broken out, brought her some provisions in a sack and laid the sack inside the fence and talked to her from the door. He brought her word, also, that her husband's remains were in a coffin and lying on the depot platform and must be buried right off. She did not know that he had been sick in camp at Charleston until that hour. For two or three days she had to watch night and day, only relieved by the faithful Irish woman who came in occasionally as her daily duties permitted. It was this boy now living with her and the support of her old age. He had a bad case of confluent small pox and would have choked to death but for her incessant care. What a heroine, was that woman, in my eyes?

And there were thousands of such women in the mountain regions and wire-grass plains that suffered as she did. It was a dreadful price to pay for war!

In the days that are coming somebody will write a full story of the South's hero women. Did not Emerson speak aright, when he said "the heroic soul does not sell its justice or its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely or to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty and can very well abide the loss." I salute this organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy! In the

name of their brave mothers it is a privilege to oblige them.

As Mrs. Browning wrote:

“The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small,
Like close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells.
The Book of Life the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes—
After its own life-working. A child’s kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad.
A poor man helped by thee shall make thee rich
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
And thy own life shall be served,
By every service that thou renderest.”

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF LARGE EXPOSITIONS.

It has been my good fortune to be officially connected with several large expositions, and as that association was a liberal education to me, in regard to our commercial progress as a state and nation, I deem it well to publish some data, that affected me personally while the story of our commercial progress was being officially recorded in the statistics of those periods.

After the city of Chicago was accepted by Congress as the place where a national exposition would be held to commemorate the discovery of America, by Christopher Columbus, Congress also decided to allow the women of the nation to elaborate women’s work and to share in the duty of selecting the juries which would award medals and certificates of merit in a competitive examination of such work during the fair. There were to be two women selected from each state and territory, to become a Board of Lady Managers with a per diem allowance for maintenance and traveling expenses, when on duty in Chicago. To my sur-

prise and gratification, I was notified by General Lafayette McLaws, of Augusta, that he had selected me as one of the two Georgia women to act as Lady Managers for the State of Georgia. I hold in grateful and dutiful respect the memory of this gallant Confederate general, who illustrated the courage and patriotism of the state on many hotly contested battle fields and who died full of years and honors, with faithful service to his country. He was one of the World's Fair Commissioners and authorized to make such a selection.

The first call for the assembling of this Board of Lady Managers was duly published and the members met in Chicago on November 19, 1890.

Fatigued with the travel and occupied with a shopping effort, after I reached the city I did not meet any of the Lady Managers until we assembled at 10 A. M., at Kinsley's Hall, to begin the organization and map out the future activities of the Board.

Less than fifteen minutes before the President of the National Commission called the meeting to order, I was told by my good friend, Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of former Senator (and General) Logan, that I had been selected as Temporary Chairman and must preside until the permanent chairman, also to be president of the Board of Lady Managers, would be chosen by ballot. I protested, that I had never presided over any large meeting of any sort in my life, that I had no manual of parliamentary tactics to refer to, and no time to collect my thoughts, and while I was grateful for the compliment, I was afraid to allow my name voted upon, because of inexperience, etc.

To make a long story short, I was quickly elected to the position and had barely time to scribble down a few words of grateful thanks for the honor, until I was escorted to the platform and the gavel placed in my hand. There were two women from every state and territory before me, and nearly a dozen from the city of Chicago, and many of them had been doing duty in large organizations for years past, and so far as I could judge by their names, capable of doing good service as presiding officers.

I had thrills and nervous chills, and I could feel the perspiration racing down my spine, although the weather was cold enough for the Arctic zone, on the outside.

I was sufficiently collected to request President Thos. W. Palmer, of the Men's Board to remain with me for a short time and direct me, until I recovered from the agitation consequent upon this novel and trying experience. The ladies elected a temporary secretary and we entered upon the business of the day.

It was not until the noon hour of the succeeding day that we elected Mrs. Potter Palmer to the Presidency and Miss Phoebe Cousins to be secretary, and I was permitted to relinquish the gavel, and step down to a seat beside my Georgia colleague, Mrs. C. H. Olmstead, of Savannah, over whom the Georgia banner had been placed in the arrangement of seats on the day before.

Perhaps my readers will be interested if I copy here the hasty address that I made after my election, and my rival for the position was Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, of Connecticut:

“Dear ladies of the Commission:

“As a Southern woman I certainly appreciate this compliment at your hands, and my own inexperience gives me more serious concern than at any time in my life before. I can only promise to do my very best, in this unexpected position. I must rely upon your good will or I shall make a dismal failure of the job. My heart is full of kindness to every one of you. I know no South, no North, no East, no West. We are all dear sisters engaged in a work of loyalty and patriotism, under the grand old flag in the home of our fathers.

“I have no friend to reward, no foes to punish, I am simply your humble servant in a very important place, and I feel my insignificance and my inexperience very greatly at this hour.

“We are here as an official body, clothed with some authority. We are allowed I suppose to make our own rules, and we have elected some officers for a little

while. It is the first time in the history of the Republic that the female sex has been recognized as competent to attend to any sort of public business for the National Government. It is the very first recognition of woman's services as a citizen and a tax-payer by Congress. Therefore I feel the necessity as an individual of making haste, very slowly in all matters concerning our permanent organization. Let us set an example that others may feel in years to come an example of prudence, of patriotism, of generous good will to every member of the body and of faithful devotion to our duty. Let us take no step forward, that we shall regret afterward. Let us remember we are on trial before this great nation. There is a large class in this country who are inimical to us, judging by the newspapers who suppose that we are supernumeraries, if not superfluous appendages to this World's Fair Commission. For myself I feel this is woman's grand opportunity. This is to show to all concerned that we can be relied upon for faithful, effective and devoted work in all departments connected with our World's Fair Commission. Therefore, again entreating your kind assistance in discharge of the duty as temporary chairman of which I had not the faintest conception an hour ago, I pronounce this Commission in session and ready for business."

It was gratifying when the ladies gave me a rising vote of thanks for my courtesy and impartiality, during my short term as a presiding officer. After we adjourned that day for a recess, a South Carolina delegate asked me for a correct copy of the little address to send to the Charleston News and Courier. I told her I had nothing but the scribbled notes on the backs of two envelopes that I found in my hand bag, that eventful morning and the published report was fairly good.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was standing nearby and heard what I said. With characteristic impulse she turned on me, and cried out. "Would you have us believe that you did not carefully prepare that finished speech before you came to the meeting? I am more than astonished to hear you!"

At first I thought I could not restrain a very harsh retort, but I recollected that any dispute would quickly go to reporters and that I would be posted as having a quarrel with a member of the Beecher family—the North and South in early conflict, so I held myself down, when I replied, “If you will kindly accept Mrs. Logan as a witness, she will tell you that it was impossible that I should have known, that I was to be nominated for temporary chairman until we met in this hall, and my colleague can tell you, that I scribbled off what I read within a few minutes before I was elected.”

“A kind answer turneth away wrath” as we are told, and that episode or something else, turned Mrs. Hooker into a friend and agreeable co-worker so long as we were members of the Board of Managers. When our history committee were collecting the materials for a concise story of this world’s fair commission so far as related to our scope of woman’s work, the chairman said they retained my address because “it was good, and wore well.”

With such early experience and such unexpected attention, I made no effort thereafter for place or power on the board, and my chief duty lay in assigning space in the Woman’s Building and in writing the story of Woman’s organizations which occupied space therein. There were more than sixty of such active organizations and the South was connected with only one or two. In that early day the Southern men were prejudiced against anything that savored of women’s rights, etc. Nothing that Northern and Western women advocated was palatable to our politicians and preachers. There was not a woman’s club in Georgia, until after that world’s fair, when one was inaugurated in Atlanta, during the Cotton States and International Exposition, which opened in the year 1895. The Chicago Exposition was so much of a success that other expositions were inaugurated in somewhat rapid succession. Mrs. Potter Palmer was a fine president for the Woman’s Board and my association with the Board has given me some very delightful friendships as the years rolled on.

I can hardly realize that twenty-nine years have rolled along since that cold November day in Chicago, when I was suddenly precipitated into a high office, over my protest, and where I am still satisfied there were many better qualified women for the temporary chairmanship. I am glad I was able to perform with satisfaction to the ladies and feel grateful still for their kindness. As chairman of the assignment of space committee I gave two months of arduous duty to these locations. A surveyor made plats of every part of Woman's Building and every foot and inch was accounted for in distributing the space. I had abiding interest in the organization room because I had sufficient foresight to understand that they would not only survive the exposition, but would continue to rapidly increase, as has happened, after every vestige of the "White City" had vanished. We decided to make the decorations uniform, and the partitions were made by large gilt railings with hangings of robin-egg blue silk manufactured at a silk mill in New Jersey. My interest in these organizations possibly induced Mrs. Palmer to select me as historian of their display. They furnished me with a brief recital of their beginnings and their success in Chicago during the Fair, and I edited their papers. Although the history has never yet been published owing to the fact that the gigantic undertaking consumed not only all the allowance provided by Act of Congress, but also took over the savings of the Woman's Board to settle the debts which we had no share in piling up. I have a copy of my work, thus preparing the story of Women's Organizations in 1893 and I am still hoping something will occur to publish an official account of their status, at that early day.

Time and space will not allow a more extended notice of woman's work twenty-nine years ago, at this writing.

I was also chairman of the committee on agriculture and we made diligent search for the percentage of woman's work among farm exhibits, but everything was submerged in men's work. Since the Indians occupied America, women have had active service in

crude agriculture, and have done their share up to date in domestic service, yet there was still no regard given to her activities. The Bible saying: "A man and his wife are one," read correctly for the man was the only one.

THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

While I was finishing up my story of the organization room in Chicago in midsummer of 1894, I was notified that I had been selected as one of the five women to initiate or inaugurate a woman's board in Atlanta to carry on a Woman's Building with elaborate attention to exhibits of woman's work for this great Southern exposition.

In organizing the full board which numbered more than fifty ladies, I was elected for the position of chairman of executive committee. My health and strength were taxed for the service but I held on to the end. I still think we had the most loyal and enthusiastic crowd of Southern women that ever were gathered together to make a notable success of this Atlanta exposition.

A goodly company of the Chicago notables made us a visit, including President Higgenbotham and Mrs. Potter Palmer, and they gave us unstinted praise for our zeal and exhibits. The impetus then given to Women's organizations has never slackened. The "Atlanta Spirit" is shared equally by its citizens, of both sexes, up to this good hour.

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

I was also an official visitor when Nashville was alive with enthusiasm, in 1897, being chosen by the Georgia Commissioner of Agriculture to look over the exhibits. We were delightfully entertained, had an official banquet given the delegates on Georgia day, and I made an address in Woman's Building to the Confederate veterans who were holding their annual reunion at the same time. I had made a similar address the year before at Baltimore, before the U. D. C. convention when I urged the Southern women to devote their energies to the education of the illiterate children and grand children of the dead Confederate soldiers as the very best work that could possibly be

given with their time and money. I retain pleasing recollections of the many thanks and encomiums that I received at both places, because of my effort to initiate the undertaking. One enthusiastic Tennessee lady had my Baltimore address printed and circulated all over her state, before the Tennessee Centennial opened its doors to the public.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

I was selected as a juror for this mammoth exhibition held in St. Louis in 1904. In placing the jurors I was given a place on the general committee of agriculture. There were several subdivisions of minor rank and importance, but the jury to which I was assigned, examined and adjudged the great industrial efforts of the United States, including irrigation. We gave attention to silos, and every agricultural appliance that was a fixture on farms. We also examined the individual Missouri exhibit that was one of the most telling features of the exposition. The jury to which I was assigned had, as a member, a professor from the University of Berlin, who taught agriculture in that institution. I was chosen as secretary and wrote the report of this ranking committee, on General Agriculture. The work begun at stated hours, and held on well into the afternoon. I had no time to devote to sight-seeing as we were confined to three weeks and had no leisure for such things. A hasty lunch we secured in the Agricultural Building, and I generally found myself at an English lunch counter where delicious bread called "Scones," was cooked by electricity. Buttered, when hot, they were good enough for the most fastidious. It was a four-mile street car ride to our boarding place in the city, and I could fill a good-sized newspaper with my varied adventures in street car travel, when I had to sit sometimes on my big hand bag on the floor or hold on to strap to keep my feet in the ever-moving crowd that was getting on and getting off.

In my rush to get a street car seat, when I left my boarding place to take a South Bound train to go home

I had started at 4 P. M. I had nothing better than a seat in the rear doorway on my traveling bag, and it was long after dark when I reached the terminal station and then the scramble began to get my ticket validated and also my trunk checked—*the second time*. Red tape ruled all the arrivals and departures. It was after ten P. M. before I finally found my berth in sleeping car, and I feel sure I walked a full mile, up and down about and around before I got away from that jam in that depot.

More families were separated and children misplaced than I had ever seen before, and a friend of mine, who started home a few days later, with two children, never got away from the same depot until morning light appeared. I was a visitor at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. I was in Chicago off and on for four years, 1890 to 94. I saw the immense jams where millions were filling the streets, but St. Louis and the Terminal Station was a long ways ahead of everything in difficult dealing with crowds, where people were rushing hither and yon, and generally lost or separated from each other, that I ever witnessed.

I was too advanced in years to attempt the trip to San Francisco Exposition. I had wholesome dread of immense crowds, where human life is so exposed. In Chicago I saw an immense cold storage building burn to the ground, where many persons, including a number of fire-fighters, dropped into the flames like flies.

But I feel glad that I have seen so many good things, great things, and priceless paintings and ornaments, that could never be inspected by such as I am under any other conditions or circumstances.

**“INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MRS.
WILLIAM H. FELTON.**

“She is an old woman who has been a ‘new woman’ for fully thirty years. Pleads for textile education of women. Believes that Georgia’s factory girls should have every opportunity.

By Isma Dooly.

“I believe that one of the greatest movements that Georgia’s earnest women could undertake at present would be to co-oper-

ate in their determination to secure textile education for our poor factory girls.”

“The speaker was Mrs. William H. Felton, Georgia’s well-known ‘stateswoman,’ and characteristic of her, she supplemented this utterance with her reasons for thus expressing herself.

“This class of young women is one to which no helping hand has been extended, and I believe that the time has come now when not only justice, but the development of our state’s textile interests demand that the cotton mill women, as well as the cotton mill men, be equipped for usefulness and future profit to themselves and the commonwealth.”

“I am delighted to see that textile education has been provided for our boys at the Technological institute, but what about the textile education of our girls? When, at the request of The Constitution, I visited some of the cotton factories of the state to refute a slanderous statement made in a northern publication relative to the status of the women therein, I found that the vast majority of the operatives were deserving women and girls; almost seven-tenths of the laborers employed being females. It would seem, therefore, that the prosperity of our state in textile industry demanded that educational advantages be given to the women as well as the men, especially since the former are in the majority, and uneducated labor on the part of women is as detrimental to progress as it is on the part of men.”

“Mrs. Felton reasoned that under the freest constitution, ignorant people are still slaves, and that to leave the hundreds of women working in the factories like mere machines of manual labor, while the men are given the advantages of superior training, is incongruous with laws of progress, relegating laboring women to a condition scarcely removed from slavery.

“‘I feel every day,’ continued Mrs. Felton, her voice faltering, ‘that I will not be here many years longer to fight for these poor women who have learned to call me their ‘friend,’ and I shall never cease while I have the strength to do it to plead for their rights. Nothing in my life has touched me more deeply than their gratitude. Last year from their pitiful paltry wages some in the cotton factories of Georgia contributed \$60 toward a fund with which they desired to buy me a present. ‘No,’ I replied to them, ‘I do not wish a gift, but when I am dead let the money buy the marble tablet that will mark my last resting place.’”

“Mrs. Felton’s views on any subject are always interesting to the people of Georgia, and there are few women better known north and south than is she.

“From time to time she has come before the public in the press, expressing her views on all subjects that interest the thinking minds of the day.

“Whether on the rostrum before the more enlightened audience, before political gatherings in the rural districts, or through the columns of the daily press, Mrs. Felton when drawn

into controversy has always proven herself the "stronger man of the two."

"Although a woman, and a woman with all the impulsiveness characteristic of her sex, she has never in the history of her eventful career made a statement that she has had to retract. Whether meeting with general approval or not, when she takes a stand in any matter, political or otherwise, before expressing herself at all, she forms her opinion of it on the firmness of the conviction that she is right. With this basic principle underlying all she does, with a masculine vigor of intellect, and with over thirty years' experience as a participant in Georgia's public life, Mrs. Felton is well equipped to discuss with any man or woman the social problems of the times.

"Notwithstanding her very active life, and the trials and tribulations that have come into it from the days of the surrender up to the present time, Mrs. Felton is what the world would call a well preserved woman. During her recent visit to Atlanta her friends were struck with her health and strength. Although nearly seventy years of age, her eyes are as bright and beaming as those of a woman one-third her age, and her snowy white hair is combed smoothly back from a brow that in its beauty shows very few lines of care. Her prominence in public life, her active participation in politics, and the amount of work she accomplishes in the outside world may suggest that she is held aloof from the general pursuits of woman in the home, but such is not the case. She is distinguished for the perfect order maintained in the domestic side of her life, and her excellent housekeeping is never neglected for, or hampered by, her public work.

"She is an old woman who has been a 'new woman' for thirty years, and that long ago advocated in the face of a universal prejudice the same lines of progress agitating today the woman's organizations of her state. Whereas, she sympathizes with the principles of these, her residence in the country prevents her taking active part in their daily operations.

"Mrs. Felton has taken her stand in public life as an individual, assuming responsibility as such and making for herself a name that will be inseparable from many incidents making interesting Georgia's history of the closing days of the nineteenth century.

"The keynote of the good she has done and tried to do is doubtless her sense of duty which has been dominant in her every undertaking from her earliest school days up to the present moment.

"In discussing the striking incidents of her life not long since, she remarked:

"I am a country raised woman, and have spent the most of my life upon farms. My parents gave me the best education that the state and their means would allow in the early fifties.

"I was an ambitious young person, and always sought to be at the head of my class in literary studies, in music and in drawing.

“ ‘I shared the first honors in my college class when barely seventeen, the youngest of the lot, and kept my place in piano and guitar music. I have always been pleased to know that my dear parents were also pleased with my progress, for I esteemed their pleasure to be the highest medal or token of approval that was ever granted to my efforts. As I look back on my past life there was never anything more precious to me than their loving smiles and shining tears of delight that greeted me at the school examinations and commencements when I was passed on with the plaudits of my teachers and my father and mother could say: ‘Well done, my child.’

“ ‘How careful those old-fashioned teachers were,’ continued Mrs. Felton. ‘How genuine their methods! I was expected to be thorough in my work, to know what I studied before I left the book, and to be able to give a rule and a reason for any subject that I was examined upon in my school days. I recall again how we were ‘rooted’ and ‘grounded’ in the primary studies; how I was required to know every rule and every exception to a rule in the English grammar before we went further; every table, rule or measure in arithmetic, before we went to algebra or geometry, and common spelling was the recreation of the entire school from Monday morning till Friday night. There was no parade, no show of learning, it was plain matter of fact work—‘Get your lesson, and never forget it’—that was the alpha and omega of my school life from start to finish.

“ ‘Out of school my school of life began early,’ said Mrs. Felton. ‘I married at sharp eighteen and was a mother after nineteenth birthday. For eight or ten years my life was so absorbed in my children that it was cloisterlike, months elapsing, sometimes, when my feet were never outside the front gate. I had my music and my books to enliven the monotony, and I now discover that I was placed by the Almighty in a domestic training school, with close and rigid discipline, that I might not only have time to love and nurture my little ones, but also to broaden a girl’s mind into the mature experience of an earnest woman who had the opportunity to look up ‘through nature unto nature’s God.’

“ ‘I read everything in reach—history, fiction and even a smatter of medicine, with a little babe in my lap, and my key basket at my elbow, because I was also housekeeper for a large family, directing every day’s expenditure and outlining every day’s supplies. I was only one of the many wives and Southern women who had oversight of domestic affairs on a large plantation, and I believe the experience of such Southern women in ante-bellum days compassed results in cultivated and refined hospitality that the world will never know again by reason of the lack of such extraordinary conditions and surroundings. When the civil war broke out I had two little boys, with a baby girl ‘under the daisies,’ and a heavy burden of responsibility, care and anxiety for the people at home, and sympathy for those in the field.’”

The weariness in Mrs. Felton's tone seemed to die out when she arrived at that period of her discourse, and she reviewed her life during the war with the same fluency and brightness with which she handles every subject that interests her.

“ ‘Those four years of bloody war turned many a raven lock as white as mine are now,’ she said. ‘We cared for refugees until we became ourselves refugees, and fled before Sherman's army. It would require volumes to tell the story of privation, suffering and death, because I, too, came back to a devastated home, a childless mother, with poverty staring me in the face, and the necessity of becoming a wage-earning woman before me, and with no opportunity for earning wages save a return to the schoolroom and music room in the capacity of a teacher. I sometimes went hungry because my food was poor and oftentimes scanty, but an Allwise Heavenly Father led me into the unwonted path of loving other people's children and brought comfort and gladness to a lone mother's bereaved heart while she taught and helped along these innocent and impoverished children of a war-stripped section of our country. I had often wondered before this time of my life why it was that I should have been so eager to perfect myself as far as I could in music and literature, when my arms and heart were so full in care of my own babies, but in the exigency that thus happened to me after the surrender I saw the benefit and the blessing. I was able to teach the higher mathematics and helped to equip our school of eighty pupils with efficient and valuable services in professorships that would be difficult to fill at any time, and especially where no money for salaries was available in the later sixties, when everybody was poor.

“ ‘Within two years we were able to raise our bread and meat at home, and I went into the old time occupation of a farmer's wife, with rigid economy and utmost saving ‘to make both ends meet.’ Two other little boys came to gladden my life (one to stay with me but a few months), when Dr. Felton's name began to be mentioned for congress in our district.’ ”

With Dr. Felton's political career began his wife's, and to the onlooker there has been no more interesting figure in Georgia politics for the last thirty years than Mrs. William H. Felton.

“ ‘Relative to her first steps in politics, Mrs. Felton resumed: ‘There was an unacceptable democratic nominee and the result was an independent candidate in the year 1874. Dr. Felton announced himself in June, and from that time until the election in November I was in the thick of it.

“ ‘Without a daily newspaper, and only two little weeklies that hot canvass was made by Dr. Felton on the stump and my individual work with my pen. I wrote hundreds of letters all over fourteen counties. I wrote night and day, and for two months before the close kept a man and a horse at the door to catch every mail train three miles away. How I lived through that ordeal I can never tell. The like of this campaign was never known before or since in Georgia. At one time health broke down, but I was propped up in bed with pillows and

wrote ahead. I made appointments for speaking, planned for speakers, answered newspaper attacks, and more than all, kept a brave face to the foe and a smiling face to the almost exhausted candidate. Dr. Felton spoke three times a day on an average, and that meant three fresh shirts a day. But I had those shirts ready when he rushed in, all packed and ready as he rushed out and away into that fearful exhausting struggle.

“The congressional count was in doubt three entire days, Dr. Felton was counted in and out time and again, and the wires were kept hot to know the result. At last he came in, in spite of all, with his eighty-two majority.

“When I had time to think of myself, I had lost flesh like one with a dreadful fever, my dress hung on me like a bag, and I could neither eat nor sleep for days from excitement and fatigue.

“But success is a great tonic,” observed Mrs. Felton, and her bright dark eyes looked as exulting as they must have when she heard the good news of her husband’s election many years before.

“I was up and ready for a six years’ struggle in and out of Washington, where I still wrote letters, wrote for the newspapers, worked for constituents before the departments, doing the work of the present clerks to congressmen, and without expecting a cent, but just for the love of the work and loyalty to Dr. Felton’s interests. In some of the campaigns I traveled with him all over the district. In other campaigns I ‘stayed by the stuff,’ and planned the campaign. The history of my life during that period would surpass a novel in startling surprises, because the fight on the independent congressman never ceased or abated one iota. As soon as the enemy left the trenches and took to ‘counting out,’ then we were defeated. Until they adopted the ‘counting out process’ our little band was invincible.

“You want to know when I really entered public life.

“I did not enter; I was shot into it, as by a catapult, and I learned politics in front of Gatling guns and Mauser rifles. The foe left nothing undone that human ingenuity could devise or tricky politicians could muster up. As soon as I could get an inkling of their respective political histories, I made it lively for the gentlemen, and it was an unequal but vivacious struggle, with one woman versus some dozens of north Georgia politicians. When convict lease politicians attacked Dr. Felton, I searched the records and made the lease and the lessees step around lively. When the state road lessees entered our politics, I posted myself and flung hand grenades until the whole thing got in a blaze.

“Whenever they showed heads above the ramparts, this sharp shooter in woman’s form deliberately picked them off for public amusement and feminine revenge.

“Did they attack me?

“Yes! times without number, but I have always been careful to know I was correct in my statements, and then I

had nothing to fear. About a dozen years ago I joined the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I introduced a resolution pledging the union to a reformatory for youthful criminals and a separate prison for women convicts in April, 1886. The organization authorized me to memorialize the legislature on these two reforms that summer. When my petition was read before the legislature the ball opened. Dr. Felton, as a member, championed the reforms, and the whole pack, 'Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart,' opened on us both. I heard myself denominated as the political 'She' of Georgia.

"I was sneered at as a reformer and vials of wrath were poured out on my spouse, who was helping me in my work as I had so long helped him in his political work.

"I sat in the same hall five days later and listened to Dr. Felton's reply that will never be surpassed for strength and powerful invective so long as the English language exists. I forgot myself in admiration of my defender and his marvelous defense. I saw that audience also forget itself and rise as one man to cheer and shout in praise of the speaker. Such a day as that marks a milestone as big as the Washington monument. The reformatory for juvenile convicts had a small beginning and only a woman to start it, but such as it was, I had the responsibility and the honor of agitating and launching the craft into sailing waters. More than six years later I was gratified to find that the convict women were quietly separated into other camps and I felt certain that had Senator Joseph E. Brown lived a few years longer he would have made a reformatory system for the juvenile criminals under his control.

"What of my prohibition interests?

"I expect I was the first Georgia woman to take the platform to urge voters to remember their homes and their children in prohibition contests. I do not mean before conventions or before lecture going people, I mean a public appeal on the eve of elections, when men's hearts were raging for and against and the ballot alone could make a verdict. I am practical or I am nothing. It is a waste of time to talk to people who are of the same mind as yourself in such a crisis. But it means a great deal when you can face the foe with logic unanswerable and pleading for their own homes and their own children win them to your side of the argument. I have been sneered at from pulpits, jeered at in print and have had lectures pitched at me from editorial columns, but the shining tears in a mother's eye who is grateful to me for her son's sake will outweigh and overtop an army corps of such advisors as have criticized me for this work. And there is appreciation where I have had least reason to expect it.

"During a session of the Georgia legislature some years ago I was invited to make an appeal in Atlanta for prohibition. The hall was packed, and the reporter who misrepresented me in next morning's paper was obliged to coil himself up under the little table before me to find a place for himself and his pencil.

“ ‘Next day when I visited the state capitol to hear the debate in that body, a member offered a resolution inviting me to a seat beside the speaker, because he said: ‘I was a woman in whom the state took pride.’ ”

“In reference to the changes that have privileged woman to speak in public, without meeting with narrow prejudices, Mrs. Felton remarked:

“ ‘I would be amused, if I were not so sympathetic, to witness the readiness of our ‘new women’ in these latter days to address public meetings and conventions. My mind goes back to the time when it meant much in opposition and adverse criticism to make the venture.

“ ‘I recall that several years ago when the Normal and Industrial school was still in embryo, and the demagogue was bleating against the project from Dade to Chatham county, I felt impelled to give a large public assemblage in my county a plain talk about their duty to their daughters as well as to their sons. I had no preparation for the task save an eager, earnest longing to do something for the tens of thousands of poor girls all over Georgia who had no schooling save the miserable little makeshifts of common schools in the rural districts. But I could not sit still and listen to the demagogue’s plea of the state’s poverty while the coming mothers of the nation were steeped in ignorance because of their own poverty when the state was wasting thousands in trifling ways.

“ ‘I secured time for a hearing and I am still at a loss to understand the happy effect that was so surprisingly educed. When a young lady met me at the steps of the platform, and with flowing tears, thanked me for the ‘first word she had ever heard which supposed that others like her were considered worthy of the state’s protection and care for higher education,’ I felt almost strong enough and happy enough to go at that time to the governor and beg him to put the idea in his forthcoming message.

“ ‘I guess the idea grew apace, for when the legislature met it not only got on its feet, but helped elect another governor only a few years later who was in favor of it.

“ ‘I might consider myself an ‘ice breaker’ in this Southern country of ours,” concluded Mrs. Felton, as she glanced at her watch and arose to start for the train to Cartersville. ‘I must have had crude but novel ideas not familiar to Southern latitude, but as I survey the ‘new woman’s’ field of action at the close of the nineteenth century, I find that I have been ‘breaking ice’ for the last quarter of a century, and although I was forced to stem the current with my rude bark, I find the tide is floating in a convoy of elegant and cultured women who are becoming leaders of thought and public opinion.’ ”

SOME DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

During the six years term of Dr. Felton's active congressional service I met many distinguished and notable people in the city of Washington. I have shaken hands with every President since General Grant went into the White House, except President Arthur. Among the many persons I remember distinctly was Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, who was born in 1805, in New Orleans, widow of General Gaines and daughter of rich Daniel Clarke. Clarke was U. S. consul while Louisiana was under French rule. When he died he left vast property to his mother, Mary Clarke. Later it was discovered that he had been married to a French woman who left two daughters. The youngest, Myra, was adopted by a General Davis, in ignorance of her paternity, and she was educated in Philadelphia. In 1832 she married a Mr. Whitney who in some way became acquainted with the facts of her birth. A will was also discovered where Clarke acknowledged Myra as his legitimate child. After a fierce legal battle in the courts, the will was sustained and her legitimacy thereby sustained and in 1867 a decision was given in her favor to property valued at \$35,000,000. Then she had to dispossess the people who had purchased the property.

I saw her a number of times during the 70s in Washington City, while she was fighting the city of New Orleans for her property rights.

I had the story of her eventful life from her own lips. She was over seventy years at that time. In 1890 New Orleans officials compromised and settled with her. She married General Gaines in 1839 and died in 1885, at the age of 80. Her struggle to clear her name from illegitimacy kept her nearly all her lifetime in the harrassments of courts and the facts are surprising beyond anything Dickens ever wrote of Wards in chancery. Mrs. Gaines was a small-sized woman, active and vigorous when I met her in the old National Hotel in Washington, then nearly eighty years old. She had snapping black eyes and flitted in

and out like a woman under fifty. Justice Clifford of the Supreme Court gave me some of the notable facts in her legal struggle which lasted over a half century. Mrs. Gaines had indomitable pluck and never despaired of success in her law suit.

JUSTICE CLIFFORD AND JUSTICE DAVIS.

Both were on Supreme Bench when I first met them and was privileged to call their wives my friends. Both were very large men, Judge Davis being the most corpulent of the two.

Judge Clifford was from Maine, although born in New Hampshire. He was attorney general under President Polk, but placed on Supreme Bench by Buchanan. He was the most uncompromising democrat I ever knew. As member of the electoral commission of the famous 7 to 8 which seated Mr. Hayes, his indignation was monumental because of the result. While on his way to Washington, two or three years later, his mind gave way on a railroad train, and he lived for months as a little child followed around by his nurse. His wife was an elegant lady, gentle, refined and with gracious speech and manners.

Judge Davis went to Bloomington, Illinois, when the land was young, his law fees he invested in real estate, which made him a very rich man in a few years. When the electoral commission was appointed or elected by authority of congress, everybody expected Judge Davis to be one of the Supreme Court members, in fact the fifteenth man with the scales of justice held in his hand. He did not want the place. He said to me that it would be an unthankful position because one side or the other would be furious at the results. I spoke to him on the morning that his election to the United States Senate appeared in the newspapers, while the excitement over Hayes and Tilden was simmering hot. He said he would accept the honor given him by the State of Illinois, but I fancy he saw an easy way out of an unpleasant dilemma by laying down the ermine and avoiding the 8 to 7 difficulty. It was natural that Judge Davis should be timid about

antagonizing the Republican party. Although he was essentially the great Independent of that era, and was looked upon from the standpoint of independentism in making up the electoral commission, yet Mr. Lincoln, his personal friend, had selected Judge Davis for the Supreme Bench, and as Mr. Lincoln's appointee he felt disinclined personally to overthrow or antagonize the Republican party. Judge Davis was a timid man. He could have made a ten-strike for the presidency at that period of his life. If he had sized the situation he would have been nominated by the Democrats and Independents, indeed by everybody, save the Radical Republicans in 1880. But he flinched and he disappointed the ardent hopes of his friends because he made no reputation as a Senator and gave up what he could do best, namely declare the intent of the law in a dispute between litigants.

The last time I saw him was on his wedding tour through the South. He wrote me of the train on which he would pass through Cartersville, and I went as far as Kingston with the elderly groom and his bride. I had been quite well acquainted with his first wife, also a splendid woman, of rare culture. When she died in 1880 he prepared a memorial volume of her funeral obsequies and sent his and her pictures along with it, in remembrance of our friendship covering several years of her life.

Judge Davis was a man of conscientious motives. He preferred to feel right rather than be president. He was immense in physical proportions. His valet often told of the number of years in which Judge Davis had never enjoyed a glimpse of his own feet. His man dressed him and looked after his general comfort. Both his wives were small women, neither weighing above 125, and Judge Davis would have tipped the scales at 300, more or less.

Speaking of the Supreme Court, I sat frequently in the gallery of the House of Representatives that fateful winter of 1876 and 77, when debate was furious over the election of president, and Mr. Hayes could only get in by one vote if several Southern states were not investigated, and Mr. Tilden would certainly be

president by a handsome majority if election returns in either South Carolina, Louisiana or Florida were overhauled. It was a crisis such a one as had never been seen in this Republic since guns were first fired on Fort Sumter. When the excitement was at fever heat, and Mr. Beebe, of New York, mounted his desk to thunder against usurpation and fraudulent counts, Chief Justice Morrison Waite sat behind me in the gallery, watching the proceedings. His face was tense, his features hard set in his absorption. I understood very well that the Supreme Court would be the last resort, if the electoral commission failed. I also fancied we should have an 8 to 7 Supreme Court if the decision was left to that body, and Justice Waite was not fond, as I discovered from his conversation with others, of Mr. Beebe or the clamorous democrats. It was far from funny at the time, but it is amusing now to recall the bouncing Beebe leaping on the top of the desks. Mr. Springer chasing up and down the aisles with a button-hole bouquet on his coat, and breathing out fire and slaughter if the count was not agreeable to justice and equity. Mr. Henry Watterson was talking about his 100,000 unarmed democrats who would silence the raging waves and cry out "Peace be still." Speaker Randall was hammering away with his gavel to preserve order, and on the other side, Grandsire Hoar and warlike Garfield, and the plumed knight from Maine, were holding their respective commands in quiet defense and reckoning ways and means by which to claim everything and even then, with everything claimed, grabbed and held by main force, with an iron hand on the army and navy, with the Treasury open to their call, they could only get or claim or seize the presidency by one single vote or majority.

And genial Mr. Cox! How like to an oasis in the desert, was this dapper little man, in the midst of this confusion worse confounded. No matter who got angry or who became sulky, or who threatened or who cavorted, Sunset Cox would get up a laugh and the whole layout felt better. He and his admirable wife were among my first Washington acquaintances. He was candidate for Speaker at the opening of the 44th

Congress, and ran against Mr. Kerr and Mr. Randall for the Democratic nomination. He came to call on me, supposing I might grease a cog in his speakership wheel, and presented me with his then new book of *Winter Sunbeams*, written in lower Europe while he was seeking health. The letter, with the book I keep as a relic, always unique and immortal as was the author's fine originality.

The last letter I had from him was the year before he died. He had a lecture nearly ready for Southern travel, and he wrote to Dr. Felton for some specimens of darkey humor to be ingrafted in his lecture. My spouse, always foreign to frivolous speech, could not recall any incidents that he felt were pertinent, so I, with less strenuous mind, furnished several and Mr. Cox wrote me he would "try them on," in Richmond, Va., when the lecture season was begun and he thought they would fit admirably. I recall one personal experience of my own with a housemaid that you will pardon me for repeating, and which Mr. Cox accepted with manifest glee as his letter stated. In the days just after the war, nice shoes were in demand with price according to style, etc. I indulged myself, despite a lean purse, in a delightful pair of well fitting gaiters, kid tops, with side buttons. They were high day Sunday and quite restful from war time leather and domestic cobbling. My housemaid was named Harriett, a little black, slick tongued darkey girl, who had simply growed like Topsy, without any raising. A colored revival caught Harriet and she professed religion or come through, as she explained it herself. She was to be immersed on the following Sunday and must be fitted out for the occasion. Having as usual overdrawn her wages, I undertook to contribute to the baptismal rig that would be necessary. Harriet explained that she must have shoes to wear down in the water, and then dry shoes for the later toilette under the tent, when she was expected to march and sing with the purified and sanctified to the altar of her church.

I bestowed a pair of half-worn, low-cut shoes but Harriet was not happy. She had seen the buttoned

gaitors in the dressing closet, and she hankered after them. Once or twice she asked if I could not sell them to her, and wait on her for the pay, but I thought my no was emphatic and dismissed the subject from my mind. On Sunday all the colored people on the premises went to the baptism and the cook wandered in just before sun down. "Was Harriet baptized?" I asked her. "Sure she was Miss Becky," was the reply.

"Did she look as nice as the rest of the girls?" I enquired.

"Bless your soul, ma'am she looked nicer, and I bet Sam a nickel dat she is a wearing your bery button gaitors right dis minute and a shouting like mad all ober dat meeting house. She done gone plum crazy."

To make a long story short, she had stolen my shoes to wear in the baptizing procession and I was in a state of suppressed indignation until Harriet crept in on Tuesday afternoon, for she was physically exhausted with her Sunday performances, and was obliged to sleep them off.

When rebuked about the theft of my shoes, Harriet was well prepared to answer.

"Now don't say narry nother word about dem shoes Miss Becky, I'se gwine to work em out wid you. You aint gwine to lose narry cent by dis nigger. And when ye finks about it right straight Miss Becky, I'm sure you didn't want yer nigger to look de bery worsts in dat baptising crowd. I know you giv me dat par of de low quarters. Yessum you did, and didn't I say I was much obliged to you Miss Becky? But de was wet when I com up a dripping to de tent, and I just couldn't ware 'em wid dat clean white skirt what you giv me. You aint gwine to lose nuttin tall by dem button gaiters Miss Becky, and you can't possibly ware em any more, my mistes for two buttons busted off, while I was a trying to pull em on my wet feet, down at de tent. You never did see sich an illmannered crowd as went to dat baptising in all your life. Some folks never did hab any raising no how. Aunt Dicey say I was de best looking of all dem folks and I'm sure I had de mos' manners.

“I tole Polly jest now when she was cavortin bout your shoes, dat I lay she wont look half dat well when her sins is all washed away in Jordan’s wave. She is no count nigger herself, only fit to tell lies on her own color. I jest could tell tales about your kitchen, Miss Becky, dat would mak you sick, shore as yer born. Polly hab a fambly to feed, bet y’r life. You jes put dem shoes down on my count Miss Becky, I’s shore good to pay my debts, sometime er odder. I’m gwine to bring yer fresh bucket water from de well and bring yer cold drink, Miss Becky.”

But I have wandered far away from Hon. Sunset Cox. After Mr. Kerr died Mr. Cox was Mr. Randall’s only opponent to succeed him in the speakership, but Mr. Cox was told by Tammany to go to the National Democratic Convention and fight Mr. Tilden and he had to go, and while he was absent as directed by Tammany, certain factions resented Tammany’s interference and the nomination went to Mr. Randall, who was an all-round speaker and a great friend to the South, and a friend to Mr. Tilden. Those were notable days for New York when Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Cox and Hon. Fernando Wood led the forces. Mr. Hewitt was Mr. Tilden’s “right bower” in the presidential crisis, and if Mr. Tilden had been as courageous as his great manager, he would have been president. The cry went forth that stocks and bonds would go to zero if there were war clouds in Washington, and like the young man who kept all the commandments, Mr. Tilden was a rich man and he turned sadly away, when the time came for nerve and pluck. And his Pelton nephew got mixed up in some pecuniary transactions with certain politicians and Mr. Tilden was advertized as the uncle of his nephew in the public prints.

All the same the speakership was *non est* for Mr. Cox ever afterward, and he never reached the Senate either although he was full of genuine wit and extraordinary literary talent, he somehow found his light hidden under a bushel in a political way, as he expressed it for the world guaged him simply as a funny man, and a funny man precluded a statesman.

Mr. Wood was one of the old time democratic politicians; stately, dignified, well dressed, with no nonsense but a great deal of liberal hospitality. His receptions were elegant affairs, the swell occasions of the winter.

Mr. Hewitt was a man of dignity, self-poise, substantial and sterling in mind, body and estate. He has always been conservative and having married a daughter of Hon. Peter Cooper, the great philanthropist and greenbacker, it might have been expected that Mr. Hewitt would have been somewhat a copyist of Mr. Cooper's ideas on finance and philanthropy, but Mr. Hewitt is *sui generis*. His course in Congress was Mr. Hewitt's own, not imitative. He was the great headlight in Mr. Tilden's campaign, as before said, and it is understood he risked and spent a cool hundred thousand of his own money to help him. After the electoral commission was set on its feet, the excitement was intensified if such a thing was possible. The meetings were held in secret, but I chanced to be sitting in the House gallery one afternoon listening to the debate with a thin house and idly glancing down at the members below, on the republican side, I saw the green baize doors part and Mr. Hoar came in. As the commission was known to be in session and Mr. Hoar was a member of it, I knew instantly something was up. Florida was the first disputed state on docket in alphabetical order, and whatever was done with Florida would indicate the general trend of affairs. Instantly members began to gather to him. His satisfied smile was ominous. In less time than it takes to tell it, the news flew over the building that the commission refused by a vote of 8 to 7 to go behind the returns in Florida, and it would not be counted for Mr. Tilden. Mr. Hoar was anxious apparently to tell it. His colleagues breathed freer. The democrats were stifling with suppressed indignation, but the deed was virtually done, and the rest of the count was easy enough. The democrats fastened the manacles on their own hands by the commission. They could not repudiate a machine, manufactured in a democratic House by a democratic majority. Some malcontents

raised a racket in the House and in the newspapers. Some of the few statements were even insulting to democrats, but Mr. Tilden dropped his candy when he accepted the commission idea, and Mr. Hayes' lieutenants backed by General Grant's threat to call out the military, won the fight, with hands down. Some were in favor of butting heads against a stone wall, but the commercial politicians proceeded instanter to get on the good side of Mr. Hayes, and also proceeded to cream the milk by political trades in Southern latitudes. I had been admitted to the House gallery by ticket for weeks upon weeks before the inauguration. If a ticket was not at hand Speaker Randall sent a note to doorkeepers for me, and I went early and sat late to watch the proceedings, but it was more difficult to obtain an entrance on Inauguration day to the Senate chamber, where the preliminary exercises were held.

The day was raw and cold, but we swallowed a hasty breakfast and started before 8 o'clock to the Capitol to get a seat. As I sat in the Senate gallery, Mrs. Hayes and some of her friends entered from the opposite side and I fell in love with her frank, open, honest and to me, beautiful, face at first sight. I felt the country was safe so far as she was concerned. From first to last she wore well, always the same, without frills or furbelows of affectation or cant. She was the good wife and good mother and a generous hearted woman in every relation of life. Of course it was a proud day for her when her husband entered the chamber, but she was neither haughty or flustered, and her fine face lingers with me still as I drop this little tribute in memory of her excellence.

The army and navy officers were in full uniform, the Supreme Court wore the silk gowns, the ambassadors wore their native costume, and the young Grand Duke Alexis of Russia was there in plain military attire.

General Grant and Mr. Hayes would have made a good team in point of girth and statue, built on the pony order, but about the same height and ten pounds would have covered the difference in weight between

the two, who sat facing the audience on a sofa in front of the clerk's desk, until the incoming new senators were sworn in with due attention to red tape and official dignity.

When the crowd started to the front of the Capitol we put out for the hotel to glimpse the procession which we had omitted to get a seat in the senate. The jam on the avenue was terrific. The sidewalks were packed from walls to gutter. Pickpockets were active, policemen's clubs went whack, whack over the heads of the disorderly. Twice we were unable to step along, the jam of people was so dense; but at last we made our way into the old National Hotel and had a reserved window on the front to watch the crowd. It was a sight worth seeing and despite the fact that more than one half the people had voted for Mr. Tilden, the crowd was orderly and conservative. The scene after dark was thrilling. It seemed as if millions of people were on the Avenue in solid mass, and the fireworks were gorgeous. There were a great many people with anxious hearts nevertheless. A spark may kindle a great conflagration, and everybody felt better when things quieted down, you may be sure. Mr. Hayes made us a good president and he felt kindly to the South and many Southern men. He made no pretensions to brilliancy of any sort, but he was a careful president and cautious person who would do no harm, if he could do no good. He came to Georgia when he was chairman of the National Society of Charities and Corrections, several years after he became ex-President and was as cordial and simple in his manners as any plain, intelligent citizen. Prosperity did not elate him nor did private life make him unhappy. The country might have gone much further and fared much worse, because he was a safe man. I saw so much more of Mr. Hayes than General Grant that I was partial to the former, but the military leader will be a headlight in history while Rutherford B. Hayes will be forgotten. So much more of glory halos the military captains rather than the captains in politics, although President Hayes was himself a Brigadier General in Federal army. Mrs. Grant had all

opportunities to be spoiled by attentions to White House residents, because the toady and the sychophant flourished like a green bay tree in the days immediately succeeding the war, but she was everywhere recognized as a good wife and mother. There was a cast in one eye, or maybe both that made her eyes look oblique or crossed, but her fine clothes and fine position and hospitable entertainments were enough to make her a very popular hostess during their eight years' term. She enjoyed her presidential life and good naturedly said so, on every occasion, and it was a gala scene on her reception days, when the White House was thronged with callers, and you had to stand in line and be crowded along to the place where the receiving party stood, and your name was called out and you begun to shake hands with the ladies who stood near Mrs. Grant. It was an *olla podrida* gathering, to be sure.

✓ Fred Douglass and his white wife were often on hand and the foreign element rejoiced greatly in the show, display, music and profusion of flowers.

On the night before the Inauguration of General Garfield, President and Mrs. Hayes gave a dinner party to the Cabinet, who would go out of office with the new administration. The Marine band in full uniform played during the evening. A general reception was held after the dinner. Just before the musicians put up their instruments, they asked that Mrs. Hayes make a selection as a good bye to their pleasurable work for her. When the message came she kindly took me by the arm and we stood nearby while the musicians played "Full of Joy." At certain stops they would each sing out "full of joy," and then the band would fill the whole place with its flood of harmony. "Thank you ever so much," said Mrs. Hayes. "You have given me untold pleasure many times during the last four years, and I am glad to have this opportunity to thank you in person." When the musicians retired she said to me "These have been four very happy years to me, and I have enjoyed them greatly."

Mr. Charles Foster occupied the same place in the Hayes administration that Mr. Hanna did under President McKinley, or Mr. Blaine with Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Foster made scores of friends by his gracious, jovial manners. Mr. Blaine was never so popular, at least with me, but I shall never forget a reception at Mr. Blaine's fine home where Miss Dodge, known to literature as Gail Hamilton, received with Mrs. Blaine, who was her cousin. I was very fond of Miss Dodge's writings and with true North Georgia bluntness I told her all about this predilection in favor of her efforts. We had a lively little chat, at the end of a grand piano in one of the drawing rooms, and her homely face remains in memory, along with the hearty enjoyment of that cold February day when the mercury was below zero on the outside. Her bright mind and ready wit, must have given rare enjoyment to Mr. Blaine, and some critics have said that she helped no little when the great man aimed to thrill the Northern heart with a great big speech in reply to somebody.

Mr. Conkling's speeches were fine, and his method was a strong case of treating his enemies with contempt when he should have chased them with brickbats.

I chanced to be sitting in the Senate gallery on the evening before a session of Congress adjourned, and the night before when it was reported in the newspapers that Mrs. Sprague and Mr. Conkling passed notes and sly glances from gallery to the floor, and vice versa.

The gallery was crowded and some rapid young folks were making more noise than custom or politeness allowed. Sitting by Mrs. Sprague was Mrs. Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, then a bride of a few months. Mrs. Cameron was annoyed by the rude conduct of the young people, and she beckoned to her husband from the gallery to come up to her. He was near Senator Conkling and both turned and looked up gallerywise. Mrs. Cameron wrote a note and sent it down by a messenger, and Don Cameron was glad of a chance to sit beside his pretty new wife, who was a

niece of the Shermans. Not once did Mrs. Sprague move out of her seat, nor did she send a note or do anything else but talk a little to Senator Cameron when he came up to them. I was an eye witness to all of it, could have easily laid my hand on Mrs. Sprague's shoulders, because I was immediately in her rear. She had her two daughters with her, and her conduct that evening, so far as I could see, was absolutely without flaw. Now if I had been in Senator Conkling's place, I'd have tracked that scandal monger to the jumping off place before it should have been passed with dignified contempt. It was atrocious that this untrue thing should have been wired across the continent, and I think it was a mistake not to hurl brickbats, in the sense of exposing such a miserable fake story. It was none of my business to volunteer as a witness, as I was a stranger to all parties, but I have always felt that somebody should have helped that woman, who, being forced to leave a drunken, unkind husband, for the sake of peace and her young daughters, had therefore to run the gauntlet of public criticism forever afterward. I have always allowed a grain of salt to such published scandals, since that time. The average mind is delighted to roll an unsavory bit like this under the tongue and the higher the target, the oftener the poisoned arrows fly at it.

I sat several days in the Senate chamber listening to the impeachment proceedings against Secretary Belknap. To recall this affair sounds like ancient history, but there was no more popular woman in Washington than the secretary's handsome wife, before the post-tradership scandals came to light.

The callers on New Year's day, a custom observed much more then than latterly, were loud in their praise of Mrs. Belknap's charming grace and manners. But the exposure came, alas, and the Belknap home was closed for all time in the Capitol City.

I recall a grand reception at Sir Edward Thornton's, the British Minister, whose elegant wife and daughters were lovely in their hospitality to those who were also cordial and interested in visiting the legation. It was the event of the season, for guests

came from New York, Philadelphia, everywhere in that latitude. Diamonds, point lace and silk velvet, style and ceremony prevailed. The English servants in livery were at the carriage when you alighted and English maids were at your service until you were introduced to the host and hostess. A full-length picture of Queen Victoria in royal robes, faced the entrance, placed above the first landing on the grand staircase. Tea was served continuously for the guests, poured from ancestral silver teakettles and handed by maids wearing caps after the English fashion. Costly crimson silk hangings lined the walls of the large drawing room, and a full band played for the dancers. It was a fairy scene, and fully repaid one for their trouble in getting there.

Leaving my party card after the reception, I was again surprised to have Lady Thornton and her daughters make me a formal visit at my hotel, but it served to convince me that a lady can be an unsophisticated, sweet-spirited lady whether she lives in a palace or in a little cottage.

I had a sickly little boy to occupy my hands and heart, and my society visits were strictly limited, but it was both comical and entertaining to meet the Japs and Turks at Supreme Court receptions, always given at that time, by the Judges' wives on Monday afternoons. The Japanese were always alert. No matter where you went you would find these natty little people, dressed like Europeans and looking out for novelties. I recall an experience in the diplomatic gallery of the House to which I had been admitted by the thoughtful kindness of Speaker Randall. The only available seat was one on the carpeted steps going down from the door, near the bottom, not exceeding two feet in length and less in width. My street dress for the winter had rows of silk buttons down the back as well as front, with silk cord laced across. When the excitement increased in the hall there was some hand clapping all about me. Finding something playing tattoo on my spine, I turned about to find a little Japanese attache working his little feet industriously, and as I did not speak his language I could only look

imploringly and point to my back. As he was in his appointed place, and I was perhaps an intruder in the diplomatic gallery, I wisely decided to wear fewer buttons next day and say nothing. This brings to mind also my seat on the immense official platform when Chicago welcomed the world during its dedicatory exercises in 1892, where my crowded feet were almost in proximity to the neck of the Chinese Minister Plenipotentiary, on that occasion, and I had splendid opportunity to inquire why the Chinese have such great, immense, bare necks, and are so spaci-ously broad from ear to ear. That Chicago gathering of notables was truly a show worth looking at. The observation stand was erected for national celebrities on the post office building, overlooking a main street, and from which Vice-President Morton reviewed the entire civic and military procession. The temporary structure was simply piled high with dignitaries and notables. My badge admitted me along with my ticket of invitation, but I have often been amused to think that perhaps I did not belong there among that solid mass of congressmen, governors, foreign ministers, cabinet officers, admirals, generals and such like, but I did see the crowd and if anybody thought I did not belong there with my lady companion they were too polite to say so. I never saw such a congregated mass of people, even in Chicago, save the day when Mayor Carter Harrison was convoyed to his long home after his assassination.

Just a few days before he was murdered in his own house, he attended an informal luncheon in the Woman's Building. As he was a popular mayor and jolly good fellow, he was surrounded by the ladies from the states and territories, to be introduced and welcomed.

When my name was called, with clever gallantry, he insisted that I should take his arm and show him some of the wonders of the building, all the time asking about Dr. Felton and recalling the funny things that happened to himself in the 44th Congress, when they were colleagues on some committee. Inside of a week I saw Chicago pay him funeral honors of which

any citizen or ruler might be well proud. If public grief ever can be exploited that was one time when a big city prostrated itself in mourning and civic lamentation.

In Chicago you might see dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, some princesses, etc., and to plebian eyes, they look amazingly like other well-dressed people abroad on a visit. These foreign royalties make a specialty of languages, and one of the very neatest and most taking papers that were read before the crowd in the Woman's Building on opening day was written and read by a Russian princess in fine, correct English.

Mrs. Potter Palmer gave a magnificent reception to the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, the lineal descendants of the family of Christopher Columbus, and the duchess, with her grown daughter, was gowned in particularly fine clothes, but as her grace did not speak English, nor could I speak Spanish we shook hands and smiled. The smile was cosmopolitan, but all the same I felt sorry I could not tell her I was glad to see her in her native tongue. I was at home when the Princess Eulalie came over to represent Spain, as young King Alphonso's aunt, his father's sister. The funny things that they told me about which happened during her visit, I did not see but also read about in the newspapers.

The princess would not have been quite so easy and airish, I guess, if she could have foreseen the fate of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. This government paid all her expenses at an enormous price per diem, while she sojourned in Chicago, so she got even on one line if Spain failed on others. Doubtless she couldn't help being airish and arrogant, but we should go slow on toadyism, now and hereafter, in my opinion, which however stands for no more than it amounts to I hasten to say.

I did not live in the days of Revolution, of Whig and Tory, but quite near enough to hear old people tell of what this country endured to get rid of a monarchical government, and I'll not compromise with royalty so long as the "pomp and state at a palace gate are

what my spirit was taught to hate," and I'd think my daughter (if I only had one to brag about) had as many chances for domestic happiness with an honest-hearted, clean-souled poor American boy as with effete royalty in foreign lands, no matter how long the rent roll or the number of names recorded with the title.

I rode in the procession which filed through the streets of Chicago on dedication day, commemorative of the landing of Columbus in the year 1492, four hundred years after America was discovered. We started at 7.50 A. M. and the cortege was so long and the retinue so immense, the crowd so great, and the notables so numerous, that my watch said 2 P. M. before we alighted near the immense Mechanic Arts building, which was said to cover forty acres of ground. I sat considerably in the rear of the chosen speakers, Messrs. Watterson and Depew, and of one speech I collected a few words, of the other not one.

Somebody ate up all the luncheon and when I arrived after dark at my boarding house four and a half miles from Jackson Park, I was hungry, tired, yes worn out, and as I had eaten a bit of toast and drank a coup of tea about six in the morning, and hadn't a mite of supper or drink until 8 P. M., or afterwards, I shall always indulge the notion that royalty have hard times of it at coronations and on state occasions. Those that dance will pay the piper and the greatest variety or recreation that came to me that tiresome day was when a Georgia boy belonging to the army rode up to our carriage, standing still, until it could move on, and called me by name. He was with his command from a far-off state, but as water seeks a level, two plain Georgia folks met many hundred miles from home and were glad to shake hands and claim acquaintance. A touch of nature makes the world akin, and we were mutually delighted to be what we were, without trying to be anybody greater or louder.

It was a great pleasure to see and become acquainted with Mrs. Potter Palmer, the Lady President of the Chicago Exposition. She was so handsome, so tactful, so gracious in her manners, with

infinite charm that she was an ideal lady in any assemblage where she might choose to appear.

She was remarkable in very many respects, and to the day of her death she commanded admiration, esteem and profound affection from all who knew her best. I have very lately read a contribution to the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, written by her niece, daughter of Mrs. Palmer's only sister, Miss Grant.

I saw Miss Grant occasionally during the Chicago Exposition, but she was a girl in her early teens.

She married a Russian Prince and was lately in Russia, during the time of the Czar's alliance with the opponents of the Kaiser and after the Czar was dethroned and the mountain of disaster fell on the Russian Empire.

The letters to the Post, written by Princess Cantacuzene, née Julia Grant, were very interesting, graphic, and of decided literary talent. Somehow I could discern a good deal of Mrs. Palmer in what I read and the influence she had in shaping the thoughts and manners of her titled niece.

It was my good fortune at one time to see General Toombs and Hon. A. H. Stephens together on several occasions when they were in rare good humor, and full of reminiscent talk.

Mr. Stephens once said to me that he believed General Toombs was the greatest man he ever knew, the all-round man, with his rare gifts of oratory and political courage, emphasizing the fact of his magnificent appearance and manly beauty, when in his prime.

I take pleasure, too, in remembering a visit that Judge Hiram Warner made to Washington City, where he called on us, and kindly told me about how he was raided after the Civil War and actually hung for a short time by the robbers who were trying to extort money and valuables in his home. He was a great man, a Georgia jurist in whom the state can indulge in pride. Northern born, the South had no truer public servant within its borders, than Judge Hiram Warner.

I am satisfied that history will write down Hon. Jos. E. Brown as one of our great Georgia governors. While he seemed always to get on the other side of politics from us, he was a born leader of men, and for a third of a century he managed Georgia politics. And I am one who believes his wife had a great deal to do with his success in life. Not many people know that she read to him constantly in his leisure moments, and when he was first made Governor, and he spent some midsummer weeks at Rowland's Springs, a few miles from our home, I have occasionally met them going to and from town and saw her reading the newspapers to him as they passed me. In his last days when he was entirely unable to discern a letter in a newspaper, I called to pay my respects, and she was even then reading aloud to cheer him in his affliction. She had a famous supply of good common sense, without any frubbles of airs or pretensions, and I had a profound respect for such valuable acquirements.

**"MRS. FELTON'S MESSAGE TO THE 20TH CENTURY.
APRIL 24, 1901.**

It Is a Shame That We Take More Pains in Breeding Cattle Than in Mating Human Beings—Men Go a Thousand Miles to Get the Best Grafts for Orchards, But They Allow the Veriest Scrubs to be Grafted on the Family Tree—Breeding in and in Among New Hampshire Towns Made an Idiot in Every Family.

(Reported by W. G. Cooper, for *Atlanta Journal*.)

"This title is not an extravagant one. The subject of the communication is as broad as humanity and as deep as human soul. A gifted lady, who long ago passed through motherhood, the sublimest of human tragedy, its holiest ministry and its noblest sacrifice, speaks de profundis to her kind. The message is to the twentieth century, because it is the business of that era to right the wrongs of the past.

"At a recent meeting of the Atlanta Woman's club Mrs. Felton delivered the following address, which was listened to with breathless attention, and at its conclusion a rising vote of thanks expressed the feelings of the audience. It is an address that should be read by every man and woman in the world:

"Some of the Influences Which Affect Life and Character.

" 'Women are destined in this country,' says Mrs. Henrotin, 'to keep alive ideality.' A distinguished artist from abroad

paid American women the compliment of also saying they had the courage of their convictions, that 'being pledged to the spiritual side of life, any cause they decide to champion is bound to succeed.' This is high praise, due to their sincerity and ability. The history of women's clubs in America demonstrates the attractiveness of the movement. There is a great social force in your organizations—a force united to religious and purely reform associations in a measure—nevertheless a force distinct from either in plan—while the purpose tends to the same result, namely, the making of better men and women; the improvement of the home, and the betterment of society. Feeling my own great indebtedness to the courage as well as the sincerity and ability of great leaders of thought among women, I ventured to bring to your attention today, the consideration of some of the influences which affect life and character, and in the beginning, I disclaim all desire to appear as a scientist, or even an instructor in matters that will be presented. I bring their importance only that thought may be arrested, and that we may confer together for mutual benefit and progress and to emphasize their power. When the census returns in the last decade were tabulated, it was stated that more than 700,000 defective persons were discovered in the United States. Think of it! Seven hundred thousand, who were maimed, deformed in mind and body, the imbecile, the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the epileptic, and otherwise deformed men, women and children. The majority came into the world thus maimed—injured—and can I dare to say it, maltreated by their progenitors. You understand they had no volition as to this coming; they gave no consent as to this forced appearance. Their disfigured human lives was not the existence they would have chosen. They were born, forced into the struggle, and in nearly all the cases, no relief could be possible until they were removed by death out of this deformity and wretchedness.

“The standing army of the United States consisted of 25,000 men before the Spanish-American war. It was a great body of men, whether considered as to numbers, to expense or mobilization; yet here in our midst, is an army of 700,000, twenty-eight times greater, to be cared for, supported and endured. Many of these unfortunates were hopelessly imbecile. I saw a number of children who were born without mind, in the deaf and dumb asylum of the state, twenty odd years ago. They had no mental capacity. They were blank except to animal appetite and passion. If there is anything under the shining sun, we as mothers should be thankful for, it is reason and mental health in ourselves and our children. To have human birth and to be devoid of reason is simply horrible to contemplate. I asked but few questions concerning these blighted children, but the history of similar cases goes to show that neglect, cruelty, sometimes diseased parentage, were the causes ascribed. How can we understand these conditions! Is this a curse that follows to the third and fourth generations? Did

the fathers eat sour grapes? Were the children's teeth on edge?

"A curse that follows to three and four generations is obliged to be an inherited curse! If it is entailed where shall responsibility be affixed?

"I bring this subject to you, my friends, because of its importance to motherhood, because the question is vital, and because responsibility is great.

"Children are being born into this world every day—every hour—yes, every minute. Their well-being is the great problem of the times we live in. While their comfort or misery may be an individual matter, they have great effect on society, on the body politic. The investigation of this and kindred subjects commends itself to women, because every child born into earthly existence had once a mother. The murderer in the electric chair, or on the gallows tree had his mother and that mother bore for his sake, the heavy burden, laid upon maternity. She may have been a worthy woman or otherwise, nevertheless, she went down, well nigh into the valley of the shadow of death to give him existence. This murderer came here an innocent little child, in the likeness of its parents. Like produced like. His physical being was undoubtedly a reproduction. Whether his mind and nature was also the product of his parentage who can say? If evil tendencies were engrafted into him before he came here does he bear all the responsibility? Shall he bear all the blame? If environment can be charged with all the evil results, then the subject is equally interesting and important, but the facts go to show that heredity is equally prominent as a motor in shaping destiny. Who is sufficient unto these things? I am always rejoiced to know that the mother of a man, who is hanged—has died—been taken from evil to come. Who can measure her agony or picture her grief as she bends her poor knees in the governor's office to plead for such a child's life? And friends, this is a subject no man or woman can refuse to consider on the plea of personal protection.

"No home can protect itself from the entrance of disease, sorrow, accident, death and misfortune. The wheel of life is forever turning over. What is up today is under tomorrow. So long as every human life must therefore be touched by those around them, no exemption can be claimed, no life defended from association or contact with others. 'Let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall, no one liveth to himself, no one dieth to himself,' says the Bible. You may not accept heredity as a controlling force in human life, and you may feel quite sure as to protected environment, but this army of defective persons perhaps now swelled to the million figures, must be accounted for. How much of the world's deformity in mind and body is owing to indifference as well as ignorance, eternity, alone can answer. No one present can dispute the fact that a child, born into a well-respected home with opportunity to associate with respectable people, with books, education, discipline, moral training, good example and cleanly habits has an infinitely bet-

ter chance to do well in life, health, and morals than the poor waif, the slum product, germinated in a hot bed of sin and debauchery, and brought up in constant association with others equally unfortunate and under similar degradation. But it is well known that all the bad people in the world do not emerge from the slums. All the criminals were not born in the gutter. And it is equally well known that some of the most famous people in literature, science, invention and religion, were born in most unfavorable locations.

“In spite of training, discipline, education, example and entreaty, black sheep do come out of well-tended flocks; girls and boys, men and women do go wrong where and when least expected, and their reformation would seem to defy both grace and gospel. There are homes where mothers tremble at every step on the gravel, every knock on the door. They have kept their own lives unspotted from filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and an anguished heart moans, “Oh! God, why is it?” They go burdened, beset with doubts, fears and vainly seeking an explanation. They are racked and tortured, actually their pure love is crucified and put to open shame. They would do anything to save their children to lives of virtue and honesty, yes, they would be glad to die to save them from ruin and disgrace and count their own loss small with gain so great. Who can give a formula for a problem so momentous as this, and who is there that has been furnished a complete answer?

It is a recognized fact that the civilized world, after the varied experience and record of centuries, has settled down upon the necessity of one husband for one wife, and a clean life for two. The well-being of their offspring is the plea advanced. There has been outcry against the seating of a Mormon representative in the national congress.

Thousands of men and women affixed their names to petitions asking that polygamy should be rebuked by the dismissal of Mr. Roberts. Some twenty odd years ago a Mormon sat in the house of representatives and nobody talked about turning him out, or not allowing him to come in. He was reported as having four wives, but they did not appear as a quartet at receptions and were not in sight from the galleries. He had credit for large information and legislative fitness. I can recall his face and figure still. What reason occurs to your mind that one should be tolerated and the other dismissed? I can find nothing that will explain, save that the women of the United States were indignant at Mormon debasement of women. The world is growing wiser—has been awakened to the real requirements of the marriage relation. Women have had the courage of conviction and demanded the disenthralment of women in Utah. Public opinion thundered in the dismissal of Representative Roberts. The case was made against plural wives—the women of this country won it. It was a revolt against the degradation of plural wives. The future of their children was not the question, because Mormons claim there are no illegitimates in Utah—no need for foundling hospitals.

Every child can claim its father and inherit his estate. It may bear its father's name and the woman does not hide in shame while the man walks abroad and marries a respectable girl afterward, leaving her to bear the burden.

It was a question pertaining solely to motherhood and the United States congress declared wives were no longer to be classed as concubines nor slaves in a harem. She must stand erect with equal dignity and respect, by the father of her child. The discussion may still range about the size of her brain, the amount of her pay in wage-earning, the scope of her sphere, and her liberty to vote, but the question of plural wives and harems in families has been stamped upon by the national legislature.

"This Utah business calls to mind the error that prevailed for centuries in regard to the status of mothers and the relative position of women to mankind generally.

"I have been ashamed to know that women were selected in foreign countries for breeding purposes. Queens have been picked or rejected according to their ability to give birth to heirs to the crown. Napoleon's downfall begun with his putting away of Josephine for purposes of selfish ambition. The woman was recognized only as a means to the end. She was expected and exhorted to sink self out of sight when her owner commanded her maternity, as he would the castle they lived in or the money he wasted in war and debauchery. The women were looked upon as goods and chattels, to be used or abused at pleasure, without regard to the results in children.

"How much of the wrong, the injustice, crime, misery, deformity and defects of the human race have been the outcome of the mother in serfdom or in subject condition with the debasement of one sex to the demands of the other; we can never know, but we do bear witness to the evil traits, tendencies, defects and deformities which have been coming down the stream of time, which can be understood in that way and possibly in no other. We do know that our great men, within our knowledge, were not by a great majority the output of wealth or luxury or learning, but nine cases out of ten the children of strong, independent, well-balanced mothers in America.

"Christianity, the great elevator of the woman-status, has struggled for 2,000 years against this aforesaid subjection of the mother, when all readers of our Lord's gospels must understand the honor and respect the Christ uniformly gave to the sex. Never a word against the woman, always tenderness, pity and respect, from the love he bore his own mother, to pity for the poor tempted one to whom he said, "Go, and sin no more!"

"In view of this long subjection, perhaps the question of heredity may seem clearer to your minds.

"Pre-natal influences are powerful, potentially vivid. Some times they are so strong as to photograph themselves on the unborn infant. The mother's susceptibility to appetite, to fright, to passion, has been pictured in this way without a doubt. Common sense and medical science would indicate the necessity

for giving the mother a living chance to imprint the beauties and protect her from the accidents, the mishaps of human life. When such photogravure is so complete who can dispute for an instant the opportunity to print upon mind and heart the likes and dislikes of its mind and heart the likes and dislikes of its matrix, when the mother possesses the race-endowing function, evidenced in life-giving existence?

“In modern parlance the mother is called the child’s first teacher. She holds even a much nearer and more exalted relation to her child. When she can and does sometimes, photograph her own peculiar thoughts and appetites, written in such plain lines that she reads without hesitation, then I say she is more than instructor. If this woman shall have been so maltreated, tormented and bullied that her child reflects the mind and temper that possessed her, at a crisis in its pre-natal existence, where will responsibility rest or wrong-doing be punished? If this great army of defectives carries not only the mark of its defective birth but the mark which Cain declared was heavier than he could bear? Is not this subject one of such importance that no parent can afford to ignore it? ‘Murder of the innocents’ might be the title over which the artist could portray his impression of the awful crime and of modern Herods, against the unborn child, and which in turn the doomed man should necessarily hand down to his successors. Again I ask, is not the curse that follows to the third and fourth generation an inherited curse? Where would we find strength to bear this burden as parents except for God’s promise to show mercy unto thousands who love and keep his commandments?

“A little reflection and study brings to view more and more of the influences of heredity and environment. Children in early youth begin to show their peculiarities and predilections.

“The example of parents is the primitive line of instruction. They incline to the same food, the same attitudes, the same tricks in speech, tones of voice; they begin to walk in their elder’s steps as soon as they balance themselves for walking at all. They intend to do everything they see their parents do, as nearly as inexperience can follow experts. Their imitations are exceedingly comical. This is true in mind and manners also. A child that hears no vulgar words in the home will be shocked when it encounters vulgarity outside. An incautious father who utters oaths before his little children may expect to hear baby versions of what is to them a very smart speech. The silly mother who repeats gossip before her child would be surprised to hear the glib assertions in the school room and play grounds. These young ones go poll-parrotting for two reasons, namely: They believe all they hear at home—youthful faith is strong until deceived—and inherit the tendency to talk more than is good for them. They catch at good things with the same readiness. A father who impresses honest dealings with others upon his boy’s mind, his son is not going to forget it. He will remember it when his father is cold in his coffin. His good name will be treasured, and maybe,

it will be all the dead man could bequeath to the survivor. No matter where that boy goes or where he dies, he will remember his father's good name with satisfaction. It is better than riches, truly, because the riches can take wings and fly away, but that pleasing memory will be sweet in poverty and death.

"But when a child has no pleasure, either in the example or counsel of its parents, it is in stormy waters, without chart or compass. Heaven pity the poor mariner with whirlpools all about him! Save the poor girl who floats with the tide of folly and imprudence and is lost in the breakers!

"The older I grow, the more I see of the dangers that imperil human existence—the more fearful parental responsibility appears to me. My ignorance even now appals me, when I discover that I, too, rushed in where angels would fear to tread. Marriages are so hastily contracted. The parties can know nothing of the real character, temper, habits or whims of each other in the heyday of courtship. The seamy sides of matrimony are reserved for later periods. Then it is too late to rectify fatal mistakes. Divorces leave scars, and where children are involved the bleeding wounds are left open. I could not say that a woman should not have protection and peace if there were children involved, because her own life is given to her with its individual responsibilities and she is accountable for her disposition of it, but I do say, the children of a divided household are always sufferers, because as before said, every child needs the best efforts of both parents in unity for its well-being. And a son born of a mother who has been bullied, maltreated and cowed into submission will become like his father, or, he will turn upon the author of his being with indignant dislike, as soon as the facts are made known to him.

"There is nothing in life so absolutely candid in its observations and declarations as a young child with average intelligence, when it begins to take the measure of people about it. The mind is as soft as clay, to receive—as hard as marble to remove. Time nor stress of weather will efface early impressions. It is the general oversight or misconception of parental influence before and after birth which has kept the world so full of sin and misery since creation. We can never hope to have a perfect physical or moral race until the conditions of reproduction warrant it. Immorality is moral decay. Uncleanliness is perpetuated. How many families do you know which, after twenty-five years, can present a clean bill of health, without inherited disease, insanity, deformity, drunkenness, immorality or crime? The proper training of children has been much discussed. No word truly meant or spoken ever fell on barren soil, but the beginning was omitted. We start in the middle, when we omit the foundation of the building. We act as if everything can begin in haphazards, provided we can prune the scions about the main tree. I tell you the preparation for the child will go a long way toward a successful after training. It is astonishing how much time is given to other subjects, while so little is said of the responsibility of

assuming parental duties. This race-endowing function of motherhood—with its life-giving existence, is the greatest mystery, and at the same time the grandest work committed to humankind. We may never know how life produces life, in nature or in animals; nevertheless we witness the miracle in every reproduction of its kind wherever seen. The Almighty Father selected the woman as the custodian of the child in the most critical period of its existence. After all these thousands of years the woman still loves her baby, works for it and does her best for it under difficulties. When I hear silly people prating about superiority in sex I call to mind this trust and confidence. The Lord was willing to trust the mother. He knew her loyalty to the maternal instinct. There is another fact worthy of mention: No stream rises higher than its source. Your mother gave you capacity to understand and appropriate. Education and opportunity may make you more learned, but she gave you that capacity. Whatever you are she could have been under the same influences. 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble,' but if you had not been molded—fashioned into shape by your mother, you would still be floating about a molecule in the vastness of eternity. It ill becometh the creature to think little of its creator. She gave you all she had to give. You could not have what she had not to bestow. I have looked at a ton of coal and a little diamond. Both have value, both are carbon; but it does provoke a smile to hear the ton of coal boast of its size and strength as evidence of its greater worth, usefulness, elevation or superiority.

"Your mother would have made you perfect if conditions had warranted it. Like the mother of Zebedee's children, she is bold enough to ask for thrones for her offspring. You would all be rulers, presidents, even earthly archangels, if she reached the limit of her desire.

"But she did as much for your sister. The accident of sex, with the same parents, never lifted one to honor or lowered the other to dishonor. The Ganges river was used in old time to drown girl children. It would be a good place to carry worthless creatures to at this time—if this plea of superiority held good—in the eyes of eternal justice. No honorable father ever looked in his daughter's face and thought her inferior in anything that constituted excellence and high character. There is distinction, there is difference, but the law says a girl must have equal share in the estate of her father. There is difference between a carload of coal and in the sparkling gem on your finger. There is strength in a bar of steel and in a watch spring—both made of iron. There is beauty in the giant oak and there is beauty in the vine that encircles it; both grow in the same soil—had the same origin.

"For the mother to do her duty she must be instructed. Ignorance is discounted, as it should be everywhere. She should understand, at least some of these duties and responsibilities before marriage. Young women, like young birds, are crowded out of the old nest sometimes; sometimes they dislike old maid-

enism; again they want an establishment; they are ambitious like their brothers; very frequently they entertain visionary ideas about being worshipped as goddesses; they eschew common things and propose to be happy forever on syllabub and rose leaves in their new alliance. They actually know less about the care of infants and the duties pertaining to motherhood than anything else under the shining sun. If the young mother has common sense she will learn, but through the hardest. If she is hysterically silly, she will remain so and a burden to herself and everybody else. And she is to be pitied as well as scolded. It speaks loudly for either the indifference or cowardice of modern mothers when the girl leaves the home roof before her own mother has discharged her duty to this child, whose happiness is, or should be, as dear to her as her own life. How can she—pure and guileless girl—know unless she has a teacher who can speak with the tenderness of whispering angels and the firmness of a judge on the bench as to her inevitable future? What instructor so capable as her own mother? That innocent, ignorant child deserves plain-featured advice in this crisis of her life and every consideration as to health, responsibility and the probable burdens of motherhood should be carefully presented, not only for the daughter's sake, but for those to come after her.

“How many poor young birds flutter in glee out of the home nest, only to fall on the ground and die! Boys, equally with girls, should be advised by loving parents before they enter upon the high and holy estate of matrimony. If a young man is sensible he will appreciate it, and if he is not, then the mother will have delivered the whole counsel of a parent in the sight of God and in view of the issues involved. As a rule the romance has been allowed to obscure the realities. The disagreeables have concealed themselves under the sensibilities, highly overwrought.

“The marriage relation is generally viewed from an exclusively selfish standpoint, hence so many failures and disappointments. Better a thousand times be very lonely in single blessedness than to be very unhappy in married misery. The happiest woman in the world, in my opinion, is the wife of a true, good man, who sympathizes with her, cherishes her, loves and protects her. Together they can raise their offspring in unity of purpose and with an eye single to their real progress and prosperity here and hereafter. A cottage would be a palace of content. Neither poverty nor riches would affect their abiding trust in each other, the only sound basis of their respect and affection. But it is a thousand times better not to marry at all rather than live in a hailstorm of discontent or blighting frost of mutual dislike and antipathy. Under such conditions no parent is qualified to do the proper thing either to themselves or their children. Food, raiment, money, opportunity may be there in lavish abundance, but that household has broken or lost its mainspring, like a good-looking watch that won't keep the time. With genuine affection authority would be its insignia of love and respect. Obedience would be the perfect type

of loyalty. But in a household where discord prevails unrest settles down like a cloud on young and old.

“The records in New York city in the year 1897 showed 13,000 divorce cases for that year alone. These unhappy families were exploited in the divorce court and their cases adjudged. This did not include the thousands who didn't go there, who made no outcry for appearance's sake, perhaps for the sake of children, nor did it include high-life divorces, where rapid exchange of partners was carried on. Cruel treatment and drunkenness was the plea in the most of cases. Infidelity to the marriage relation, desertion and refusal to support came in frequently. Think of the havoc that prevailed! “Impure as a drunkard's blood” is a medical axiom of long standing. Children inherit other blood impurities, such as cancer, scrofula, goitre, consumption—why not drunkenness? We are very strict in quarantining against infectious diseases. A man who walked down the street, broken out with smallpox, would have a brief exercise before he was taken up. Yet many cases are reported where other infectious diseases have been carried into the homes of clean, pure-hearted women, and sadder still into the life-blood of her own dear innocent children, where she had no protection for herself and scant relief to them. Like the frogs in Egypt, these evils go up into fine houses sometimes, as well as down into hovels. I tell you the greatest problem that confronts the human race is not its food, clothing, transportation, commerce, sound money or tariff. It is the protection of motherhood, the foundation, the basic stone in the welfare and happiness of nations. We cannot have a truly prosperous people or nation until the conditions of reproduction warrant it. The man himself is manifestly of greater value than all the things he needs for sustenance or pleasure. To this neglect of motherhood, the great force, the only human force this side of heaven, with gifts for life-bestowing existence, we can ascribe ten thousand ills and failures, and who can measure the losses, the disappointments, the defeats and disasters that have occurred from the neglect and oversight? The greatest burden upon our civil government is the protection of innocent, honest, law-abiding people, from the guilty, dishonest and lawless. The expenses of courts, juries, prisons, etc., are a terrible burden upon the taxpayers. Add to these expenses the hospitals, asylums, sanitariums for defective classes, and you can appreciate these results, arising from unhappy conditions of reproduction in human life. How many criminals were insane when a crime or felony was committed—who can tell? With the delicate structure of the human brain acted upon by impulses perhaps inoculated before birth, who can tell when and where insanity lay dormant until struck by passion?

“When medical philosophy assures us that a single glass of intoxicating liquor will increase blood circulation until the pulsations are rapid and abnormal as in fever, what can be expected of a brain that is surcharged and violently inflamed? When overloaded digestive organs have been known to produce sudden death because of the defective physical structure

and condition of the victim, who will dispute the excessive susceptibility of the human brain to disease and attack?

“After the system has been exposed by inherited disease and dissipation, and both brain and stomach are in inflamed condition, how easy, how rapid, how fatal are accidents to the delicate machinery of the human brain? I notice the plea of insanity is almost the universal plea in defense of a murderer. Who dares to say it was not a proper plea? When you recollect under what conditions the great majority of human beings find their way into existence, why not insanity? I take it that reputable attorneys would not urge what they know to be a sham or fraud. I know there are brazen instances of what seem to be premeditated, spite, hate, all things revengeful and diabolic. Who knows, save Omniscience?

“The child and its life reminds me of a fort built with defenses on one side and no barricades on the other. In front there are churches, schools, courts, training and example. On the other side, the unprotected side, there are the bad tempers of its ancestry, diseased blood, proneness to evil, weakness in concealed vital parts and the intricate brain machinery liable to accident in a thousand ways.

“The enemy does not usually train his guns on the protected side. He has only to throw a bomb, or light a fuse, or touch a concealed but live wire and the unexpected explosion occurs. Sometimes a tap on the head upsets the whole man in his mind. Then again, through his appetite, perhaps an inherited craving for strong drink or opium, the train having been laid years and years before he was born: the match can be struck which opens to the fire-fiend the least defensive point in the poor victim's life. The mother, herself the heir of ancestral entailments, is tortured to witness the ruin as the forces of evil fling themselves en masse upon the character and happiness of her offspring. Parental love is the only enduring thing in the dismantled fort. It will go anywhere that poor child goes. By God's grace we discover in the records of eternity that God's love for fallen man and woman's love for her child have kept the race from eternal ruin. Who knows how the guilty man or woman reached this place of exposed depravity? This subject is of vital importance to us all. We know not what a day may bring forth to show the exceeding instability of any process of reasoning based upon the hidden things that hereditary transmission may develop. It is important in every light that can be thrown on by the citizen, the philanthropist, the patriot, the legislator, the Christian or the parent. When people can be induced to think a great step forward has been gained.

“Arrest of thought is necessary to begin any reform. It has been said there is no salvation without suffering. Surely there have been such heavy burdens borne by the loving mothers of the great human race as to merit attention to the necessity for better general conditions in the great responsibilities of motherhood.

“Kipling has recently given evidence at once of the goodness of his heart and the quality of his genius by writing a poem which will be sold in behalf of the fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in South Africa. It is an appeal in the style of the “Barrack Room Ballads” for the women and children “Tommy Atkins” has left behind. The last stanza reads:

“Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him what he’d very much prefer,
That while he saved the empire his employer saved his place,
And his mate, that you and me looked out for her.
He’s an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him
That we sent ’em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul,
So we’ll help the homes our Tommy’s left behind him.

Each stanza has a separate refrain, of which the following is a sample:

Cook’s son, Duke’s son, son of a belted Earl.
Son of a Lambeth publican, it’s all the same today,
Each of ’em doing his country’s work, and who’s to look
after the girl?
Pass the hat for your credit’s sake and pay, pay, pay.

Let me paraphrase Kipling in a few words:

Let us act so as later we can look the mother in the face,
And tell her what she would much prefer.
While statesmen saved the state, mothers saved their child;
And her home, that you and me looked out for her.
Men are absent-minded fathers—they might forget it all.
She does not want her children to remind him
That he sent them down to ruin, while the mother prayed for
all:
So we’ll help the mother raise the kids he left behind him.

“The statement may sound radical, strong, but I am going to say that no child should come into this hard world to suffer unless it has a decent home to be born into, with clean blood in its little veins. I do not charge my Heavenly Father with a desire or willingness to punish the innocent.

“Eternal justice can never stand as the author of evil. The unborn infant which is to come here without its own consent has a vested right to a living chance and if its parents gave it only its physical being it should still have a living chance, or it should not come here at all. If parents are so obtuse, so indifferent, so criminally negligent to this great trust, then they should have a guardian, and be declared unfit to attend to the business. There are some restrictions in matrimony, but less than in any known public business on this earth. There is in-

hibition in some places as to kinship, but it is not strict enough, because the effete monarchies of Europe will demonstrate the impotency of mating among near relations. Having placed some restrictions others should follow without serious difficulty. Every man who handles public money must give a bond. I don't care how good or honest he may be, he has to give security in a shape of collaterals, or some men worth the bond must stand for him, or he can't hold the position. I am not prepared to offer to you the size of the bond or the number of security signers that should go with a marriage certificate, but I am sure there should be enough to make it binding. I cannot measure the value of human life in cold cash. I cannot weigh domestic happiness by the pound or in English sovereigns, but I say there should go with a marriage license a bond for proper performance of its obligations. I like that old English style of publishing the banns. There cannot be too much advertisement of the intention when bigamy and seduction prevail in the land. A health certificate should have been required a hundred years ago. Any man or woman who had genuine affection for a life time marriage tie would not object to a health certificate where so much is involved.

"I expect I have seen the marriage ceremony performed a hundred times, most of them in our home. All sorts of people rush into matrimony. Any man or even youth who can beg or borrow one dollar and sixty cents—ten cents for revenue—can marry if he will. The ordinary who issues the license is only concerned that the age of the parties will escape punishment, and the permit is issued.

"Certainly, the high and holy estate of matrimony should have as many safeguards as an insurance policy, or as public moneys, or transfer in real estate. The recording of the marriage certificate is the only protection to name or property that the children of this marriage are given. That amounts to nothing when a worthless father forsakes them in penury, or a degraded mother throws them into the home of the friendless. It fatigues the indignation to see the indifference of public opinion to the heavy burdens that go with a population, swelled to mammoth size, by allowing all sorts and conditions of people to spawn these misplaced children upon tax-ridden communities.

"No man will purchase real estate without examining the title away back to make sure he can hold it. He will not hand over a check for the purchase money until the deed is in reach of his hand. But children are mated every day to absolute strangers and inquiries concerning character or habits wouldn't amount to a row of pins, in the absence of proper and binding security. A man can get up a petition on any subject and signed by anybody. I heard of a joker once who carried a paper incriminating the signer, who put his name down without reading it. But when a bond has to be made with money value, I tell you there will be care and investigation. In eastern countries where cattle and flocks were considered purchase money, for either bride or groom—the sheep bleated and the cows bel-

lowed in the new owner's home before the marriage feast was eaten.

"But our present civilization permits two children sometimes, who know no more about raising a family than the loose straws in a last year's bird's nest, to enter into marriage, and if it were not for the kind Providence that watches over the sparrow's nest in a mountain pine, these poor birds would perish in the first untimely frost. We apply improved methods to everything under the heavens, save protection to motherhood and security for the offspring. Inexperience rushes in blindly, where present and eternal happiness is imperiled. Sadder than all the results of unfitness are handed down from generation to generation. Cattle breeders take no risk. It must be the best or none. Fruit men will go a thousand miles for grafts that are well guaranteed. Yet the diseased, the deformed are given a license to marry and families are increased with absolute disregard for the rights of the unborn generations. We make furious outcry against importation of the slum denizens of foreign countries, without raising a hand to stop the rapid increase of defective classes already here. 'Saving at the spigot, flowing at the bung,' would parallel such a fatuous policy. Because motherhood bears the very unequal burden, I bring these things to your notice. The lifetime nature of the marriage relation is the plea I offer—the future of our children is the menacing danger, the children that come after them, is the reward or the punishment, which will come from either good or bad laws. Woman's responsibility to her Creator, to herself, to her children, will in coming years make her apply her forces to reform as has been before exemplified. It is a crying shame that a little 10-year-old girl in Georgia is deemed qualified to protect a woman's dearest possession from rapine and seduction. From my point of view maternity would rank higher than anything in creation below our eternal salvation. The best efforts in legislation, the greatest expenditure in philanthropy, the most abounding patience and charity in religion and social economy could find ample scope in the greatest work known to human kind.

"The mother's work comes next to the divine. She needs heights and depths of love and purity to qualify her for a proper preparation, and to sustain her proper energies. Her child is a part of her own life. She gives it a place in the world. If she is a slave her child is a slave. The child is lifted up or lowered down by the home it is born into. It shares with her, receives from her, inherits from her. Oh! mother, the very breath which the Lord God breathed from His own mouth into the first created being when Adam became a living soul! The Lord Almighty placed the burden of maternity upon the woman, He laid the burden of example and support upon the man. What did He say of His servant Abraham? "I know he will command his household after him to do justice and judgment." What did He say of the high priest Eli? 'His sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not.' Eli's wife was not blamed, poor soul!

“This burden of child-bearing is one the angels might desire to look into; this burden of example is woefully neglected in the training, raising and uplifting of the race.

“Oh, what wrongs are inflicted on some misguided young mothers! How heavy her burden when she is left stranded and her betrayer goes abroad with liberty to wreck another woman’s life!

“An aged statesman, now deceased, once advocated the code duello in my presence. He said there were some wrongs that the law could not remedy, some wounds money could not heal. ‘If I had a young daughter,’ said he, ‘and her betrayer left her in shame and humiliation, I could not live on the planet with him. He would have to go or I would know the reason why. I could not shoot him down, like an assassin from behind. I could not go to the court house for a money value on her wrecked life. I would meet him, let him understand what he had to answer for, in open day.’

“Betrayal is like death, past helping. What should be the punishment, when a poor girl is deceived into a sham marriage, and everything she holds dear in life has been worse than wasted on a villain! And what is there left in life for man or woman who has an unfaithful life partner?

“These matters are discussed every day. They fill the daily newspapers, the court records. Alas! there are daily reasons for such discussion! Church and state are constantly concerned in the making of better men and women. We have exhausted the punishment side of the question. The preventive side has not been explored to the root of the evil. Turn in the light on the degraded homes, protect the mother from cruelty and abuse, rescue the children from vice and debauchery, guard the marriage permits as you guard public moneys, and when a moral question comes before you, take the side that leans to the security of mother and child, because human life begins there.

“It has been said that the German emperor always feels aggrieved against his mother, the Empress Frederick because he came into life with a withered arm. He was a defective creation; he resents it; he charges it up to his mother, as is reported. Shall mothers bear the burdens of all the defective persons, all the criminals, all the vice, all the unhappiness?

“May God help us to help ourselves and each other!

“In closing I desire to express my pleasure in the prospect of a reformatory for juvenile offenders—here in Fulton county. Pardon a little personal experience. Nearly twenty years ago I discovered there was in Fulton county records, the history of a little fifteen-year-old colored girl, who had been convicted in the superior court of theft and sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary chain gangs. She was prosecuted by a negro woman, the only witness a nine-year-old colored girl. She was accused and convicted of snatching fifty cents from the younger girl, who carried home some washing and was paid a half dollar for her mother.

“That girl lay in jail months waiting trial. She was sent to the chaingang and fastened to the general chain every night along with hardened criminals—veterans in crime. An ex-justice of the supreme court gave me facts upon facts to show why a reformatory was needed. I did my little best, and the newspapers had a monkey and parrot time of it in beating me down. I found there was but one organized body of women in Georgia, except foreign missionary societies, in the respective churches. I went to Macon, joined the Woman’s Christian Temperance union at its state convention and made my debut as a public speaker, in behalf of this reformatory idea or policy. My heart went pit-a-pat. I was scared and tearful. Rev. W. H. Potter, then editing the Wesleyan Advocate, exhorted for me—he of blessed memory! My resolution went through, and the next winter the memorial was presented to our law-makers. There were said to be at this time 137 youths in the chaingangs under sixteen years of age. There were nearly half a hundred negro women and girls in the same place. These women were represented as crime centers, the vilest of the vile. I plead with all my strength for their removal. When an avalanche of protest was hurled against the reformatory movement, I’d shake off the debris and rise again to the rescue. I had only a little pick and shovel to meet the ice gorge of apathy and organized opposition. When I felt as if I could not stand any longer, the memory of that poor forsaken colored girl would come over me. She was in degradation so vile that a woman’s soul was horrified to think of it. I thought the sentence, so disproportioned to the offense that I could not forget it. How much kinder it would have been to have shot her before she donned the stripes. What was she when she was released—if death did not relieve her? It was seed thrown on the waters. I was glad to see the Recorder come to your assistance. The pulpit waked up and thundered. God speed the movement to a successful finish.

“Once upon a time an ignorant British sailor had an ear sliced off by a tyrannical naval officer—dressed in a little brief authority. That missing ear waked up the British nation to reforms in the navy, that scores of petitions failed to put in motion. My poor little colored girl did not move the recorder and the ministers I know, but some other child did do it, and I look for a realization of the hope that has been a lively one with me for twenty years and more. No state, county or town can afford to do without a reformatory. Juvenile offenders should not be herded with veterans in crime. Women should not be confined with other convicts. In the very nature of things they will find lower deeps in vice, if lower deeps can be found. Heaven speed the day when justice can shake hands with humanity and point to reformatory influences along with punishment. No sovereign state can in justice delegate either the reforms or the punishment to other and private persons. The criminal laws should have due regard to moral laws. May God incline our Christian men to investigate!

“Oh, ladies, when you remember the thousands of juvenile convicts who have been for so long time in Georgia, familiarized

with punishment, and removed from the influences that go to improvement of mind and heart and conscience can we wonder that the courts are always busy—the jails full, the asylum full, crowded, packed and yet the cry is abroad in the land, ‘No money to build reformatories?’

“In view of the influences which have moulded the lives and hearts of these erring and unfortunate beings, the malformation of human kind in mind, body and inheritance, which has been transmitted from generation to generation, how needful to put aside the trivial happenings of a day all minor duties and responsibilities and begin a rescue movement at once? What patience, charity, brotherly kindness, benevolence and tender pity should attend the efforts? ‘Do not for one repulse forego your purpose that you resolved to effect,’ says Shakespeare. I wish you great success with your reformatory movement—then I trust your example will be followed in every county in the state. Thanking you for this patient hearing, and grateful for the kind attention which moved you to call me to your aid, I leave my subject to your earnest consideration.’”

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE CLAIM AND MY CONNECTION WITH ITS EXPOSURE.

After long experience with politics and politicians, I am convinced that it is prudent (if not palatable) to make a clear statement of all matters in which you have been involved and to protect one’s self thereby, from malign influences after you are dead, when you are not able to present the facts (because death has intervened and thereby hindered a proper defense of name and motives, and when there is perhaps nobody to speak for you) for yourself.

In the progress of this claim, presented to the U. S. Congress, for damages inflicted on the Methodist publishing plant in Nashville, Tenn., by Federal occupation (and abuse of their military authority), I had been familiar with the subject, all the time, during the war, and after the war, particularly during the 44th, 45th and 46th Congresses, while Dr. Felton was member from the 7th Congressional District. In fact I was petitioned by one high in Methodist authority to champion the claim, as sectional animosity was great

at that period, and it was believed that I might persuade where others had failed, to get a satisfactory hearing. I declined to attempt it, because my husband had made a worthy record against lobby work, before Congress and state legislatures, and my motives might have been misjudged in the endeavor to aid the M. E. Church South in its continuous effort to recover the claim, with the large amount of money involved. I mention this to show that I was not ignorant of prevailing conditions, in regard to this matter but fully aware of the methods used by lobbyists in Washington city, and their quality and quantity, and my belief that those who were found trying to persuade senators and representatives to vote for claims where money was involved took considerable risks, as to reputation and motives, in so doing.

In the beginning of the year 1898 this claim matter appeared in the Congressional Record which I read diligently. I understood that Mr. Stahlman, as promoter, was on the ground and I had some knowledge of the gentleman, when he was pushing a claim for "betterments" on the state road, and when the legislature of Georgia was getting ready to again release the W. & A. R. R. and my suspicions were then aroused, as to his peculiar motives and purposes.

Mr. T. B. Felder had published a statement in Atlanta papers of Mr. Stahlman's activity in securing votes for a certain member of Congress from Georgia, and I had felt convinced at that time that Mr. E. B. Stahlman had abiding interest in another member of Congress, nearer my home. The signs of the times were ominous; and I was more than ready to believe that he had some mammoth scheme on foot in Washington city and was at hand to make his Georgia members vote for it in Congress. So I determined to keep an eye open on Mr. Stahlman and the men that he used in Georgia for the interests of certain railroads, and his various schemes before Congress. Perhaps this explanation will be ample to explain my abiding interest in Mr. E. B. Stahlman and the two Georgia Congressmen who were his most obedient, whenever called upon.

On July 19, 1895, a lobby contract was entered into between Barbee and Smith, book agents in Nashville, Tenn., and E. B. Stahlman, to collect the aforesaid Methodist Publishing House Claim, and they agreed to pay him 35 per cent of whatever amount he could get out of Congress.

The parties also agreed to keep the contract a secret. On March 7th, 1898, Barbee and Smith, in a telegram to Senator Pasco, of Florida, said that the "statement that Stahlman was to get 40 per cent was untrue and you are hereby authorized to deny it." Pasco had written them that a "slandorous report" was prevailing that Stahlman was to get as much as 40 per cent and thus they replied.

So far as known this indirect falsehood was the start of the disreputable lying that later prevailed before the Senate of the United States.

On March 7, 1898, Senator Bate of Tennessee wired Barbee and Smith that if Stahlman was to get 40 per cent or any other fee it would endanger the passage of the bill in the Senate. Barbee and Smith wired: "The statement is untrue and you are hereby authorized to deny it." Twenty days afterward the bill became a law, and eight days later they paid Stahlman the thirty-five per cent, amounting to one hundred thousand and eight hundred dollars, out of money paid by check on treasury of the United States.

The agents of a great church, in a matter affecting the whole church, sent deceptive messages, which did deceive senators when the claim was acted upon. The messages were designed to deceive and were manifestly untrue. Nevertheless the book agents and the book committee were the persons who deceived the senate and accepted the claim money, and these facts and the lying telegrams were published afterwards in the Senate proceedings, and were all laid before the Baltimore General Conference which began its sittings on May 1st, 1898. The book agents made their report to the conference and the book committee made its report to the conference and Barbee and Smith were re-elected as satisfactory book agents. We had no information in Georgia as to how and why the Gen-

eral Conference covered up the Stahlman matter, and the delegates consumed nearly a month in official deliberations.

About the time that the delegates began to scatter to their various homes, I was a fellow traveler on the W. & A. R. R. with Rev. Joe Jones, elder brother of Rev. Sam P. Jones. The latter was a delegate to General Conference from the church in Cartersville, to which I had belonged for nearly half a century. Rev. Joe Jones had been a school pupil of mine, also Rev. Sam P. Jones, in the strenuous days, immediately succeeding the war. As we chatted together on the train, Joe gave me to understand that the General Conference had done a dirty piece of business accepting the publishing house claim money, paying more than a third of the money to the lobbyist, E. B. Stahlman, after the book agents had lied about giving any fee to anybody, etc.

As soon as I could get to my writing desk I wrote to a Tennessee editor, and asked for information, and had a prompt reply. The letter was dated May 24, 1898. "We cannot get an airing on this matter in the secular press here, unless it is first started elsewhere. In interest of common decency and honesty I suggest that you write up the matter and put it in Atlanta Journal in your own way and that will open the ball."

On May 26, 1898, I had the following from Mr. Cahiness of Atlanta Journal. "Your letter received and will appear in the Journal. I return the enclosure as suggested. The matter is even worse than I thought it was, and smacks so perfectly of the worldly lobbyist, that I do not see how the church can come out of it with any credit."

Some one in Atlanta, Ga., sent a dispatch to Washington (City) Post on May 27 that "Mrs. W. H. Felton, wife of ex-Congressman Felton, and one of the leaders of state W. C. T. U., had declared that a large amount of the claim money had been paid to a lobbyist, and that Barbee and Smith had sent a telegram to Senator Bate, of Tennessee, that no claim agent was to receive anything from the amount."

My article to Atlanta Journal was written May 25, and promptly appeared in that paper, with a large heading and the following preface: "Mrs. Felton protests. She has written a card to the Journal in which she sharply criticizes the church authority for the methods used in securing the war claim. Mrs. Felton charges the preachers with using the arts and tricks of lobbyists to rob the taxpayers. Dr. Lovejoy is a member of the book committee of the conference. An effort was made to see Dr. Lovejoy and procure from him a statement, but it was stated he had not yet returned from Baltimore. Mrs. Felton's letter is given in full in another column."

I now append the letter:

"MRS. FELTON SAYS THE CHURCH PAID ENORMOUS LOBBY FEES.

"She Charges That Over \$100,000 of the Fund Voted for Congress Went to Claim Agents—A Sensational Card.

"To the Editor of The Journal:

"On March 8, 1898, the bill appropriating \$288,000 as a war claim demanded by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, passed the senate.

"While the debate was in progress Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, asked if a large sum was not to be paid out of this claim, if passed, to attorneys.

"Senator Bate, of Tennessee, arose with a telegram in his hand, received from Messrs. Barbee & Smith, book agents, who brought the claim before congress, as the representatives of the church. Senator Bate said: 'On Saturday last, when I heard the report that claim agents would get a large proportion of that money, I sat down and wrote Messrs. Barbee & Smith. I wished to have in my possession a statement from them which I could use, either in private or on the floor of the senate, if necessary, and yesterday morning I got this reply: 'Letter of 5th received. The statement is untrue, and you are hereby authorized to deny it.'

"Messrs. Barbee & Smith are full-grown and 21. They told the truth or they told a falsehood. But delegates went to the General conference bent on finding out what was done by Barbee & Smith, and I am reliably informed that the book agents' report to the General conference admits the payment of one hundred thousand and eight hundred dollars (\$100,800) to the

attorney, or lobbyist, or claim agent, who according to previous contract, was to get 35 per cent of what was obtained from the government. The General conference has adjourned and the salaries of Messrs. Barbee & Smith have been raised from \$2,500 to \$3,000.

“No debate concerning this matter was reported in Georgia papers during the session of congress. If any objection was made, inquiry instituted or reproof given there was no mention of it.

“I said nothing during the Livingston-Felder campaign, when this lobby work was en tapis. I had no concern as to whether Congressman Livingston helped the claim agent or the claim agent helped him. I didn't care a stiver whether Messrs. Barbee & Smith got down to lobby levels or not—and I confess I was not surprised to find some of our Methodists in authority in such close pursuit of the dollars, at all times and in all places. But when the General conference met and adjourned and approved the payment of 35 per cent of that war claim to claim agents after that telegram of denial was recorded in the United States senate, I felt the time had come for one humble Methodist to wash her hands and shake her skirts clear of that nefarious proceeding, as officially recorded in the United States senate.

“The claim agent's profits are his legitimate property and custom gives him all he can make if he can find people willing to employ him, but I do not forget that the present constitution of the state of Georgia makes lobbying a crime before the courts, punishable with fine and imprisonment.

“I think the time has come for the Georgia Methodists to rise up and ask the legislature to repeal that statute, or otherwise ask the United States government to receive again that war claim money obtained under false pretenses. It is bad enough for politicians to condone lobbying but it is a preposterous business for preachers to engage in, and they should be told of it, in very plain speech and with more direct action later.

“I have read very carefully the debate that took place on March 8, at the time when Messrs. Barbee & Smith exploited that telegram of positive denial. The Methodist church was put on her knees before congress, begging for money to keep her worn-out preachers and their widows out of the county poor-house. That beggar role was worked for all it was worth. And now when I find out that the claim agent was pumping up tears for that supposed class of our citizens, meanwhile holding a contract that he should get more than one dollar every time he pumped up three out of the strong box of the nation, I feel as if the great Southern Methodist church has been dragged through the mire and filth of humiliation and falsehood to very little purpose. I am ashamed that so much was done to humiliate, and I loathe the falsehood that made their success possible. I have no disposition to discuss the claim agent, nor do I care whether he got the pay out of the mission fund, the school book

fund or whether the 35 per cent was delivered at the very counter at which Messrs. Barbee & Smith cashed that check on the United States treasury for \$288,000.

“But I do care that I, in common with the rank and file of Southern Methodists, are now placed before the United States senate in the attitude of swindlers, because the avowal was decided and complete that no money would be paid to claim agents, attorneys or lobbyists for pushing that war claim on the present congress.

“That money which was paid afterwards to claim agents should be refunded, in honest fairness. It will burn whatever it touches until restitution is made. The Lord Almighty does not do business after that fashion. He is not so poor as to need the contemptible trick of pleading poverty to enrich his preachers in any such style.

“I do not blame Messrs. Barbee & Smith for their official part in this matter. Doubtless they obeyed their superiors in office—however much I may condemn their individual weakness in doing evil that supposed profit might follow, but I do not hesitate to say that the General conference in failing to rectify the mistake of these persons has placed the entire responsibility upon the body itself. It is now their act. Their agents, Messrs. Barbee & Smith, have been protected, and the odium of that false telegram lies at the door of the only legislative organization of the Methodist church.

“Of course such people have nothing in common with temperance women. Of course they turn the back of their hands to evangelists.

“In the light of that telegram to Senator Bate, by which senators from forty-odd states were led astray from the facts and the truth, the controlling majority of that General conference was better pleased with lobbying than temperance women or revival sermons.

“It will be sometime before the stain of such a falsehood will be eradicated from the official pages of our church and our national reputation. The time to remedy the evil has surely passed, because that lying telegram has been assumed and condoned by the General conference at Baltimore. If protests were privately made, the edict prevailed—‘Division and silence.’

“I fancy that august body in session, with the odor of that Barbee-Smith telegram in their nostrils, with saintly attitude and pious ejaculations, as the claim agent raked in the 35 per cent! Alas! Alas!

“If those senators who heard Senator Bate read it, could have attended some of their discussions as to where the remainder could be placed, to make most noise, either in China or Nashville, they would have wondered where were the starving old preachers and agonized widows who figured before the senate after the fashion of Cuban half-breed reconcentrados when jingoism was in the political saddle some two months ago. What a spectacle for men and angels!

“And what a game for preachers to play at! Actually raiding the United States treasury by the arts and tricks of claim agents (the new name for lobbyists) to rob the tax payers!

“And Messrs. Barbee & Smith are to get \$500 each annually for being so sharp in politics! Thirty-five per cent to the claim agent—\$1,000 per annum to these sharpers in canonicals, \$50,000 for a similar book concern plant in China (and as much to some other schemes far and near) this war claim vanishes, like ‘butter before the sun’ and we have nothing left but that malodorous incident in the United States senate, where Methodist preachers added falsehood to trickery to get in reach of the money to be thus spent in ventures and experiments, like other tricksters and traders in politics. Alas for the honor and good name of the Methodist church!

“MRS. W. H. FELTON.

“Cartersville, May 25, 1898.”

Before this article was mailed to Atlanta Journal, I wrote a polite note to U. S. Senator H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, and told him of the facts which I had gathered, and very soon afterward I received a reply, thanking me, and Senator Lodge next day rose in the Senate and called for an investigation and the battle was on. The Washington Post printed a communication from me, as soon as I saw what a Methodist pastor of that city had said of my article in the Journal, and I reprint the same in this connection:

“METHODIST WAR CLAIMS.

“Mrs. W. H. Felton Wants a Full Investigation of the Matter.

“Editor Post: I find in Saturday’s Post a dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., in which my name is mentioned, accompanied by a card from Rev. Mr. Duffy, in denial of the statement that an immense sum was paid in lobby fees as soon as the United States government gave the Southern Methodist Church \$288,000 as a war claim. If Rev. Mr. Duffy had examined the report of the book agents—Messrs. Barbee and Smith—made to the late General Conference at Baltimore, he would have curbed his denial, and perhaps remained a wiser man in regard to his church affairs. In my opinion, there is no set of men in the United States who are so prompt to resent any supposed insult to its ministry as the Southern Methodist preachers, but I also believe there is no set of men under the shining sun who are so easily imposed upon by their brethren in the pulpit. I have been a Southern Methodist for over forty years, and I have had opportunity to know.

“That war claim was passed through the United States Senate after Senators were solemnly assured that not a dollar would be paid out in fees to attorneys or claim agents. Senator

Pasco and Senator Bate produced telegrams from Messrs. Barbee and Smith denying the report that any money would be paid out to any such person or persons. Zion's Outlook, a religious paper, printed in Nashville, in an editorial declares that the report of Messrs. Barbee and Smith to the General Conference shows that 35 per cent., or \$100,800, was paid to such a lobbyist, claim agent, or so-called attorney as soon as that claim was passed through Congress. A delegate from my section to the General Conference assures me that he personally examined that report, and that fact is disclosed, namely, that Messrs. Barbee and Smith did report such a payment to the conference and the book committee of the conference admitted they had advised payment to its claim agent before Congress. Now, with all deference to Mr. Duffy, I think the United States Senate should be informed of the truth or falsehood of such declarations.

“For the honor of the Southern Methodist Church, I would be glad to know that the truth had been uttered on the floor of the Senate when Messrs. Bate, Pasco, and Morgan gave such solemn assurances that not a dollar would be paid to lobbyists or any other sort of an agent in this matter. Lobbying has been the curse of legislation, both State and national, in these latter days, and while it is difficult to find the guilty parties those who contract with lobbyists, as well as the lobbyists themselves, there should be no difficulty in getting at the truth of this matter from the preachers of the Southern Methodist Church. Goodby to religion or pulpit influence when ministers get down to lobby levels, and especially when they can send telegrams containing incorrect assertions to such a body as the United States Senate, such as were sent to Senators Bate and Pasco.

“If Messrs. Barbee and Smith, the book agents of the church, sent a misleading telegram to either Senator Bate or Senator Pasco, those Senators owe it to themselves and the dignity of the Senate to find out the facts as here indicated, and relieve themselves from odium by exposing those who used them for such an infamous purpose, and for obtaining money from the government under false pretenses.

“As an humble Georgia Methodist, I wash my hands of this transaction, as one of the membership, and I enter my protest against keeping that money thus obtained. Politics are confessed to be a dirty business in the main, but preachers and preaching should either be cleaner in men and methods or the world should be relieved of both—for a swindler and hypocrite is less tolerable than a plain swindler to deal with. And while I am at it, I want to know if the profits of that Southern Methodist book concern in Nashville, Tenn., are applied to and ‘distributed to all alike in the Northern church and the Southern church—to the Republicans and Populists, and Democrats and Prohibitionists, all are treated alike,’ as declared by Senator Bate in his appeal for this claim—before the Senate?

“If the Northern Methodist preachers get any of that superannuated fund, I wish one of them would rise up and admit it.

“I do know that with a long and varied experience with the people in this country—that statement boldly made (and doubtless made innocently by Senator Bate), astonished me not a little.

“If that book concern in Nashville has been supporting the superannuated preachers of the Northern church—their wives and orphans—some of us never heard of the fact before—never.

“Messrs. Editors: I beg for honest dealing in this matter. In the name of God and humanity do let us retain faith in the pulpit, if it is possible. I am mortified, ashamed and humiliated that the Southern Methodist Church is placed in its present attitude before the Senate of the United States. I trust Senators will demand a prompt investigation, and with an au revoir to innocent and ignorant, Mr. Duffy, I am,

“Yours respectfully,

“MRS. W. H. FELTON.

“Cartersville, Ga.”

I also append Mr. Duffy's statement, showing that many members of the General Conference were kept in the dark and also showing that Dr. Barbee had deliberately deceived Rev. Mr. Duffy, pastor of the only Southern Methodist church in Washington City. Mr. Duffy could go to Baltimore any hour in the day to attend conference sessions, and his testimony is valuable to show how such matters could be considered and passed without giving information to the delegates of a religious body.

“REV. J. W. DUFFY'S STATEMENT.

“Rev. Jefferson W. Duffey, of this city, pastor of the Mount Vernon Place M. E. Church, South, who attended the recent conference at Baltimore, denied that there was any talk over the disposition of the claim recently allowed by Congress. He said that while he did not attend all the meetings, he surely would have heard the rumors had there been anything in the air in regard to the matter. ‘Whether Mr. Stahlman, who has been very active in pushing the work, is a member of our church or not I do not know,’ said Dr. Duffey, ‘but it was my understanding from a talk I had with Mr. Barbee some months ago, that he was to be allowed only the expense incurred in carrying on the work. One day I was told that the expenses had been \$100 for telegrams, but the nature of these dispatches I did not ascertain.

“The gentleman, I think, deserves a great deal of credit for his success, as the matter had been on the dockets for a good many years, but it has always been my understanding that he was not being paid for the work. Messrs. Barbee and Smith, who have the matter in charge, have too much discretion to use any but honorable means to secure the claim.”

To fully explain the enormity of the deception used by the book agents, in support of the war claim, I will also append in this connection, what was said by Senators Bate and Pasco, when the vote was about to be cast, on March 8, 1898.

“DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

“Mr. Tillman—Before the Senator takes his seat I should like him to tell us what he knows about the disposition of this money, and whether the attorneys are to get any of it.

“Mr. Bate—I take pleasure in saying that as I heard such a rumor whispered around yesterday or the day before, I received a dispatch, as also did the Chairman of the sub-committee of the Committee on Claims, from Barbee and Smith, who are the head of the concern, stating that there was not a word of truth in the statement that the fund was to be diverted in any such way. A great deal of work has been done about this case, but this is a grand, great church, and the country is full of sympathy for it; and men of intelligence want to see this church sustained, and they think the claim a proper and just one, and that it should be paid.

“Mr. Tillman—Then the money is to go to the church, and not to attorneys?

“Mr. Bate—It is to go to the church, and it is to become a part of the plant, if I may so speak, and the proceeds of it are to be given over to these unfortunate preachers. That is the way of it.

“Now, Mr. President, I am just upon the threshold of the facts in this case, for they are numerous; but the hour is late, and I do not want to detain the Senate, and we want to get a vote this evening. If, however, there is any question desired to be asked by any Senator, I will take pleasure in answering it; otherwise I propose to now leave the matter to the Senate.

“Mr. Pasco—As to the question asked by the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Tillman), it is proper to say that I heard a rumor that was whispered about the Senate chamber during the last few days to the effect that some claim agents would get a very large proportion of this amount. On Saturday last, when I heard that report, I sat down and wrote Messrs. Barbee and Smith. I was thoroughly satisfied that the report had no foundation whatever in fact, but I stated the matter at length to them, and stated that I wished to have in my possession a statement from them which I could use either in private conversation

or on the floor of the Senate, if necessary; and yesterday morning I got this reply to my letter:

“ ‘Letter of 5th received. The statement is untrue, and you are hereby authorized to deny it.’

“I made the statement fully in the letter, which set forth that some agents here would get a very large percentage of the amount. I knew that was not possible, because they had no authority to make such a bargain. I knew that they had too much discretion to make such a bargain, of course, and I suggested to them that they should give me the statement which they have, and I am satisfied that there is no foundation whatever for the report.

It is also fair and eminently just that Senator Bate should be quoted from the Senate records. Replying to a question from Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, Mr. Bate said: “I want to say in this connection, that this fund is to be distributed to all alike, to the Northern church and the Southern church, to the Republicans and Democrats, to Populists and Prohibitionists, all treated alike. It goes to the poor, broken down superannuated Methodist preachers and it cannot be diverted into any other channel, because the organic law of the church forbids it.”

Senator Lodge rose and attempted to amend the bill by forbidding the payment of any sum to claim agents above five thousand dollars, and it was voted down, because “*no claim agent* would get a single dollar of the claim money.” It made me smile to see how Mr. Stahlman, through his friends in the Senate, rushed to that conclusion, to prevent the five-thousand-dollar limit. Having adventured so far, with well concocted falsehoods, it didn’t hurt to tell another.

These statements appeared in the Congressional Record.

These published statements were carried to General Conference, as before stated, and it is astounding to know that the members of the General Conference covered up, condoned and tacitly endorsed these falsehoods, before the Senate.

Before closing this article it is well to state that the investigation called for by Senator Lodge soon began to hear the testimony of various witnesses. Every day brought out more humiliating disclosures. Mr.

Stahlman was made to testify and when fairly cornered, confessed that he, "like Peter," had told a falsehood. It is presumable that he did not lose any sleep over the effects of the lie; he had substantial gains tucked away in his pocket and he had nothing to lose in reputation, with those who heard his confession or with the crowd that paid him.

The Methodist Church South is still suffering and will continue to suffer the effects of this episode in ecclesiastical jobbery. The chairman of the book committee has been thrust upon the church as a bishop, although it is understood that he was the adviser of Barbee, who was the active member as the book agent. The money, what was left, (less than two-thirds), was not applied to the relief of republican or democrat or populist or prohibitionist, to Northern preachers along with Southern preachers. The salaries of Barbee and Smith were raised and so far as known the money that was gained in this disreputable way has been like "Achan's wedge of gold," nothing but a burden to the organization.

After many pros and cons, the bishops decided to keep the money and when the next General Conference met in Dallas, Texas, the majority went with the bishops and in conclusion I can very easily declare,

"Great is Diana of the Epheseans."

P. S.—I had a letter from one of the most prominent members of the North Georgia Conference. "I can give you some facts, not known to the public, some of them in black and white. * * That Barbee and Smith demanded an investigation at the hands of the General Conference is false! Nor was the labored report ever put before the General Conference—only seen by the committee on public interests. The General Conference was systematically kept in the dark. I have a letter from one high in authority who admits he throttled one of our North Georgia Conference delegates, who was about to spring it before the General Conference, and says he would do it again."

(Such people will bear watching. While I am here to do it, I propose to place my share in the exposure, where other people can see it.)

I addressed a letter to Hon. H. C. Lodge, and his secretary acknowledged the receipt. Mr. Lodge introduced the resolution to investigate the matter immediately and the exposure was complete.

The House of Representatives had passed up the claims without hesitation under Mr. Stahlman's direction and his Georgia troops fought nobly. It was the Senate of the United States which called a halt. I will not attempt to copy here the criticism that followed the exposure in the Senate, or the order given by the various conferences in Southern Methodism to return that ill-gotten money to the U. S. treasury. They are all matters of official record and cannot be questioned or denied.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE, NOVEMBER, 1901.

After the legislature assembled I received an official communication from that body asking my acceptance of an invitation to address them in joint session on the subject of our common schools. Perhaps it was the first time in the history of the state that a woman was accorded such an invitation. It gave me delight to signify my acceptance. A reporter from one of the daily papers thus discoursed on the meeting and the address:

[When the invitation was given, it is well to state a zealous legislator interposed to say that the time of the body was too precious and expensive to waste either, on permitting a woman to address the legislature.]

“Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Cartersville, addressed a joint session of the General Assembly of Georgia in the Hall of the House of Representatives. A splendid audience greeted Mrs. Felton when she was introduced. Every seat in the gallery was taken and every seat on the floor was occupied. There were many ladies present, and on account of lack of room in the gallery, many were forced to stand. The members

of the house and senate rose and stood as Mrs. Felton walked down the aisle to the speaker's rostrum. Gov. Candler occupied a chair on the rostrum. President Clark Howell, of the Senate, introduced Mrs. Felton with the following words:

"There is a great deal of discussion and contention as to who is the smartest man in Georgia, but it is universally conceded that the woman who is to address you today is the brightest and smartest woman in the state. I have the honor of presenting to you Mrs. W. H. Felton, of the County of Bartow."

Mrs. Felton advanced to the front of the speaker's stand and said: "Old age is susceptible to compliments. I will gladly swallow the taffy just handed to me."

[I had only a few minutes to glance over that crowded hall and woman-like I wondered if I could possibly acquit myself to the expectation of my friends in that audience, and my invalid husband at home. I had for a long time been writing about things that I believed the people of Georgia needed, and now I had a chance to talk to the law makers. Would I make good? I had no time to appreciate compliments—I was thinking. I made up my mind to speak for the poor white children of the state, with emphasis. Only a woman without a vote, I had a hard task before me, so I forgot about my appearance or whether my bonnet was on straight and tried to do my best.]

"After thanking the General Assembly for this great and unwonted privilege, I must tell you why I gladly accepted your invitation to talk to you concerning the 'Infirmities of our Public School System,' as applied to the common schools of the state. You are guardians of all the public interests of Georgia. You have been selected, yes elected by the people, to protect these interests. It is your bounden duty to perform these tasks to the limit of your ability. As I speak to you you will understand that I am a person without any political influence. I have no vote to give any one of you, I cannot occupy any public office, and it seems I am only a small taxpayer and nothing else, so far as I am estimated by law makers of Georgia.

Last spring, sitting quietly in my own home, engaged busily in domestic sewing, a very pretty young girl walked in and asked for the loan of a small cooking vessel. She said she, with her father and small brother, had walked from a county lying on the Tennessee line and they were seeking work, hoeing cotton. She was a white girl with pleasing features. At some time in the past there had been good blood, gentle raising, because the indications were in her form and face. She told me she was seventeen years old, had never been out of Georgia, and, gentlemen, *she had never been to school a day in her life.* She was born and raised in a county that had thirty-nine public school teachers last year. The state paid out in her county between four and five thousand dollars last year to schools and school teachers for free schools to educate just such as this girl. Here was a young white woman seventeen years old, a tramp on the public highway, who had never received one cent of this money in her life. With thirty-nine public school teachers in the county she was born in, and had always lived in, with a plentiful supply of tax money to pay the thirty-nine, this girl had never gone to school a day in her life. This public school system was in force when she was born and has been in force ever since. She has no mother, poor child! Her mother lies under the sod and this child, this seventeen-year-old white girl, was over a hundred miles from her home, hunting work in the fields. She was being dragged along by a no-account father, and they had barely a quilt to sleep on, until I provided that girl with something softer for her own use. Then and there I promised myself that I would, in the fear of God, and in fear of nothing less, plead that girl's cause in the newspapers, before public schools, woman's clubs, in temperance meetings, everywhere. Gentlemen, I thank you for this opportunity to plead her cause on this occasion.

I come to you today to ask you face to face why that girl had no educational chance, in the state of Georgia, that spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to educate just such as she? There are thousands of

such cases. They are all about us. I hold in my hands the school commissioner's report, made to the Governor and to you, gentlemen. What about it?

The school commissioner says: "*Their condition is pitiful. Apparently they can do nothing but hoe small potatoes, corn, hang together a few rags for clothes, and beat their dirty linen with paddles. Their homes are wretched hovels, their surroundings are forbidding and their minds are sunken in a kind of pauperism out of which it seems impossible to arouse them.*"

Here's another sentence. "The child of the mountain districts and our pine plains cannot come here to lift its white hand for a way of escape." Legislators, here is an aged white woman in your presence today; I lift this worn white hand in their behalf and I dare to say to you that these things are insupportable, when you consider the vast sums of money taken from the taxpayers to furnish education to these children of the mountain and the pine plains. Why has not this money reached these helpless ones?

When this invitation to address you was passed in both House and Senate, a legislator rose to complain at the waste of time and of money to give me an hour to plead for these helpless ones, in this hall. Compare the few dollars that are consumed while you sit in your seats to hear my appeal; with the out-going flood of tax money that was taken from the taxpayers at the limit of the law, and fails to get to the needy children of the mountains and the plains.

Where is that economical gentleman today who was willing to shut out from your presence the humble, but earnest, friend who couldn't vote against him if she wanted to and who has never opened his mouth to call a halt on this egregious waste of public funds while he draws his four dollars a day from the state treasury? I never cost the state a penny in my whole life, unless you decide I am consuming it while I stand here for an hour or less to tell you that this waste of tax money is an atrocious shame, while these poor children are thus deprived of its benefits.

I have no fault to find with the officials who are in charge of the school business of Georgia. It is only their business to execute the orders of the Legislature, hire the teachers and disburse the money. I went, by invitation, before the Georgia Educational association last June, and said to the teachers whom I respect and honor, what I am now going to say to you. I shall not touch upon any of the state's educational interests save the poor common schools in the rural districts. That subject is gigantic. Help me by your sympathy. I have been a real friend to education all my life, I am a friend today of good, faithful teachers as I have ever been, and what I say of the system is based upon what I know personally, and from what the official report declares and what the Governor tells you. I do thank Governor Candler that he dared to tell you and the people of the state some plain facts on this line. He may be harshly judged for doing it, and I may suffer in the same way.

Gentlemen of the General Assembly, we know full well and we both understand, there are two sides to the question of common schools in Georgia, namely, the side of those who send children to school, and of the teachers who are employed by the state to teach the schools, and the commissioners and school boards who manage and disburse the school fund, and the other side of the taxpayers who are forced by the state's demand to raise this school fund, to be thus disbursed for support of rural schools. Every year you are appealed to on the subject of appropriating more money to expend on this common school system. I have noticed these appeals in times past, but so far as I can recollect, I know of no speaker who has been asked or allowed to discuss the taxpayer's side of this question, unless you will graciously hear me at this time.

There is something singular in this omission or oversight. There are continued addresses on the needs of this and that school, pleadings for more taxation, to raise more school money, but the people who pay the taxes are not here to tell you of their burdens and their difficulties. Yet, gentlemen, the mutterings are

loud and deep, and have been growing in intensity for a great many years past.

THIRTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

Georgia began with the "free school" taxation for our schools in 1871. We have had the system on us for thirty years. And since 1871 we have raised by various means and from various sources, eighteen million eight hundred and forty-four thousand of dollars in round numbers (\$18,844,000) for common schools in Georgia. That money is gone—sunk out of sight forever. We have been piling up money for common schools for thirty years and the cry of more money has been heard unceasingly.

This money has been demanded for the common schools, not the university or branch colleges. It takes no count of the money raised for local schools, by municipal taxation, nor the Peabody fund, but it is the expense account of the common schools system of the state of Georgia, in less than thirty years time.

In the year 1874 we had 350 state convicts to lease to contractors. In the year 1901 we have something like 3,000 or upward, without taking into notice the misdemeanor camps, county chaingangs, etc.

The state set up the common school system to thwart the evils of illiteracy and ignorance.

This cry for "more money" has been swelling, increasing and reverberating all over Georgia for these thirty years past, but we have surely increased criminals for the state penitentiary in about the same ratio that we have swelled the school fund from year to year, until the people who own property to be taxed are trembling under present and prospective burdens for this extravagant and unsatisfactory school system. Whenever a measure to curtail expenses is presented to the General Assembly, the interested people begin to gather, and button-hole the members, because, gentlemen, we have made teaching a profession, composed of state officials and we have in round numbers something like ten thousand common school teachers who hold state positions paid by the state in Georgia, three thousand of them colored and the rest are white. If the

Supreme Court of the State had not placed protection over the treasury last summer against the demands of the system, there would have been precious little money in sight to be returned to your attention or consideration. But I need not explain that matter further.

These appeals for more school money have become demands, and influence popular elections.

GEORGIA'S CONDITIONS DIFFERENT FROM MANY OTHER STATES.

In last year's educational report to this body you were shown comparisons between Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York; poor old Georgia, that was swept by a besom of destruction a little over thirty years ago, and millions of property were blown off in ashes, when Sherman's vandals put a torch to them. The states here mentioned pay in local taxes, says our commissioner, while three-fourths of Georgia's money is raised by state taxation.

I tell you gentlemen there is no comparison in individual wealth and taxable property between the states mentioned no more than between Canada and Kamschatka.

We have three thousand negro teachers to pay as well as white ones. In Bartow county nearly one half the white children of school age did not attend school last year, while two thirds of the negro children did attend. We want no comparisons with Massachusetts, Rhode Island or New York, on taxation. Our conditions are different altogether. This new report says "Nobody knows, except those familiar with it, the distressing situation in which they (school teachers) have been placed this present year." Gentlemen, a great many of us do know how difficult and distressing it has become in many sections to raise this tax money to meet the expense here noted. Bartow county calls on us now for fifteen dollars on the thousand for tax money and men who own farms are obliged to move to town, to educate their children, these rural schools are so very common and generally worthless. We are generally

poor in Georgia, while they are rich in the states thus compared with us. We have some other difficulties which I will mention later.

GEORGIA'S LIABILITIES ARE HEAVY.

Georgia has a bonded debt of eight millions or thereabouts. Such states as Illinois and Missouri have no bonded debt at all, and the state of Georgia puts upon the taxpayers a direct levy of \$800,000 for the present year for schools, the common sort, in addition to the convict hire, fertilizer fees, poll tax, half the rental of W. & A. R. R., show tax and other things.

This common school business has a maw like an elephant. It is forever hungry for more money. There were a million and a quarter dollars fed to the common schools in the country places last year, and as much will be fed this year, and there are colleges all around, cities have their own local schools, and no mention is here made of the millions already invested for colored education in our borders.

MANY CHILDREN DO NOT ATTEND COMMON SCHOOLS.

The school commissioner says we had six hundred and sixty-five thousand of school age in 1898. He also says we increase twelve or fifteen thousand annually. I am safe in saying we have seven hundred thousand now. He says eight-ninths of these children are in the rural districts. Of all these seven hundred thousand, eight live in the country to one in town. Don't forget this estimate, gentlemen, because it is official. He also says they go to school less than one hundred days in the year. I understand him to mean we provide country schools for less than one hundred days in the year. But, gentlemen, that does not mean that 700,000 go to school one hundred days in the year. Nothing like it. Less than half attend at all. The commissioner says less than forty per cent attend. I have the figures to show that nearly one-half the white children in Bartow did not go last year, while two-thirds of the negroes did go. I am not complaining of any individual, as I told you, I am discussing the system itself. The fault is in the system. So great is this

lack of attendance that the commissioner in his last year's report uses the following words: "The right to tax the people for the maintenance of the schools carries with it the right to compel every parent or guardian to send the children to school. Less than forty per cent of the children attended school the entire school term. There always have been and there always will be, perhaps, people who are indifferent about the education of their children. In order to reach the children of this class of people a compulsory attendance law must be enacted."

I have looked over the advance sheets of his forthcoming report but I have failed to find a further mention of compulsory attendance but these were brave words and true words, because something must be done to improve these rural schools or quit the business.

Your executive strongly condemns the present system, when he told you it was unwise, unjust, unheard of, and unfair, and especially unsatisfactory. This is a serious indictment, because it is true, and has become a very serious business to those whose labor or real estate is taxed so heavily to support it.

INJUSTICE TO TAXPAYERS IS GREAT.

Gentlemen, the time has come to look into this business in a dispassionate way. Because I see and feel that a revolt is pending. I come to you to talk as a mother or elder sister might do of a trouble that menaces the family. You know, gentlemen, there is no way to avoid the harsh compulsory taxation placed upon us for this school business. You know it must come, on demand or a fi. fa. will be issued and the sheriff will sell property to raise it. There has been law enough to take the roof from the heads of the last one of you in this presence if you fail to pay your share of this direct tax levy. When the state puts its iron hand in your pocket and take therefrom a portion of your income and forces you to disgorge under pain and penalties, what rightfully and honestly belongs to you, under the plea that such tax money is needed to protect your life and property (and you know it

would be gross tyranny to claim this authority under any other plea), then I declare without hesitation that you should apply it to the place where it will do the work the state promised to do, or that money should be returned to you, and the waste checked for all time to come.

THE GOVERNOR SAYS

“The present system will never be satisfactory to either teachers or taxpayers, because it is unjust, unwise, unfair and unheard of, in any other state in this union. It is unwise because it makes free schools unpopular with the taxpayers. It is unfair and unjust because it makes a few counties bear all the burdens of state government, and after doing this, contribute to the payment of pensions and the support of schools in all the other counties.”

The greatest injustice which the Governor did not mention, is levying a direct tax on the labor and property of this country, and failing to do good work with it. The state is unjust to the taxpayers on this line. The failure is confessed, and the disappointing results speak for themselves.

We raise money and pay teachers about ten thousand of them, to educate the illiterate and less than forty per cent of children go to school. The state is unjust in making the taxpayer turn over money which cannot be applied to a purpose.

The lash of compulsory taxation is laid upon the back of the man who has by thrift, economy and industry earned some property to tax, and no obligation whatever is laid upon the man, whose children are to be educated at public expense, and he fails to accept the benefit.

The obligation should be mutual, gentlemen. The responsibility should be mutual. The pains and penalties should be similar. The duty of school attendance should run parallel with the obligation of compulsory taxation, or the unjust and unfair system should give place to something better, or be promptly abolished. It is the manifest failure to accomplish the work proposed that is disgusting taxpayers. The

Governor is right. The fault is in the system itself. It is the gross injustice of compulsion laid upon one class to benefit another class, that refuses to accept the benefit.

AN EXAMPLE OF ITS POOR WORK IN RURAL SCHOOLS.

In the year 1900 our worthy county school commissioner desired to open a school near where we live. We agreed to open a vacant house to accommodate the school. He employed a competent teacher from Tennessee to teach four months at \$25 a month, if an average of 15 pupils each day could be secured.

That many and more were promised, but the school absolutely frittered out at the close and although there were more than thirty names enrolled, a bare average was sustained by serious effort.

The opportunity was not appreciated. The children did not attend. The teacher was there ready, eager, willing, but the flimsiest and most silly excuses were rendered for non attendance.

The same effort was made this year. It went to pieces in less than two months.

Gentlemen, it will never be any better until a remedy is applied to non-attendance and more money to pay teachers will not do it, ever. The thing is so absolutely free that a chromo will have to be offered to excite curiosity and provoke a trial of the teacher. It is a waste of money.

I have some neighbors adjoining our lands. One sends two children to Cartersville school, four and a half miles, and on the first day of every month for nine or ten school months, he hands over four dollars to pay tuition. I have another neighbor and he sends four. The first day of every month he pays three dollars for three and two for one, five in all. Another neighbor sends three, all to the same place, and pays four dollars for the three. Another with six children can't send to town and they get no schooling at all. This is what is going on under my own personal knoweldge, and yet Bartow county is considered one of the best counties, and Cartersville one of the best towns. These men all are farmers and all

pay taxes, at the rate of \$15 on the thousand. If you could only gather in the amounts of money paid out by taxpayers to educate their own children, you would open your eyes.

No wonder people rush off to town to get into schools that have interest and vitality in them. Eight ninths of the children live in the country and from what I gather, eight-ninths of the rural schools are not worth the value of a dried apple.

Friends, legislators, this farce ought to stop if it is not improved. It would be a comedy if it was not a tragedy. It reminds me of a farmer feeding wild hogs that he has never seen since they were littered. He takes a basket of corn and hollers for the pigs, and the bushes rustle and the corn rattles on the dead leaves, but no hogs come in sight. The birds, the crows, the squirrels and wild game get the corn, and the hogs are as wild as when they first saw daylight. We have been scattering corn for thirty years and the wild pigs are no more appreciative than before.

EQUALIZE THE OBLIGATION.

The mistake in the last thirty years has been to use a Bible metaphor for unappreciation, casting pearls before swine. There is absolutely no obligation laid upon the parent or guardian who is expected to patronize these schools.

The crowning injustice lies in the fact that this money is extorted whether the pupils attend or not. There is absolute compulsion at one end of the line and no compulsion at the other end of the line at all. The indifferent parent has it in his power to defeat the intent of the school law by his refusal to accept the benefit. Only forty per cent of these patrons or guardians are favorable to the opportunity, for we are told less than forty per cent attend the schools. The application of the money is a failure.

Compulsory taxation presupposes compulsory attendance. There is no equity in compulsion to raise taxes without compulsion to apply them. There is no principle in republican government more strongly emphasized than ownership of what one earns, honestly

acquires and properly inherits. This enforced taxation to benefit those who can decline to be benefitted is simple tyranny.

I do not care from what standpoint you view it, it is persistently unjust. There should be proper obligation on the other side to meet the obligation imposed by the state. And there should not be a penny more extorted than can be usefully employed. Georgia should furnish brains enough to work out this problem and patriotism enough to apply the remedy.

Gentlemen are you not responsible for these improvements and failures?

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF ITS WORKINGS.

Let us suppose that it is my child which is suffering for a common school education.

The state compels you to furnish the money to do it, not one dollar of which you can or do owe to me or mine. The state says that illiterate child must be educated because illiteracy and crime go hand in hand, and its parent is not able to do it.

You must do it, or have a *fifa* issued to raise that school money out of your property. If you and yours become homeless, this child must be taught by public school teachers, paid by the state, and that real estate is subject to the school tax, no matter how many times it is sold and resold by sheriff or marshal. I say it will be no greater hardship to compel me to send that child to school, than to wring its tuition out of your honest labor or earnings. Unless I am made to send that child to school, when I refuse to do it, your money will be worse than wasted. You are wronged in every sense of the word. I am no better than you when obligation to accept is laid upon me, especially when it all accrues to my benefit.

I saw a newspaper paragraph in a leading journal a few days ago on this subject. It said:

“I’d like to see anybody get up and tell Mrs. Felton it was time to send her child to school.”

Gentlemen, when the money is wrung out of your pockets to send my child to school, you should have

the authority to fix the time and what is more apparent, to make me pay for negligence if I fail to send it.

When you are thrashed to the place where your money is taken from you, to benefit my child, it is cowardly for me to cry out if I am made to pay a fine for the non-attendance of my child. There is no more equity in thrashing you to the paying place than in thrashing me to the school house.

If I hide out that child in the cotton patch or cotton factory to earn money for me, while you are paying its tuition under compulsion from the state, you should demand the payment of a proper fine from me, because I refused to school the child.

As before said, the state compels your school tax as a preventive measure. The state says it is easier and more humane to support school houses than jail houses. Under no other claim can this compulsory tax be demanded of you, and the conclusion is imperative. You should be remunerated in some way. If I defeat the intent of the tax law, by non-attendance, the state should, in fair dealing and honesty, refund you the money or compel the child to go to school, or put the officer on me until the fine is paid, or abolish an unjust system.

Some will say, I am the best judge of what my child shall do. No, gentlemen, the state tells you that you shall provide a teacher for my child, and it should tell me "send that child or pay the penalty," and compel the child to go.

I admit you, I do not like either side of this business. I tell you it is anti-republican in its leadings, but it came along down here when our people did not understand its workings and we had that much of Massachusetts and Rhode Island slapped on to us, when we did not recognize or appreciate our own conditions. We were told that free schools would make Sunday folks out of freedmen, and we see now that seventy-five per cent of the free school chaingang crowd go in there for forgery and such like. The little learning has worked a disadvantage.

But, gentlemen, in this school report we are told that "the common school is here and here to stay." Those are the words. Literally interpreted it means school taxation is here and here to stay. I say to you, as parents and honest men, equalize the burdens and divide the responsibility. When you are compelled to furnish the money to school my child, compel me to furnish the scholar. If I do not furnish the scholar that you have paid for, compel me to pay a fine that will cover the loss to the state if not to you. That's business. Nothing else will ever be honest or satisfactory while the present system obtains. This is only fair dealing with generosity leaning to my side.

When your boy gets to be sixteen years old, the road overseer will say, "Be there tomorrow at six or seven o'clock, bring your hoe, pick, or shovel" as the case may be. The state says work that road under compulsion or pay a fine, and the fine is paid, or that boy works the road.

Now I do not claim that school children should be fined, but I do say, their indifferent and apathetic parents should suffer in pocket if they do not attend, and Massachusetts and Rhode Island say that much. We should swallow the whole pill or hear less of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. They compel and fine with a vim.

But maybe you will tell me that you are educating enough free niggers now, and if attendance is compulsory you won't have a hand to work a farm. Friends, you have been getting less and less labor every year, for a dozen and upwards, with more money for their schools and those that don't go to school do worse, and as courts and jails do not diminish criminals, then try school houses in dead earnest. We now have about three thousand colored teachers in Georgia, common schools, paid out of this tax money. Divide three thousand by 137, the number of counties, and we will average more than twenty colored teachers to each county, and some counties have no negroes to teach in upper Georgia.

I insist that **WE ARE FULLY SUPPLIED WITH TEACHERS**, and the average pay of \$130 for less

than a hundred days in the year is very good pay for the work in rural schools, judging from what I know of farm life and the scarcity of cash. Insist, gentlemen, on full attendance for these schools, and there will be less time for shooting, stabbing, outrages and less opportunity for the politicians among them, because it is a remarkable fact, that every colored teacher joins in the hue and cry of poor salaries, calls for more money and sometimes threatens to vote the treasurer out of office because he waited until the Supreme Court told him what to do with the state's property fund last summer. There is too much Massachusetts and Rhode Island in this thing to suit me, but if the system is here to stay, then try to get some results from the plant you are working, by compelling school attendance.

It reminds me of a great big cotton factory with a \$12,000 engine, any amount of looms and spinning jennys, and a big force of operatives all standing still or operating on half time, because no cotton is in reach, the raw material is lacking. That plant is comparatively useless. We have the common school plant. Heaven knows it is a costly apparatus. It has soaked up nearly twenty millions of dollars in less than thirty years. While the local schools in town are generally good eight-ninths of the country schools are next to nothing. The factory is idle sixty per cent of the time, for there is lack of raw material. Massachusetts and Rhode Island supplied the pupils, we let them go as they please.

We cannot pattern our schools after the pattern of Northern states, and we have reached a place where this state should refuse to engage more teachers than there are children to teach. I say to you gentlemen, we have been running this school business quite long enough on sentiment, gush and political influences.

A STRAIGHT BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

Pay your taxes with the distinct understanding that no teacher should be sent to a school until the people, the patrons want a school bad enough to ask for it, and will help to support it, by paying in money or

work, for at least half the expense of a school house, one suitable for a winter as well as a summer school. And pay no teacher that has no scholars to teach, and no school house to teach in. Then the patrons should sign an agreement with the state to furnish enough pupils to employ a teacher at a stated price. That agreement should have legal force, otherwise it is worthless.

That number of pupils should be kept up, sickness alone preventing. A fine should be collected for every day a pupil is absent.

This hap-hazard way of providing teachers for any community without regard to attendance is simply preposterous. Let this wild flinging of tax money stop, and only for such schools as will comply with rigid requirements.

The commissioner tells you in his report, that the "burning question" is appropriating more money to keep up this common school. It is burning up the patience of the people who are so heavily taxed to see this tax money so terribly wasted, and it is burning up the hardly earned tax money, when more than sixty per cent refuse to accept the benefit, and the cry for more money, and the state's demand for more money is becoming exasperating to the last degree. It is disgusting people with the system, and a change is bound to come sooner or later.

Pay only for what may be termed value received, legislators.

A neighbor told me a few days ago he knew of a teacher who was also a preacher, and who boasted he was sent to a school because he had "influence." He was paid a salary. He told some of the folks that he could teach a small attendance as well as a large one, for he got no more money for one than the other. After awhile they dropped down below the limit, and then he got out, to drumming up pupils. It makes all the difference in the world as to limits, and restrictions.

PAY FOR NO MORE TEACHERS THAN THERE ARE CHILDREN
WHO CAN BE TAUGHT.

And it would seem that ten thousand teachers for common schools, for the 137 counties should be an ample supply at present. That means about 72 to the county, and remember we have an immense number of pupils in various other schools in Georgia.

We paid out last year about one hundred thousand dollars for county commissioners and local superintendents. Does not that seem high for 137 counties? If you have one capable school overseer in a county can he not overlook the schools without more expense? I am asking you to look closely into this tax money, gentlemen. It is pathetic to know how many poor homes there are in Georgia, that are struggling in all good conscience to live by their labor and keep out of debt. There are many honest, hard-working families that do not see a clear dollar after twelve months of close economy and hard work. They would like to keep their homes, to own land, that has in many instances been owned by their fathers before them, but gentlemen of the legislature, these taxes are so burdensome that it is cheaper and safer to rent land than to own it, and these schools in the country are so poor, so unsatisfactory, so unproductive of interest or usefulness, that the country places are only endured by those who can send their children elsewhere to school, or by those who are too indifferent to patronize them, or by those who must stay until the sheriff sells the land. It is because this unsatisfactory system is making country life so unattractive, that I plead with you to-day.

The cry goes up, yes a wail of disappointment, that COUNTRY-RAISED BOYS WILL LEAVE THE FARM. Why? Because these country homes have to meet such conditions as I here mention. This rural system of schools is barren of educational interest. It pays the teacher if it pays anybody, but nobody else does it pay.

I submit, the state should not go into the business of providing a living or profession for anybody. The school fund is raised for schools, with teachers as sec-

ondary in importance. We have tried the unfair system nearly thirty years. We have run away from the country all the private schools.

Before the war we had good country schools. People were interested in keeping them good, and every poor white child enjoyed the same privilege through the county's poor rate. After the war we mounted stilts and went wild after the pattern of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and we have struck hard pan with a dull thud in heavy taxes and poor country schools. Where will poor old Georgia wind up with a machine that screams all the time for more money to pay teachers and more than sixty per cent of the scholars are in the cotton field or ranging the big road with a gun and dogs. Bartow county was obliged to hang a free school product a few days ago. It was a close shave to get him to the gallows rather than to the lyncher's fagot. In country places no white woman is safe on the highway or in her own home unprotected. The school commissioner urges the purchase of school wagons to haul white children to school, an additional expense, to be added to the fund for paying the teachers, and makes the plea of danger and the necessity for a safe escort because, he says "every country road is infested with tramps." My! My! Has it come to this pass in a free school state that has spent nearly twenty millions of dollars since emancipation to aid our civilization?

Can you pick up a newspaper that does not record an outrage on white women, or the lynching of a rapist? But I am told we must raise more money to provide more education. I only state facts when I tell you what you all know, that the best people of the colored race, a class fast dying out, were trained to hard work with modern education left out. God forbid that I should rob the colored race of a real friend, or deprive it of a dollar to which it is honestly entitled. But I will dare to say in this presence in the fear of God and the sight of man, that this unsatisfactory school system has not reduced criminals, or checked the state's expenditure for courts, juries, jails and the hangman's rope. It has added nothing

to the security of rural homes. It has not promoted purity or virtue in the great majority. Some years ago an old darkey woman declined to do some housework on the plea that she must stay at home to mind her husband's bastard grand children, while their mothers taught a country school. No doubt they were imposed upon the authorities by false statements and concealments. I gave the conversation as spoken in my own presence.

We must deal with conditions that do not obtain in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. We cannot apply the same sort of compulsory education in Georgia, that their laws call for; but every dollar of the money which you raise by compulsory taxation should be strictly applied to teaching common schools, and there should never be a teacher supplied until the school is waiting, ready and eager, with a legal agreement between the patrons and the state to provide scholars in full measure for the undertaking. The state has been hallooing for wild pigs long enough; pen the shoats, gentlemen, before you throw out the corn. If you will allow a suggestion, lawmakers, you need to bring these country schools and the country patrons into closer connection. Compel each school district to be present when a teacher is to be supplied. Let them have a voice in the selection. Don't let this enormous business be left to political influence or personal favoritism.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF UNSATISFACTORY METHODS.

A few years ago I was a visitor at the commencement of our State University. While we waited in the hotel office to be assigned a room a distinguished educator, a visitor appointed by Gov. Atkinson, came to me, saying, "I must bring my burden to you, because my heart is sick. I came yesterday (mentioning the railroad), and during my trip I walked through the cars to the smoker. I passed a neat colored woman busy with what I saw was a Greek book used in our colleges. As I returned, I asked her if she read Greek. "Oh! yes. I am on my way to teach a summer school and I am refreshing myself in the study." When I

sat down in my own seat in the rear coach, I glanced out at a nearby cotton field. Four young white women were hoeing cotton—shabbily dressed—in the same field with negro men and boys. I have been so heart-sick I come to you and ask if you can suggest any remedy.”

Gentlemen, I bring the story to you. CAN YOU SUGGEST A REMEDY?

These are unwholesome conditions. I bring you some unpalatable facts today. Nevertheless they are facts. I am glad of the privilege of a face to face talk with you on a subject that is not only affecting present conditions, but these young women are to be the coming mothers of our race. They will make or mar the future of this people. I am telling you some things that our politicians whisper, but are afraid to speak aloud. I hope I have lived long enough in Georgia to be recognized as a genuine friend of education and of our girls. The best work of my later years has been devoted to their interests. When our poor white women in Georgia cotton mills were caricatured in a northern magazine, invidious comparisons drawn between colored women and these poor white women, when every reader of *The Century* magazine was told that these white women were ignorant, debased and exchanged husbands as they changed houses, I went in person to some of the cotton mills to stand by them in real life and to find out the facts. I brought down northern sneers on my devoted head, but while I found a few persons, who said there were some immoral white women in these cotton mill homes, the overwhelming majority were honest, virtuous, self-sacrificing wives and mothers. Have I not earned the privilege of coming into your presence today and begging for uplifting of the white girls of Georgia, in rural districts, while schools and first-class universities are almost in the sound of my voice to provide colored girls with the higher education.

Whatever is done for the poor white people of the South, must be done by our own people. It is folly to fawn or flatter expecting help, in a satisfactory degree. We have an average of seventy odd teachers

to every county in Georgia today. We have tried the experiment of throwing schools and paid teachers in generous abundance before the multitude about thirty years, and more than sixty per cent of school children refuse to accept the benefit. Last year in Bartow county there were 57 white teachers and 18 colored. There were 3,756 children admitted, but 1,373 of the whites admitted did not attend school (a little less than half), and two-thirds of the negro children did go. We spent about \$2,000 in other ways beside paying teachers, and this year the state's taxes in Bartow county are up to the limit. The county has laid on heavier taxation than Gov. Bullock's entire administration called for, and town property is gouged for the last dollar it will bear. Nobody can expect to get more than six per cent on a thousand dollar bond as interest, but Bartow county calls for fifteen dollars tax money, on every thousand dollars returned as property. The end is inevitable. No county can endure such increasing demands. No business can stand such a drain very long.

And it required nearly \$12,000 last year to run the school machine in Bartow county with a little over 2,000 children to attend the common schools, managed by state authority.

Commissioner Glenn says we must save the lost boys. From all appearances we had best appeal to and engage foreign missionaries for ourselves. With more than sixty per cent of children of school age declining to attend common schools we must save the lost by some other saving device, than those employed at present by compulsory taxation.

MORE TAX MONEY THE CONTINUAL CRY.

Despite the governor's condemnation of the system there is no let up in the call for more money. And it would appear also that like the horse leech's daughter, the biggest part of the machine is "more money." I once heard of a poor man who complained of a cold head. Somebody told him to put on a night cap. He afterwards called for another night cap when he felt cold about his head. He never removed

a night cap and at last accounts his head would not go in a two bushel basket, and he still felt cold in the head. There seems to be but one reply when the unsatisfactory system is complained of, namely "more money." We never take off anything, but the legislature is asked to put another night cap on the sufferer's head, and one big enough to go on over the accumulated night caps every year.

We have an average of 72 teachers to the county now. We need scholars, not teachers. We have common school teachers enough to form ten regiments, rank and file, at present, nearly three thousand colored. One third of the night caps are dark colored. Gentlemen of the legislature, have fewer schools and better schools, and apply enough compulsion to make a school large enough to engage the time of the teacher. You have patched and poulticed the system for thirty years. Try a remedy that will save the patient or quit paying for nothing.

Some time ago a young man called for a drink of water. He had been teaching a country school at \$40 a month and was on his way home in another county with the money. He received \$200 for five months in a common school. He laughed as he remarked "Pa says I have made more clear money in five months than he has received in two years from his fine valley farm." That is the situation, gentlemen. I believe in paying the teacher and the preacher according to what I get after a hard year's work. We have ten regiments of teachers in service, and are turning out some hundreds more every year. Like the French people before the Revolution, we will not be long in getting to where privileged classes will be finally eating up our property in taxes. When I think of the fine negro colleges and three thousand colored teachers, in Georgia, paid by the state and the poor child that can't get to you to raise its white hand to ask for a way of escape, I say: Remember your duty, and do it speedily.

ELECTION FRAUDS IN GEORGIA IN 1894.

The year 1894 was not a presidential election year but it was a year when elections for congressmen, governor and legislators were expected in October and November. These elections were duly held, and immediately there were thirty-two contests booked for a hearing before the legislature, and two congressional elections were in doubt—the 10th and the 7th. Of the latter I am prepared to speak, as I had intimate connection with its progress, until the partisan elections committee in Washington City announced its verdict. Twenty-four years have come and gone since those occurrences, and I shall endeavor to set down my recollections in a spirit of fairness, although the events of that time are sufficient to make their remembrance a trial of patience and forbearance to a more patient and forgiving person than I claim to be. I shall therefore set down the main incidents as a record for my survivors, and also for the young men of Georgia, who know next to nothing of the political oppression and tyranny of that era of our State's history. The story of the election in the Tenth District became appalling when some voters were killed in Augusta, Ga., and negroes were bribed by the Democrats, openly and continuously, until 18,000 ballots were placed in the ballot boxes on that fateful day in Augusta and these bribed negro voters were kept in an enclosure and carried out again and again to the voting place under assumed names until Christian ministers were appalled at the condition of affairs. Rev. Dr. Stradly, Methodist minister, testified that he saw a squad of negroes vote five different times before he left the scene and a young white man of a prominent family would pass a coin to each of the negroes every time they were taken out to the voting place. When he left they were still voting and still being paid for their votes. The *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* next week, after the election, said:

The elections last week resulted in a cyclone, which we hope will help to purify the atmosphere. The papers, we

see, are now talking about pure elections, and our state legislature is considering the matter. It is time, high time; that is, if it is not too late. It was time long ago, and the shame and general disruption now upon us might have been averted if we had been governed by justice and equity, instead of party tricks and personal ambition. Some things in the election last week were enough to make our state hang her head and go slow.

Honest men stood by for hours and saw these frequent repeatings of half-drunken negroes. Richmond county by the census of 1890 had a population of 45,000. By some sharp trickery the ballot-box count was reduced to 16,000, yet that would require every third citizen to vote on election day—a physical impossibility. Eighteen thousand were the first figures. The *Atlanta Constitution*, under date of November 8th, 1894, used the following words: "Corruption run riot. Public sentiment will not tolerate any more elections like the one in the 10th District. The less said about this election the better for the good name of the State." The successful candidate carried but two counties and Richmond elected him. The other nine counties had no showing whatever. Congress seated the Richmond candidate, who paid coin time and again through his agents for hordes of half drunken negroes until the number of Richmond county votes swelled to 18,000 ballots. In the October election Richmond county, for governor, a heated campaign, voted only 4,632. A month later the vote was swelled to 18,000 on election day—in November—both elections conducted by the same men.

The same condition prevailed in Chatham county, where an ex-United States Senator told a friend of mine, who wrote to me immediately, and which letter is now before me, that Chatham county polled 15,000 votes, but there were between 7,000 and 8,000 returned by the managers.

A prominent politician in Cobb county admitted to the same friend that Dr. Felton carried the county by a good majority but they determined to count him out, and did it.

In the other districts of the State there was constant complaints as to fraudulent votings, but they were drowned by a continual Confederate war-whoop

and an insensate outcry against negro domination at the polls. The scurvy politicians who used negroes at the polls were out in the open screaming: "Vote the Democratic ticket to protect the ballot-box from negro voters!" The outrages in the 10th and 7th districts made the next Legislature pass a general registration law. Mr. Fleming, of Richmond, said: "The people of Georgia want to make a new law, and God knows they need it in the face of the dishonest frauds in the last election. * * the fraudulent election in Georgia is a scandal from one end of the continent to the other, and it must be purged of the stigma in order to resume its rightful place in the South."

To utterly crush out all those who aspired to office, without the permission and decree of the dominant faction in the State was the order of the day. A Federal official who would cheat, or a negro who would vote with them could perform no more meritorious duty. To oppose the dominant faction was enough to cost them their official heads and to send negroes to the chain-gang for trivial offenses. As Senator Bacon expressed it in the year 1886: "Such a dominion is death to all honorable aspirations for preferment, because under it preferment can only be attained at the cost of servile submission, and the time is not far distant when within the borders of the State there cannot be found in the party a man who will offer himself up to the sacrifice which awaits those who dare dispute its power." These words were written in an address to the Democratic party of Georgia after he had been defeated for the nomination of governor by the influx of money from the outside and by the Confederate war-whoop to cover up the men and methods then prevailing. Said Mr. Bacon: "This absolute power, so dangerous to every important interest, is now held by a few men who have not only possession to a large extent of the valuable property interests of the State, but who hold among themselves all the important offices, and claim the right and power to dispense the lesser ones. Three men in intimate personal and political association and alliance, all living practically in the same town, with

action so perfect as if one mind controlled all three. At the same time two of them United States Senators and the other the Governor of the State. It is certainly the most remarkable political spectacle ever enacted on the footstool in the face of high Heaven."

In discussing the congressional election in the 7th District, November, 1894, seven years later, it is proper to state that the common people of Georgia had reached a place where it took a man of courage to become a candidate for office, unless the "dominant party" could use and control him after the election. The risk was great, no matter from what point it was viewed. Attacks upon personal character were common. The money loss was likely to be serious, and these things engendered a cowardly submission that made the dominant faction brazen in tyranny and oppression.

The Democrats of the 7th District were not willing to allow any opposition to their candidate, and their candidate had been a superior court judge who could be relied upon to send ignorant negroes to the chain-gang and to place very light fines on the democratic white men who fell under the discipline of his court. In one day, October 7, 1891 (Minutes of the Superior Court in Floyd county, page 384, you can find the proof of my statement), one Sampson Jackson, colored, was fined one thousand dollars and costs for gambling with persons of his own color, and Jno. M. Vandiver, who was caught in same offense with others of his color (afterward appointed postmaster at Rome, where Judge Maddox lived then and now), was sentenced same day, October 7, 1891, to a fine of ten dollars and costs. (I have a copy of that court record.) A number of Rome gamblers were obliged to plead guilty but the white sports were let off lightly while the negro gamblers were fined one thousand dollars and costs.

Things of this kind, used for political effect, created lively opposition to the candidate for Congress. Taken together with the financial distress of that time, a convention of the Populist party met in Rome and decided to find, if possible, some man of courage and

intelligence who would allow his name to be used in a public protest against a person who could thus use the office of judge to oppress the ignorant and helpless while he was known to be hand-in-glove with a crowd that would drink and gamble and escape the penalties of the law, with a judge of such convenient quality. Dr. Felton, my husband, was implored to allow his name to be placed at the head of the public protest which they were making against the former judge of that judicial circuit and he consented. He said to me: "It is indeed a poor citizen in any country who will not serve when he is drafted to lead a revolt against tyranny in our courts or tyranny at the ballot boxes. Politics has filled the land with political judges and ballot-box stuffers. It is the last refuge of free men to apply for justice in the courts of our country. When courts fail and corruption becomes rampant on the bench the time has come to rise up and enter a protest. To reward political judges with higher positions in politics has become prevalent throughout Georgia. They are known to be tyrants in judicial service; they cannot represent our State fairly in congressional circles."

I plead with him to remember his age and its infirmities, and pointed out the suffering and injustice that the same order of tricksters had heaped upon him, and how they had cheated him at the ballot box, and how tamely the men of business had put up with political methods which were preventing the right sort of immigration or the investment of capital because of the bad name that Georgia held abroad, etc. He met me every time with the declaration: "These people ask me to allow my name to be voted for. They are desperate with the corruption that stalks boldly all over Georgia. Somebody should be willing to lead a crusade for justice and fair elections. I cannot refuse their urgent plea. I can force the opposition to show their hand. It can then be printed, and like the 'Yazoo fraud,' it will speak for itself in the days to come." So the canvass opened in 1894.

I shall not endeavor to give in detail the carnival of political corruption that prevailed in Georgia,

which carried thirty-three election contests to the Georgia Legislature, where the dominant faction had counted themselves a majority, or the full story of the debauch in the 10th District, nor even the recital of occurrences that are matters of fact and of record in the 7th District. But it is due to myself and to those who will come after me, and to the young men and women of Georgia that I should set down in correct form the unholy persecution that I experienced in person, because I gave my husband, Dr. W. H. Felton, the individual assistance that he needed and which I gave cheerfully. He went to his reward in 1909, and while he left but small fortune to his survivors, he did have a name for honest public service, and a life untainted with political corruption or bribe money. He led a crusade that only a brave man could lead, and he served his country as a watchman on a high tower.

The contest for the congressional seat was made in three counties, where a registration law was established, Bartow, Cobb and Floyd. The remaining counties had a go-as-you-please permit. Judges and dominant officials terrorized the people who appeared as Felton witnesses. A former judge in Rome attacked a man who had not been called as a witness. The solicitor of another court attacked my son in the contest court-room, who had not testified. The men connected with the judiciary were ready to fight whenever a witness was called.

The *Atlanta Journal* requested me to give that paper my account of occurrences in Washington City at the congressional hearing. I have a copy of the same, just as it was published at the time. No correction of it, or complaint of it, was ever made. It will speak for itself and the chivalry of Georgia was on trial:

(From Atlanta Journal, April 29, 1896.)

MRS. FELTON'S STORY.

She Gives a Graphic Account of the Hearing of Her Husband's Election Contest Case.

The appearance of Mrs. W. H. Felton of Georgia, before one of the elections committees of the house or represen-

tatives in Washington recently as counsel for her husband presented a scene absolutely unique in congressional history. The incident has never been described in detail and the account of it which follows, given by Mrs. Felton herself, will, for that reason, be found doubly interesting.

The hearing of the contested election case of Felton vs. Maddox took place before house election committee No. 1, in Washington, April 10th. What took place is thus described to The Journal by Mrs. Felton herself:

Mrs. Felton's Own Story.

The hearing was set for 10 a. m. A full committee was present. Judge Maddox with his counsel, Judge Branham of Rome, and Solicitor General Fite of Cartersville. Dr. Felton was attended by his Washington counsel, General W. W. Dudley, of Dudley & Michenor—all were on time. Three hours are devoted to each case, in this manner, time equally divided between the two parties. General Dudley had first hour. Mr. Fite three-quarters of an hour—ditto to Judge Branham—with remaining half hour to General Dudley. I was present, also Judge Lawson and some others.

General Dudley is a crippled federal officer—lost a leg at Gettysburg—yet he walks without a crutch. He outlined the case in his hour, referring to his brief in the case, frequently interrupted by Judge Maddox. He covered the registration frauds in Bartow county, where 300 legally qualified voters, who voted in October, were stricken from verified lists and disfranchised in November election. He proved the refusal to register other 300 voters for November election, while Registrar Ginn was shown to be lenient to his party friends—exhibited the mutilated lists—and proved by Maddox's witnesses the illegalities and violations of registration law, to carry out the premeditated and systematic frauds, to the injury of Dr. Felton. He reviewed Cobb county—the contumacy of recalcitrant Witness Stanback, tax collector and registrar, who defied four subpoenas—one with duces tecum, and never appeared. Ordinary Stone's open violation of registration law—Judge Gober's refusal to hear mandamus suit, until both October and November election were over—the disregard of all mandatory requirements, and especially the reasons for refusal to print the lists used in those two elections as required. He briefly stated the situation in Polk, Paulding and Haralson, when his time was up.

Mr. Fite's Defense.

Mr. Fite took the floor, to show everything lovely in Bartow and Cobb, Bartow in particular. Nobody did any harm—all were the nicest of gentlemen, himself included, everything was lovely, nothing hateful but Felton, and

no need for contest. Turning to General Dudley he offered what purported to be an affidavit from Esquire R. B. Gaines, of Bartow county, the commissioner who took down evidence for Dr. Felton, charging Mrs. Felton with writing his statement and incorporating things not authorized by himself—in short, I was charged with forging and manipulating this important document to 51st congress. In answer to a question, he said Mr. Albert Johnson, of Cartersville, wrote the paper but Gaines signed it—as an affidavit.

Her Respects to Judge Branham.

Judge Branham then took the floor, and as I had not spoken to him since the day he assaulted Hon. Seaborn Wright in Rome, last year, in my presence, and Mr. Fite represented him in the evidence as “small, delicate feeble gentleman, in bad health—60 years old and more” to palliate the outrage on Mr. Wright, I was able to congratulate him (Branham) on the return to his ability and hilarity, as soon as he warmed up to his subject.

He drew a graphic picture of Mr. John K. Davis in Cedartown, trotting off with a box on his shoulder, that was supposed to contain whisky. The judge is strikingly facetious on such occasions as this, and as our Mr. Davis is able to return compliments in kind, he will only need to portray the memorable scene before alluded to in Rome to prove that whisky is less harmless on the person's shoulder than in other parts of the human frame. Honors will be easy in such a controversy.

Judge Branham had much to say of Polk. Haralson and Paulding—but ten minutes would cover his discourse on Floyd, where 1,217 of Judge Maddox's bloated majority of 1,562, in the district, was obtained with Wm. M. Bridges, the “check raiser,” and absorber of state and county money to take in ballots, no other manager at Rome being permitted to touch them on November 6th, 1894, except this man Bridges. I was anxious to have him endorse Mr. Bridges in Washington—as he did in Rome last year—but he left Floyd to take care of its own poor self, while he humped himself over the “trotting,” in Cedartown, Ga.

The “Sam Holt Circular.”

The suave and gentle judge had a rod in pickle for me. He declared Mrs. Felton the author or forger of a circular used in the campaign of 1891 and 1894—called the “Sam Holt circular,” which reads this way:

“Dalton, Ga., November 1st, 1894.

Mr. B. F. Carter, Cedartown, Ga.:

“Dear Sir: Judge Maddox, the present representative from Seventh congressional district of Georgia, in a talk with me on the street the other day, said he had been

canvassing the district and would be re-elected, because he had bought all the leading negroes in each county, and had bought them cheap as they are not worth much any way and should not be allowed their vote.

"SAM HOLT, Dalton, Ga."

Mr. B. F. Carter lives in Cedartown, and one would suppose that Mr. Carter could have been called to testify if Judge Maddox was anxious to investigate the circular, but Judge Branham had the surprising cheek to rise in that presence and deliberately charge me with originating and printing, aye forging, that circular. He further said he owned negroes himself before the war, when they were expensive to him, he owned them now when they cost him less, he expected to own them to the end, because they made excellent servants! His climax was reached with the Sam Holt circular—he took his seat fairly wilted in his efforts with this circular. That is the main argument of the learned counsel, and Judge Maddox sat by saying "Amen."

Dudley For Dr. Felton.

When General Dudley rose to reply, he said: "I have had many election contests to encounter, but never before saw a weak case bolstered by an attack on wife of contestant. I could not be forced to attack a lady as counsel—nor do I think any other gentleman would do so. I ask that five minutes of my time be given to Mrs. Felton to reply to this outrageous assault on her integrity." Then he painted Rome until "Rome howled." He showed the illegality of a county election for bonds, joined to a congressional election—with same managers—invalidating the bonds if they had been carried and fatally destroying the integrity of the federal election. He called this bond election attachment the "dead albatross." He exposed the barbecue with its bribe tickets openly given in consideration for votes—Maddox's votes. He exposed Mr. Postmaster Pepper, as the originator of the barbecue—in mass meetings, published in Rome Tribune, October 16, 1894. Although Mr. Pepper swore he knew nothing about it, Mr. Pepper ordered the eatables, Mr. Pepper superintended the cooking. Mr. Pepper engaged the hands, Mr. Pepper engaged the place to put the eatables near the courthouse, Mr. Pepper O. Kd. the bills, Mr. Pepper distributed the meats to those persons who voted for Maddox and brought a red ticket to show for it, and Pepper swore that this barbecue was fixed to catch the people who would vote for either Republican or Democrat, or for bonds, provided they could sell their ballots, for a dollar, or half dollar, a meal, a drink of whisky or a pair of shoes! Vandiver, Moore, Black & Co., handing out the red tickets around the ballot box, presided over by William M. Bridges, to

be cashed by Postmaster Pepper, just across the street, and Judge Maddox present looking on at this work. Poor house imbeciles voted without registration for Maddox and the judge was shown to be exhorting his supporters to vote without any registration at Bridges' box. General Dudley exposed one Hunt, Judge Maddox's private agent, on that day—paid by Pepper for this scoundrelly work, sitting aloft on the judge's stand holding Judge Maddox's private registration list at this election, which was as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians against Felton supporters. Hunt was not sworn—not a manager or clerk—simply a private agent. And there was no other list used that day in Rome. We found no list could be obtained in Floyd county except from printers. The bribe tickets were carried to Flat Woods precinct by one Clip Williamson, deputy sheriff, to secure Maddox votes. It is presumed they were sent all over the county, as Mr. Pepper, swore the barbecue was eaten up by whites, so the negroes must have received something else for the red tickets. Not a Felton supporter received a ticket, except Henry Ober, who said there was Maddox whisky in the basement. He was corroborated by another negro.

Referred to Vandiver.

General Dudley touched up Mr. Vandiver, the newly appointed postmaster, who was rabid in his intimidation and use of bribe tickets for his friend Maddox. He said Vandiver had been indicted for gambling in Rome, pleaded guilty, and this generous Judge Maddox sentenced him and other white men to \$10 and costs, while Sampson Jackson, colored, was sentenced same day, October 7, 1891, by same judge for same offense, to \$1,000 and costs. Judge Maddox sprung up to say "it was absolutely false!" "The records of the superior court in Floyd county will show who has falsified," said General Dudley. A "double-header" election, with same managers—no labels on the two boxes, and absolutely controlled by these bribe-givers all over Floyd county, for at Livingston precinct Felton tickets were concealed in his pocket by one of the managers, until 12 o'clock, and he, a postmaster of Judge Maddox's own choosing. One Webb, not a manager, took the bond and congress ballots at same time at Livingston. Do you wonder that Livingston gave Maddox 138 votes and Felton 8? Who knows how many bond ballots were thus counted? At Howells, the manager swears he took the congress ballots in his own grip, with his own private papers. The election in Rome, where nearly one thousand votes were counted to Maddox by "Checkraiser" Bridges, was held on upper floor of courthouse. A voter had to ascend a short flight of steps to first floor, and a long flight to second floor, and suffer the pulling, hauling, in-

timidating and preventing by a horde of officeholding tyrants and officeseeking partisans of Maddox to finally reach "Check-raiser" Bridges at the ballot box, and be read off the list by Usurper Hunt. And 2,214 votes were counted that day in Rome—1,107 at bond box—with all the Populists nearly opposed to the bonds, and the same number at Bridges' box. With 640 minutes (from 7 a. m. to 6 in the evening) in the day, count for yourself, and see what sort of voting that called for! Bribes, whisky, intimidation, fraud, all rampant in contestee's presence. With brief allusion to Cobb and Bartow, his twenty-five minutes were exhausted. Immediately, chivalrie Judge Maddox demanded time to reply to Mrs. Felton. "No sir," said Chairman Daniels. "No, sir," said General Dudley, "she takes my time, I give it to her." I thus was cheated of one minute of the precious five. I said substantially these words:

Mrs. Felton's Speech.

"You have been told Dr. Felton adjourned the hearings in Bartow county without cause, I will tell you why. This A. W. Fite traversed the Seventh district before the election to defame our reputation, slanderously charging Dr. Felton with receiving a bribe in the Georgia legislature, and charging me with concealing the bribe money. When this man was selected by Judge Maddox to sit opposite to us, during this contest, to intimidate and browbeat our witnesses, consuming the first day on one witness, Dr. Felton lost patience and called him a scoundrel, who had defamed his family. Next morning this man entered the courtroom—ready as he declared for a cutting and shooting scrape; prepared, but he would not fight the old man, but he had a son 21 years old by his side; he was ready for him—and leaning across the table hissed 'you coward,' in my son's face, who was a subpoenaed witness, and had not opened his mouth in public to anybody. I have but one child, gentlemen, but four are in heaven, and we had all we could bear without more of this man's insolence and desire for strife.

"You have been told I falsified Esquire Gaines' certificate. I will make oath before you that he (Gaines) signed the paper printed in this record, and not a word has been changed by me. I believe this new document has been given under duress, if it is genuine, but no character is safe when such men can thus inject their venom into your presence."

(P. S.—Esquire Gaines has promptly repudiated the whole thing and swears he never gave an affidavit which assaulted my integrity.)

"You have been told I forged the Sam Holt circular. I present you an affidavit signed before the proper authority which I will read to you. B. F. Carter testified that

he received the letter from Sam Holt at Cedartown post-office, where he lives. He printed and circulated it, that neither Dr. Felton, his wife or his family had a thing to do with it. Judge Maddox subpoenaed Carter to appear in Cedartown. Carter appeared, told Judge Maddox he was ready to answer any question, but Maddox declined to examine Carter as a witness. Carter was the legally elected sheriff of Polk county, but dispossessed of the office by judge of superior court, Judge Janes, who declared the office vacant, and a Democrat not elected was put in it. Carter was four years postmaster under General Harrison at Cedartown, and a Republican. Said I. 'This is my answer to this infamous charge of forgery. I had nothing to do with printing or originating the circular.' I wish to say to you that this man Fite assaulted another of our witnesses—ordered the sheriff of Bartow county to search him without a warrant—and the sheriff obeying this attorney, pushed witness violently into the hall—on his way to jail with him—until the witness produced the fine.

"I saw Judge Branham attack Hon. Seaborn Wright in Rome—our witness—although he had not said a word in court at that time, rushing the length of this room, yelling out these words, with his arm drawn back to strike: 'Seaborn Wright, I pronounce you a liar, and I'll slap your jaws.'"

My four minutes were out—the hearing closed.

Hit at Charlie Bartlett.

Hon. Charles Bartlett, member from Macon, Ga., who, according to Mr. E. W. Barrett, the correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, was placed by Mr. Crisp's influence on this committee to be ready for the Felton-Maddox case (the statement published last December) showed himself eagerly active for Judge Maddox. A gentleman remarked to me: "The judge has one attorney on the committee." He rose to interrupt me to say the supreme court sustained Judge Janes in the Carter case. I replied, "You are mistaken. The supreme court of Georgia announced it had no jurisdiction in the case. It was a political affair, not judicial." These elections committees occupy the position of judges, to decide according to the law and the evidence, and Judge Bartlett's open animosity surprised me very greatly. I was also informed that he expected to have a contest in his own district next fall, and had already spoken to an attorney in Washington to conduct his case in such an event. I think it likely he will have a contest for the nomination as Hon. Tom Cabaniss was uprooted with only one term, thus setting the precedent by Mr. Bartlett himself.

I still hold the telegram sent by Carter to me in Washington City: "Produce my affidavit as to Holt

circular. You were entirely ignorant of its origin. The circular is genuine. Signed, B. F. Carter, Chairman Rep. Ex. Com. 7th Dist.”

Mr. Gaines also mailed affidavit, contradicting Fite’s arguments. I still hold the telegram that was sent by his friends and he is still living to answer.

Judge Maddox, former judge of Rome Circuit; Judge Branham, former judge of Rome Circuit, and Judge Fite, afterwards judge of Cherokee Circuit, were the originators and perpetrators of this outrage upon me. My sole offense was giving assistance to my husband against this most diabolical political conspiracy to defeat the will of the people in choosing their representatives.

Such judges were then elected by the Legislature. The people of Georgia lost faith in their legislators, elected as they were by the dominant faction, as explained by Senator Bacon.

The corruption of the judiciary in Georgia has been more than once exposed in legislative investigations, but it is well understood that the “dominant faction” elected the judges at the time when a negro could be sent to the chain-gang for ten years for stealing three eggs or for stealing a bowl of milk, and a negro girl fifteen years old in Atlanta was sent to the penitentiary for five years for snatching fifty cents from the hand of a smaller negro. The dominant faction made a half million annually out of a convict lease, and the judge who could send able-bodied negroes to the pen was well worth electing!

Later developments and exposures in the National Congress, where the Methodist Publishing House claim, and the devices of the Pacific R. R. managers when laid bare, have thrown light on the why and wherefore of the antagonisms that Dr. Felton’s candidacy inspired in 1894.

The Methodist Publishing House claim became a stench in the nostrils of the Methodists of Georgia, and Pacific Railroad money betrayed itself in several fraudulent elections and reached up in suspicion to governors and senators in Georgia.

Before leaving this fraudulent election in Rome, there was a negro voter, named Ober, who testified that Maddox liquor was abundant in court house basement, but he could not get any unless he voted for Maddox. In a few days he was arrested, carried by the official to Piedmont, Ala., and placed in prison on the charge of selling a pint of whiskey in that Alabama town, four years before. This goes to show that Dr. Felton was to be congratulated that he was not assassinated by the toughs and that I should return thanks that these political judges did not arraign me in their courts and attempt to send me to the Georgia chain-gang. Poor Ober! He was imprisoned for months, never had a trial, no one appeared against him and he was turned loose to make his way back to Rome, without a dollar of recompense for false charges.

The contests before the Legislature ended as did the contests before Congress. Every judge and officer of the court were Democrats. Their living depended on pleasing the "men in control." The protest before Congress amounted to nothing except a record was made and the infamies were exposed. It was a time in Congress when Pacific Railroad money elected senators and representatives in various States. It was also a time when a noted lobbyist was pressing a claim for the Southern Methodist church, and he was openly accused of coming to Georgia to elect a congressman. His plan succeeded and his congressmen were elected or counted in. His wrath against me found vent in his Nashville newspaper in which I was charged with "looting the U. S. Treasury of \$2,000." His friend Maddox, after he was seated by reason of various influences well known and understood, took a fling at me, claiming that I had turned lawyer and carried my husband's contest case to Congress to secure \$2,000 dollars. This brazen charge was made on the floor of the House of Representatives. Not a man from Georgia had courage to call him down, and yet Maddox knew and actually understood that there was in the capitol at that very time an itemized statement in the clerk's office, showing the

expenditure of every dollar of the expense money, with vouchers and receipts attached, and my husband published the whole matter afterwards with abundant proof that the lobbyist and his friend Maddox had maliciously and wilfully made statements that were absolutely false, intending to defame my good name, where I was not allowed a hearing or notified of the lying charges there promulgated.

I had no notice that the false charges concerning the "Gaines' affidavit," or "Sam Holt circular" were to be presented at the contest hearing. All the matter to be presented was supposed to be laid before the elections committee, duly signed and sworn to, but these judges turned into attorneys for the sake of the \$2,000 allowed to Judge Maddox for contest expenses, made these attacks upon my integrity before the elections committee. It would have been folly to have carried this case before any Georgia judge. They owed their promotion to the very men who were at the bottom of these election infamies. As Senator Bacon truly said it was the "most astonishing spectacle before high Heaven." I wrote down at Mr. Gaines' request the facts that were established at a hearing in Cartersville, because he said I could write it more clearly. He thanked me for thus obliging him and signed the paper and gave it in, under oath, as the truth and the facts. The "Sam Holt circular" I never saw until it was printed and circulated, and had never heard before of its existence. That such men as those judges herein named should have ever been commissioned to occupy the bench, to sit upon the lives and property of the citizens of Georgia, gives fair evidence of the low estate to which Georgia had fallen in 1894.

**ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE JOINT COMMITTEE,
HOUSE AND SENATE, NOVEMBER 1895.**

**There Were 100,000 Copies Printed and Circulated Over
Georgia.**

MRS. FELTON'S APPEAL.

The following is the address of Mrs. Felton before the joint committee of the house and senate on Nov. 7th.

We are sorry we haven't the space to publish the able addresses of other leading prohibitionists on this occasion. We will however give some of them later on.

"We come before you today," said she, "to present the appeal of the mothers of the state of Georgia, who are praying every day that the barroom may be removed from their midst and their children delivered from such temptation and the destruction that follows.

"As I look in the faces of those honorable gentlemen and remember that you are commissioned to be the guardians of the best interest of the women and children in the state, I make free to present this appeal as a matter of right, as well as of courtesy. While you are called upon to protect cities and counties that have police and authority to protect themselves, I come to bespeak protection for mothers.

"I remember something else that touches my heart, namely, that each and every one of you had once a mother. Whether your mother, like mine, is still with you, trembling with three score and ten years of feebleness and loss of strength, or has passed to the reward beyond the Jordan of death I can safely say that you know and I know that there is no more unselfish love and self-sacrificing devotion than our mothers have given to their children.

"I now ask you to turn in your thoughts upon the homes and firesides of this country and then tell me if there is any class of citizenship, or order of human beings, any sex or species, that have superior claims upon this country for protection in their homes and protection to their offspring.

"I am not here to detail the results of intemperance. It would be like illustrating your prison walls to show the prisoners that jails were the legal lodging place for criminals and murderers. The reality is so much worse than I could picture in words that it beggars description.

"The question that I bring to you to decide upon today is a very plain and simple one, namely: Do you consider the saloon keepers of Georgia of superior importance to the mothers of this country and the safety of their offspring?

"There can be no temporizing, no hesitation in the decision you will make—you will either prefer one or the other. Which shall be?

"When the Almighty Father placed the burden of maternity upon women—made her the custodian of the infant in the critical period of its life.—He said to the father train up that child in the way it shall go; and when it is old it will not depart from it. The Lord blessed Abraham, His servant because he would command his children and his household after him, that they should keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment.

"The burden of motherhood lies upon the woman, but the burden of protection and good example lies upon man—that the offspring shall be able to do justice and judgment to the Maker and others.

The issue is clearly stated, and I am here to say to you, measuring my words, in the sight of God and the presence of this assembly, no child should be thrust upon an unfriendly world that is denied the privilege of a sober home to be borne into, with clean blood in its veins, unstained by hereditary diseases that follow upon drunkenness. Anything which disregards this vested right is rank injustice to the child which comes here without its consent. Anything less than this protection to the mother who goes down into the valley of the shadow to give an immortal soul its being is wanton cruelty to the innocent and deserving that must and will bring retribution upon its perpetrators and authors. All other duties and obligations pale into insignificance when the eternal destiny of the human race is thus involved and this question cannot be evaded when it is proposed to perpetuate crime factories and the sinkholes of perdition—that nobody ever claims will elevate or make prosperous the votaries of the saloon.

"It cannot be disputed that protection from the dramshop means more to the mothers of this country than any other class or condition of our people. Deprivation of protection and the lack of restraining laws also mean more of injured mother love than any other loss or deprivation that it ever encounters.

"Motherhood should be carefully protected, guarded and defended as no other interest, no matter what it may represent, can deserve or demand.

"To state this fact is simply to affirm it. For the sake of those yet to come as well as for those already here, every known avenue of crime, temptation and evil suggestion should be rigidly closed to the child whose moral and physical traits are molded or branded by the unerring laws of heredity, as well as the circumstances of environment.

The bearing, nursing and training of the coming millions are the problems of the age.

"This high and holy estate of motherhood should appeal to you and all others as no influence may equal or surpass.

"The mystery of human life in its beginning, the absorbing devotion of the mother to her children, the holy light in her eyes as they rest upon her innocent babe, oh, my friends, what is there sweeter, purer, more angelic in this world than a mother's smile for her first born? Does not this question of protection to the home and to this pure mother love clarify itself of all doubt when you contrast the drunken father and the drunken fireside with the vested right of mother love?

"You know that inherited traits, both good and bad, are unerringly reproduced in succeeding generations. Diseases are transmitted as well as traits, appetites and personal features.

"Sowing wild oats may be considered a diversion for this period, but what a crop is then harvested by the innocent loyal, unsuspecting wives of this generation! How many mothers do you know who have kept their own lives unspotted from filthiness of the flesh and appetite who are tortured to explain or understand the low tastes and depraved morals of their own offsprings?

"We have all watched the development of family weaknesses that seem to defy both grace and gospel, and the curse that follows to the third and fourth generation is obliged to be an inherited curse.

"What would thousands of poor mothers do unless the Almighty Father had promised also to show mercy unto thousands forever and forever?

"Motherhood, when it is well informed, shrinks with horror from the entailed curse of inebriety, and no reform can protect from the inherited evil of drunkenness—that does not root out the generating curse—that does not exterminate the crime producer.

"An evil which generates law breakers, lunatics, suicides, and murderers and which can be transmitted from parent to child, should not only be rigidly suppressed, but should be kept absolutely away from the unborn child.

"To license an evil which always debases the parent of the helpless victim is manifest injustice to society and criminal wrong to helpless innocence.

"The character of these children is lifted up or lowered down by the homes they are born into. As the mother heart of this nation becomes awakened and feels the quickening power of education and comprehension of their danger we shrink with unutterable loathing from terrors that threaten with such force our peace and prosperity.

"Barrooms are always a constant menace to the peace and happiness of these mothers. With blandishing enticements they are sure to gloat over victims in plenty, as the poor wretches yield one after another, their character and happiness, disappear in the gilded saloons and their money passes into the pockets of the liquor seller.

"Now, gentlemen, which will you choose? Which is more valuable to Georgia, these children of the saloons? Will you protect these women or will you soil your palms with license money, turning over these mothers and their children to the destroyer?

"Friends, I feel proud to call you the friends of our women and children and our homes. Did you ever consider the name and nature of this license to barrooms? You know your neighbor's children are dragged down to

perdition by these sin-cursed dram-shops, no matter if your own children are protected from their allurements.

"The saloons in Georgia offer bribes to the state every time they apply for a license to sell the accursed poison to your neighbor and your neighbor's children, and shall I say it, the state of Georgia says to the saloonist, 'Give me your money and I will give you liberty to debauch the last man and woman in the community.' You know they upset the peace of the neighborhood. You know they instigate broils and foment strife. You know they generate murder and open the door to every sin. You know they multiply courts, jails and chaingangs. You know they are the source of moral abominations. When will the public mind grasp the enormity of this real, definite, burning wrong of selling permission to destroy our children.

"There can be no honorable compromise with a crime producer. Compromise of any sort on this line is simply surrender. If it is proper or legal to establish a hot bed of sin to propagate or raise so-called city revenue, it is equally proper to establish and foster any other den of iniquity for the license money you can make out of it.

"Startling as it may appear, there is equal right to legalize the destruction of a child's virtue—nay, more, when you legalize the production of drunkards you open the door to every other crime in the calendar.

"Any license to do or commit evil inflicts a wrong upon the exposed community. You know how character is slowly but certainly undermined, and legislators, when you look upon a drunkard who has lost his situation, his character, his health and his happiness, I ask you if the license money that the dram shop pays for this ghastly privilege is a quid pro quo for that wreck of soul and body?

"Fifty years from today, perhaps sooner, public opinion will look back with scorn and contempt upon a generation which deliberately sold the lives and fortunes of the people for license money. But I will only ask you to go home with the drunkard and stay one night with the mother and her children who are shut up within four walls and compelled to watch and wait upon the debauchee until he gets off into a drunken stupor or makes night hideous to his frightened wife and children. You can get away from him, but that long suffering woman must live with and endure him. No other family would tolerate him for an hour. The rumseller would push him into the street and the policeman would shove him into the station house if he had no money. But that woman, his wife, the mother of his children, must bear the shame, the degradation and disgrace that the rumseller shall make big money for himself and the city, and that cities and towns shall have fine bridges or expensive courthouses, jails, etc. It is an awful demand, give me your money or give me death!

What does it matter if women and children are destroyed?

"Gentlemen, I make no fight against the poor drunkard. I pity him for his own and for his mother's sake. I have nothing to say to the man who would buy liberty to destroy these men, their wives and children. I simply controvert the idea that any man or body of men have the right to sell to another the permission to debase his fellowman and destroy him utterly with his drink poison. God knows I feel no personal ill will to these people who are thus mistaken as to their privileges. The right to make money by lawful and honorable means is every man's privilege, but it can never be a legitimate trade which does nothing but injure, nothing but destroy, nothing but madden—which destroys both soul and body forever more.

"You sell other poisons under heavy restrictions, and nobody questions the right of a community to prevent the sale of strychnine, opium or arsenic. The police can raid an opium den and keep within the letter and spirit of the law, but this alcoholic poison is protected, fostered and cultivated by our public officials, until I sometimes wonder if common sense and common decency have been abolished from the community at large.

"The vending of intoxicants that debase character is clearly a nuisance. The public mind is so sensitive that a butchershop must keep to a back street and slaughter pen must get out of town, but this butchery of human life and spoliation of human character can go on in the principal streets of Atlanta and other towns and cities. A man who carries a concealed weapon will be tried and sentenced in all the courts and made to pay heavy fines to appease offended public dignity, but the dry towns are full of jugs and the country is taxed to exhaustion to bear its burdens, and nobody seems to be convicted for selling illicit whisky. If your neighbor objects to your mill dam or a green scum arising on the water, he need only wink his eye at the judge and jury and down you will come with dam and damages; but a liquor saloon can buy its way into the open thoroughfares, and your child must go to school, to market or the postoffice with contact with all its outside filth and dangers if it escapes the inside degradation and death; but that license money satisfies the public conscience and the saloonist becomes the pet and protegee of these town councils.

Your inconsistency in dealing with known public nuisances is as remarkable as your extraordinary leniency with dramshops which absolutely destroy mothers and their children. Why strain at the gnat of correcting trifling public nuisances and yet swallow the camel of this great drink octopus?

"In conclusion, I ask you, the law makers of Georgia, to look at this anti-barroom bill with all the front and side

lights thrown over it. Can you afford, as responsible guardians of the helpless classes of society, to use your authority to build up these death-making institutions over the prayerful protest of the women of the state?

Can you stand in your places, sworn to do your duty, in the fear of God and the presence of all Georgia, and choose the saloon in preference to the protection of mothers and all they love and cherish in their homes? Shall we lean upon you as our protectors or will you leave us defenseless?

THE WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB OF GEORGIA.

Atlanta, March 12th, 1902.

My dear Mrs. Felton:

At a meeting of the executive board of the Woman's Press Club of Georgia—that met yesterday—you were unanimously elected to meet with us in June and encourage us with your words of wisdom. We wish to make our next meeting the most profitable one to our Press women we have yet had. I am requested by the board to ask you to give us a lecture at that time, second Wednesday in June, (I think it comes on the 10th.) You of course will be on the evening program. Two subjects were suggested: "Attitude of the press on some civic problems," and "Practical suggestions for young journalists." Could you not speak on both?

I need not tell you how much we want you and need you—your very presence would be an inspiration and your presence and words combined are invaluable. Now dear Mrs. Felton don't refuse us and be sure you wear that white bonnet. I can see you now with my mind's eye—how sweet you looked; now, this is not taffy. I mean it. Hoping to have a favorable answer from you soon I am sincerely your friend,

A. C. KING.

Pres. Women's Press Association.

480 Courtland Ave.

PROMINENT WOMEN IN JOURNALISM; MRS. FELTON DISCUSSES THE SUBJECT.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Women In Journalism.

No woman in Georgia is better qualified to discuss the subject of women in journalism than Mrs. William H. Felton, who has not only seen the birth of Georgia women

in the profession, but who was herself the first woman to own and edit her own newspaper in the state. What she said in her address to the press club Wednesday night was every word of interest, and of value, and she is a woman who never indulges in theories and sentiment to the extent when principle and practice are left out.

In her opening remarks Mrs. Felton referred to the first newspaper, the old Southern Recorder, and the sensation it created, and, with an amused expression, she observed:

"If one of these ladies before me had been there and had adventured a line in the columns of either of those two rival newspapers, I can readily see what would have happened; but words fail me to suitably frame such an un-supposable incident. That time was certainly not ripe for women journalists. Not only would bonnets have been needed for womenkind at all times and in all places, but an insane asylum would have been demanded for the 'unsexed women,' who would thus reach out hands for the forbidden fruit. Now we have a political Warwick, owning and editing a thriving daily in the popular city of Americus, a skilled newspaper woman, a member of your press club, whose word is law to the aspiring democratic politician in her bailiwick. Journalism has now become one of the prime factors in education, equally with the schoolroom and the pulpit. The three are abreast in the race and high standards should prevail in them all. Those who would decry the press as an educator, and prefer to continue in oldtime methods, are like the young farming classes in Egypt, who still use a crooked beam with a sharpened end in the ground, rather than a steel plow. The crooked stick makes a mark on the soil with an ox or a woman hitched to it, but nobody is silly enough to call it plowing. The pulpit has been and will continue, and deserves to continue, a great educator, but it is a mistake to say it is the only one. There should be therefore the most perfect harmony between the pulpit, the press and the schoolroom, the three great educators of civilization for uplifting the human race. There should be the same purpose to do good—the union of forces for the betterment of mankind—

"Less of microscopic scan
Of the faults of fellow man;
More of brave, uplifting plan,'

and step boldly upon the high plane of genuine education and true patriotism.

"Woman's peculiar aptitude for teaching through the press became apparent; her fitness for journalistic instruction has now appeared. She had long been the instructress of small children in schools, and the most devoted and capable of church workers known to the world, but in this new advancement of the press along lines of thought and general helpfulness, women have certainly found a

sphere that they fill to profit and satisfaction. It should surprise no one that intelligent mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, should prove capable helpers in new lines of thought, because with full hearts and high hopes every fiber in their innermost being thrills with the progress of their own loved ones in wealth, honor, comfort and happiness. There was sympathy—earnest congratulation—intelligent appreciation and heartiest encouragement long before woman ventured to pen a line in legitimate press work. With eager outstretched hands, she was ready to help long before the way was smoothed for her; and in due time the modern newspapers felt the necessity for her formal appearance and she came with astonishing celerity into woman's columns and woman's departments, and brought her wealth of experience and sympathy into active usefulness and general benefit.

"If there was a King Solomon at this time who could return the visit of a modern Queen of Sheba, he might truthfully say the half had not been told."

Referring to Queen Victoria as a writer, Mrs. Felton said:

"Queen Victoria's reign will go down in history as the best known to the English nation; because she filled the sphere of a sovereign and remained a worthy wife and mother. Among the laurels that rest on her brow none are more valued by herself than her own writings. Perhaps she concluded that her individual efforts in literature were more to be valued.

"Before Queen Victoria ascended the English throne, at a time when royal profligacy was destroying the morals of the nation—a woman called Hannah More developed talents as a journalist, which have never been disputed. Her tracts and leaflets were so powerful as an agency for good that she is granted the praise of holding the British nation to moorings of safety in morals and decent living. Her writings were peaceful and constitutional. She inculcated a love of virtue, a love of home, and this good woman's pen, counteracted the atheism and loose morals, which the pulpit failed to control. Perhaps she was the very first of women journalists in the entire world.

"When Queen Victoria became England's sovereign she found a woman journalist in Harriet Martineau, who then held the highest place in English history as a woman writer. She was illustrious as a political economist, novelist, historian, biographer and journalist. What a quintet of accomplishments for either man or woman!

"Hon. Justin McCarthy, in his history of 'Our Own Times,' says 'she held rank as the only English woman who achieved distinct and great success as a writer of articles for a daily newspaper,' and Hon. Mr. McCarthy is a good witness. She was frequently reproached with be-

ing unfeminine, told time and again she was out of her sphere. Nevertheless Miss Martineau's literary work still holds first place in England.

"Miss Hannah Adams was, so far as I can discover, the first woman journalist in America. She was born near Boston, a hundred years before I was born. Her father was a village storekeeper. His shelves held everything usually sold by anybody in a country town. Mr. Adams sold books along with shoes and molasses. She was a tiny, shrinking girl, but an omniverous reader. She found something as valuable as a gold mine to her on those shelves. The bulk of her education came through those books, while she helped her father.

"She became so efficient in Latin and Greek that she prepared young men for college. An embryo minister had made a collection of statistics, concerning different religious denominations, their beliefs, numbers and so forth. She became interested in the figures while he was studying Latin and Greek under her tuition and she made a full and exhaustive record on the same subject. He went to college, and as there was no college to open its doors to a woman, she toiled over the manuscript. A rascally publisher cheated her out of the first edition. Friends came to her rescue and secured her a royalty, which paid her \$100 a year during her long and useful life. That amount was a fortune to this frugal daughter of New England. She lived to be seventy years old. When beautiful Mt. Auburn cemetery was ready for the undertaker Hannah Adams' dust was removed and buried in that beautiful resting place of the dead—the first occupant.

"Northern women advanced more rapidly into journalism than southerners. The latter had their hands full with housekeeping cares and the direction of large negro families. When northern women became noted in politics the southern women were admonished not to follow the debasing example. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and she was no more popular in the southland than her unwelcome novel. Northern women writers worshipped her genius and success. The southern women were afraid to see their own names in print, because Mrs. Stowe had advanced to the front as a leader of thought and public opinion in discussing the abolition of human slavery. The road to literary success for women in the South has been set back nearly fifty years by reason of the sectional hatred and antagonisms, resulting from the bitter, intolerant feeling which existed because of secession and slavery.

"It has been thirty-five years since the war closed, and some of these violent objections are still showing their bad taste and poor manners on the same line occasionally. While they are a little monotonous, slightly tiresome, nobody is crying their eyes out about the objectors or

objections. The women of this state have regular conventions now to discuss foreign missions, home missions, temperance and like subjects. The Federation of Woman's Clubs actually is more talked about than the adjournment of the national congress.

"Mrs. Lowe's re-election at Milwaukee is the greatest political victory up to date in the year 1900. Common sense concerning the race question won its way easily—in a national convention of women—when the question first came up in a woman's club convention. To my certain knowledge, no man in Georgia has ever been placed or expected to be placed on a democratic presidential ticket since the war, for fear the race question would not only defeat the democratic party, but provoke other and sterner difficulties.

"At Milwaukee the good sense of women, north as well as south, prevailed with dignity and decision, and yet our women delegates went in quiet, well-dressed style to the great gathering place, without whooping and yelling at every railroad station, and when they got ready to elect a president they were able to elect a genuine southern woman, who did not strive for the place, as their first choice, regardless of sectional environment. Don't let me forget to add that the woman's convention matured its plans and won its way without the bribe of dollars, or the taste of whisky. What a contrast to some other elections I could name! And yet they tell us that women are out of their sphere—in public affairs.

"Before the war our southern girls were not expected to do anything but look pretty, dress well and get married; but with the exigencies of war to encounter, they have entered journalism as they took up general education in other matters, with a view to advancement and profit.

"The names of some well-known ladies in Georgia who have managed the woman's departments in our largest newspapers, their surprising zeal in magazine and review work, their strong and steady support of things true and good, have put to shame their former-time critics and foes.

"The attractiveness of a literary career to southern women is one of its pleasant features. There is general eagerness to write. Not many weeks pass over my head that some Georgia girl fails to write me asking for advice on this subject, looking to a future career.

"The southern writers like Mrs. Burton Harrison and Amelie Rives have made money and fame so rapidly that the example is infectious.

"The idea that possessed my mind in the thought of meeting the ladies of this convention was to insist upon emphasizing in their writings the glories of this wonderful southland—to build up a distinctive literature that would be in strength and loveliness as dissimilar to French

frivolity as the songs of Burns are to the music of a Turkish harem.

"One of the finest writers of modern days to my mind is the author of "Bonny Briar Bush," whose every word and line breathes of Scotland's past and present. The story of the old doctor has no superior in any book as a word painting. The influence of the country is stamped upon it from beginning to end. It is the heart talk of a Scot brimful of Scottish fore and traditional history.

"When my mind goes over Georgia history, from the landing of General Oglethorpe to the vandal march of Sherman, I do not think there is any country on the globe that furnishes themes of more surpassing interest to the inspiration of genius. We have had great names in science, in politics, in religion, in various lines of fiction and poetry, but we do need and deserve a southern style in general literature, distinctive and attractive. From Rabun Gap to Tybee light this commonwealth is alive with inspiration for the born writer of history, prose or fiction.

"While my own feet are going down the sunset slope of life, I can still discover the daydawn of the coming great writers in our southland, who will be true to tradition.

"It would be disastrous to copy after anything else amid such a wealth of themes and subjects made ready to your hand. Above all would I deplore the adoption of the broad Frenchy style, the expression of thoughts, linked to suggestion, neither ennobling nor clean in their tendency. By the purity of the homes of our ancestors I beg that our literary women preserve us from the demoralizing tendency of a corrupt literature."

In closing her address, Mrs. Felton feelingly repeated the following lines:

"What this troubled old world needs,
Is less of quibbling over creeds,
Fewer words and better deeds.

"Less of wrangling over text,
Less of creed and code perplexed.
More of charity unvexed.

"Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone,"
More of heart that will condone.

"Less of dogma, less pretense,
More belief that providence
Will sanctify good common sense.

"Just to be good and to do good,
Simple, plain, for Him who would,
A creed, that may be understood."

PREFACE.

I never shall forget the sadness that filled my part of the country, when it was flashed over the wires, that General Lee was dead. We understood that he was not an old man, was in the matured manhood of a great and noble life. His example and counsel were expected to help the South through great and pressing dangers.

But the news came with a sudden shock. We heard that his noble frame had been racked with rheumatism, contracted in army service; and he was already gone, before we understood he had been a sufferer and was in extremis in his Virginia home.

The citizens of Cartersville moved as if by automatic force towards the court house to talk it over.

They were so bereaved that they were heart-sick with grief.

My deceased husband was the speaker of the occasion, as often happened when he was in the prime of manhood. Those who heard that impromptu address never forgot it. They remembered it with glad hearts so long as they lived. By urgent request, Dr. Felton was willing to take General Lee's name and memory as a text and give our citizens another discourse on the following Sunday.

I have a single copy left, after a lapse of forty-five years. To preserve it for those who loved him and who survive him, I decided to reprint the sermon, along with my own address—delivered a few weeks ago on a Memorial Day, in the presence of a large audience—and which I print for the same reason, namely, to gratify those who will survive me.

One has had nothing to do with the other in composition, in facts, or phraseology, but both were the outcome of an enthusiastic admiration for the greatest General of the Confederate times—the General who will go down in history along with General Washington, and a greater name in morals and manners than Cæsar or the first Napoleon. To be really great there must be goodness as well as greatness of intellect or genius.

General Lee was good as well as great, and I trust my descendants will never forget that their grandparents were always hoping that they might have goodness if greatness was denied them.

MRS. W. H. FELTON.

May 14, 1915.

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. DR. W. H. FELTON
IN CARTERSVILLE, GA.

Sunday, Oct. 17, 1870 on

Life and Character of General Robert E. Lee.

Text.—And the King said unto his servants, “Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.”—II Samuel, 3-38.

These are the words of eulogy applied by King David to Abner, the military chieftain of the house of King Saul. Abner after exhausting all his resources, and finding that it was useless to prosecute the war any longer against David, determined to surrender all his forces. The terms of capitulation had been agreed upon—an interview between the rival captains had taken place. David at this interview extended to Abner and his body guard the hospitalities and courtesies which were due to a brave and generous enemy, and finally dismissed him with every mark of respect and esteem. But Abner had not proceeded far on his return home before he was arrested by the messengers of the envious and malignant Joab. He is carried back to Hebron, and Joab, while conversing with him under the guise of friendship, stabbed him so that he died.

David, when he hears of his death, drapes his household in mourning, and himself follows the bier to the grave, weeping like a child; and all the people wept at the grave of Abner. After the interment, when the King's servants insisted that he should “eat meat,” he steadily refused “till the sun be down,” and said to them “Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel?”

General Robert E. Lee was a Christian—a disciple of Christ—a recognized member of His church—a communicant at its altars, and it is fitting that the precious truths of the Gospel should be associated with his departure; that its promises should comfort us in our loss, and brighten the path that leads to the “inheritance of the saints,” which he has obtained.

It is a sublime thought! that such a man is at rest! It is a sublimer thought that such a character is indestructible and undying!

That character was the result of long continued industry, and unwavering adherence to principle—principle which had but one acknowledged standard, and that the high standard of Christian faith and morals. He was the architect of that character, before which men pause to-day in loving reverence. And it is consolatory to remember that while the intellect and the heart which reared this personal structure—colossal in its outlines, and symmetrical in all its parts—is removed from among men,

yet the structure itself remains, and shall fill the whole earth with gratitude for its possession.

When an ordinary man dies, his immediate relatives mourn for him—his own home is desolated, and a few hearts are lighted. But he is a "great man," whose death clothes a nation in mourning, and carries sorrow to every manly heart in the civilized world.

The man of exalted birth and high official or social position may command at his death a funeral cortege, imposing and brilliant in its arrangements, but how seldom are such funeral processions sanctified by tears? Usually they are gilded pageants, cold mockeries of mortality, unadorned with a sigh—in which tender love has no place—the heart no sympathy.

Who imagines that Prussia wept over the splendid sarcophagus of Frederick II. falsely called the Great? It is true he startled all Europe by the boldness of his designs, and the rapidity with which he executed them. It is true he wrested Silesia and other provinces from their legitimate crowns, and transferred them to his hereditary state, Brandenburg. It is also true, that he devoted himself to the material prosperity of his subjects, but that prosperity was encouraged and fostered that it might be wasted in wars, having for their only object the aggrandizement of himself. He desired to make Prussia wealthy, that his coffers might be enriched. He sought the renown of Prussia, that Frederick might be esteemed the most successful chieftain of his age. He was a professional soldier, and fond of carnage. Every emotion of his soul was a trained and disciplined servant to his ambition. Every domestic virtue and social affection was either crushed in its birth, or subsidized to his personal interest.

He was successful, but who can believe that tears were shed over the friend and patron of Voltaire? Did human nature bring tears for him who sneered at all its finer sensibilities? Did wives weep for him who had never recognized his own amiable and true-hearted wife? Did soldiers weep over him whose severity of discipline—whose exacting cruelties on the drill—whose various oppressions made their lives a constant martyrdom, and drove hundreds to suicide, simply, that in a "charge on full gallop, one horse's head should not be a foot beyond another, and that the line should be so exactly straight Euclid, himself, could not detect an error?"

Who dreams that Marlborough, also falsely called the Great, with his brilliant victories and startling villainies, moved the hearts of his countrymen at his demise? His courage, his abilities, his noble and winning manners, the splendid success which had attended him on every occasion in which he commanded, made him a favorite with his brethren in arms. But he unblushingly sacrificed every principle for gold—he betrayed every trust for gold—he

compromised every sovereign to whom he owed allegiance, for gold. His deception, his hypocrisy, and his masterpieces of statecraft, are said to have been such "as Borgia would have envied, and such as Machiavel would have extolled to the skies." When he died, a master of the "art of war" died, but no man or government lost a friend.

We cannot conceive how love, which finds expression in tears, could have manifested itself in the multitude which some years ago followed the remains of Napoleon I, also falsely called the **Great**, from the point of landing in France, to the splendid mausoleum prepared for their reception. It is true, nave, choir, and transept of Notre Dame were in a blaze with innumerable waxlights—it is true, a gorgeous coffin, resting on a magnificent funeral car, drawn by horses appropriately draped, was followed by thousands in glittering uniform and badges of honor, amid the booming of distant minute guns, and surrounded by the battle-scarred eagles of his Italian campaign—but,

"O, shade of the mighty, where now are thy legions
That rushed but to conquer, when thou led'st them on?
Alas- they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle
They heed not, they are free from all pain,
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last
battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again!"

Who can conceive that ambition like his—which depopulated and impoverished—which wasted and scourged—that such ambition, as it stands out in history, "wrapped in the solitude of its own originality," could command at its grave the "offering of a heart?"

To-day an entire people are in tears. The strong man weeps because he feels that he has lost a friend. The Woman brings her tribute of the heart, because she knows that the **genius, courage, and constancy**, which stood between her and ruined innocence, has gone to the grave. Children weep because General Lee, whom they loved as a father, is dead; as Southern children, they are **orphans**, indeed. It is sad when a child is deprived of its natural protection—the guardian of its rights—the watchful sentinel upon its dark and dangerous future—one who never sleeps nor slumbers when its interests are involved. Oh! there are tears in orphanage which may well "refuse to be comforted."

To-day the children of the State are in orphanage.—*Maxima orbitas reipublicae*—"the great orphanage of the commonwealth." The State mourns its benefactor—the faithful guardian of its rights—the watchman on its towers. Safe in counsel—wise in command—fearless in

action—humble in the hour of victory—brave in defeat—counting not his life dear unto himself, so that he might bring happiness and security to his countrymen.

We propose to inquire: **What Constitute a Great Man?** David said Abner was a great man. We assert that General Lee was a great man. Are we correct? This word "great" is frequently upon our lips. He may be great in our estimation, but is he truly great? He may excel in some intellectual, moral or business pursuit, but is the whole man fitly joined together? Statesmen are not always great men. Successful warriors are not necessarily great, as men. Even a good man may not be entitled to the appellation of great—for he may be illiterate, obscure, "loved and prized by God alone."

What, then, constitutes a great man? First, negatively—**It does not consist in large earthly possessions—in material resources—nor in official position!**

These are the elements of power, but not the constituents of greatness. They are the externals of fortune, not necessarily the accompaniments of true nobility.—They may co-exist with greatness, but they hang as loose robes around a great man. They are the outer garments—if you please, the *toga virilis*—"Roman gown of manhood"; but not the manhood itself. They are the paint—the stucco—the filagree-work of the edifice, but not the building. Time may deface them—misfortune may destroy them—but their departure only reveals the solidity of the masonry within.

At the outset of the war, General Lee had some of these externals of fortune—wealth—honorable connections—some official position, and the confidence of his associates. His mind was cultivated. He was master of his profession. The industry that had graduated him **second** in an unusually brilliant class at West Point, had also made him the most accomplished engineer in the "old army." He had some **professional fame**. Vera Cruz had fallen, by his professional skill. Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, and Contreras were carried, as much by his professional learning as by the courage of the troops, for it was his learning and ability which directed the operations of those days, and brought about their successful results. All these things had given him some advantages—some **prestige**.

During "our war," he held high official position. Many of the **externals** of fortune seemed to hang around the loved old chieftain, but they were only chaplets and robes thrown over the statue of Hercules. When reverses had swept them all away—when his little wealth was all gone—when he was stripped of position, and despoiled of power, it was then the **solid** and **elegant** structure of his character was revealed. To be stripped of these things is what the world call **ruin**—what the world calls **defeat**

—but this seeming ruin and defeat is the opportunity of true greatness.

Never did General Lee seem greater than when on the 12th of April, 1865—after the surrender, which had been agreed upon two days before—when the seventy-five hundred men who still remained with him, had stacked their arms, and the ranks were for the first time broken in the presence of the enemy, **there**, surrounded by all these evidences of defeat—**there**, when the veterans of a hundred battle-fields are discharged from the control of their commanding officer—**there**, in full view of the stacked muskets which they had borne so gallantly at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Richmond, Gettysburg, everywhere—**there**, in full view of their bullet-torn flags, now furled and in the possession of **others**—**there**, with all the memories of the past, and all the fears for the future—these brave men are moved by but one impulse, and that was to grasp the hand of their beloved old chieftain, to shake it with all the fervor of love, while tears are streaming from the eyes that had never blinked in the storm of battle. They weep—not for themselves, but because they knew his **“great soul”** was pained. Their first and only thought in that supreme moment, was to minister consolation to him **“whom they loved.”** Ah! it was Cato in ruins, receiving the tearful benedictions of all the Athenians. **There** he stands, deprived of his rank—a prisoner of war on parole, his hopes and labors all blasted, yet never was he so **loved and honored**—never was he so appreciated. He turned to the soldiers who gathered around him and said, **“Men, we have fought through the war together, and I have done the best I could for you.”** With this noble consciousness of rectitude—a consciousness which was responded to by every young Southerner who had followed his flag, he mounted his horse, and in company with a few members of his staff, he rode back to Richmond. Blackened walls and smoking embers are around him; the streets are thronged with strangers; soldiers in Federal uniforms crowd the pavements; no familiar face is seen. Presently he is recognized—the cry is raised, **“Lee! Lee!”** Instantly friend and foe uncover, and start after the retiring Hero with shouts of love and applause. Soon he enters his humble house, and forever into the seclusion of private life. The smoke of battle is now dispersed, and the eye can take in the **magnitude** of the man—for the sunbeams are playing upon his brow, and every cloud that now floats over him only deepens the golden light that bathes his character.

Enemies investigate his character. Records are searched—prisoners are interrogated on oath. His companions in arms are cross-examined. Every device is employed to find something condemnatory of his official acts, and yet

the verdict of his prosecutors is, "We find no fault in this man."

So then we are taught improperly that **position** constitutes greatness, and that worldly success is a test of merit. Under this teaching men frequently are induced to surrender all nobility of soul to acquire position, and will sacrifice all the elements of greatness to command success.

General Lee did not seek the chief command of the army of Virginia. He seemed to drift with the current of events, and yet his intellect and his rigid discharge of **duty** were, all unconsciously to himself, controlling and shaping the current of events. When at Savannah, or in Northern Virginia, commanding a handful of men—while the Southern armies were gathering around Richmond—and in Tennessee under other leaders, there were no murmurs—no restless repinings. But like Fabius Maximus who, under the charge of **inactivity** was superceded by another, and went into a subordinate position, he said "This only affords me a more splendid opportunity of showing my zeal for the Republic." When he received the chief command of the army of Virginia, he seemed to fill a niche which nature had prepared for him. His genius, his intellect and moral qualifications, **fitted** the place. There was no discrepancy between his **capacity** and his **duty**. His resources were always equal to the demands made upon them. He adorned the office—the office revealed the man. He was to his office as an "apple of gold set in a picture of silver.'

Who is a "great man?" **One who, with high intellectual qualifications, fine moral perceptions, and untiring industry, devotes all his mental and moral endowment to the happiness of others.** Selfishness makes no part of true greatness. Labor and exertion for selfish ends and purposes, dissolves and annuls a man's claim to greatness. He lives not unto himself. Living or dying, he belongs unto others. As the circle enlarges, and the number of those he benefits is multiplied, in that proportion he is great. When the recipients of his intellectual and moral beneficence embrace the citizens of a State, we have that highest grade of human greatness a "**national benefactor.**"

General Lee lived not for himself. He never placed personal considerations in competition with the "public good." He was the servant of all, and thus he reached the Scriptural standard of greatness. "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them and they that are great exercise authority upon them.—But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever would be great among you, let him be your minister. And whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant." That is: Among the Gentiles, dominion and authority are the signs of greatness, but among Christians he is to be recognized

as chief who devotes all his powers to the general happiness—forgets self-interest in promoting the interest of others. Is willing to be poor, that others may be rich—is willing to suffer that others may rejoice—consents to risk his life, and even to die, that others may live. The highest praise the enemies of the Blessed Savior ever gave him was the derisive taunt, "**He saved others, himself he cannot save.**" The grandest words of patriotism that ever fell from human lips were Paul's: "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsman according to the flesh, who are Israelites."

It is said of Caius Gracchus, that he boasted of carrying casks full of wine in the provinces, and bringing them back empty, while others brought theirs back full of gold. Like him, General Lee carried a full purse into the struggle for Southern independence, and brought it out empty. He could have amassed millions for his private estate; he could have commanded every bale of cotton in the South; he could have found an outlet through every blockaded port on our coast—but while his countrymen suffered, it is said that a "simple slice of ham and cracker" was the extent of his table luxuries; and at the close of the war he was dependent upon his own exertions for his daily bread. **Self** was forgotten.

He was opposed to secession, but his individual opinions were not permitted to influence his duty to others. He was the son of Virginia, therefore the servant of Virginians. At the command of his old mother, he unsheathed his sword, and never did he surrender it until the Virginia of his fathers had ceased to exist. As long as she had power to issue her orders, so long, with sword in hand, was he ready "through rock and steel to smite." When she ceased to breathe, and her arms were folded in death, he had nothing to do but to die, and sleep upon *her bosom*.

He fought simply for the homes of his countrymen—for his **Penates**. His nature shrank from the carnage of battle. He found no "music," like Charles XII of Sweden, in "whistling bullets." He felt no sublimity in exploding shells, in the charge of cavalry, or in the shouts of captains. He knew that all these were messengers of death—of wounds—of desolation. His finely-wrought soul delighted in none of these things, for his was

"The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe."

He fought for no objects of ambition—no crown—no point of honor—no acquisition of territory—no traditional feud—no sectional hate. He carried into battle neither the **red rose** of Lancaster, nor the **white rose** of York. But with a "single eye" to defense, his motives were all summed up in the expression, "My people must be pro-

tected." When army after army which the Federal authorities sent against him, had gone down under his guns and his strategy like frost-work—when commander after commander had been driven back across the Potomac, and into retirement—when new levies of a half million of men were flocking to the Federal onset, like "eagles to the carcass," and the little band of young Southrons were rallying around their "old Leader" for the last death-struggle, it is said some foreign officer enquired of General Lee, "How long do you suppose the work of death will continue, and what will be the probable results of the war?" It is said that his only reply was, "Sir, my people must be protected." And we verily believe that his people to-day owe their tolerable condition not so much to the clemency of Northern politicians as they do to the stern and overwhelming resistance of Robert E. Lee.

In an earthquake it is usually the first wave which rushes over the city, and in its reflex sweeps everything lovely and beautiful to the bottom of the sea. If the city can escape the first wave, consequent on the first shock, then the monster force is found to subside gradually, and finally wastes its strength in harmless oscillations. So if the first wave of Northern vengeance, consequent on the firing upon Fort Sumter, and the first battle of Manassas, had swept unresisted over the South, it is probable the "desolations of war" would have been realized by us more than they were. But General Lee certainly gave the country time for reflection, and stayed the mad waves of revenge until the North had learned to respect the courage of the South. The State which produced him, and the soldiers he commanded, may be hated, but can never be despised. We repeat, that he consecrated all his powers to the happiness of his countrymen.

But this regard for the greatest good to the greatest number of his fellow men was manifested in his efforts to mitigate the horrors and cruelties of war.

The savage is never a "great man." The brave man is proverbial for his generosity and his chivalrous bearing towards the helpless and unarmed. He will lose an opportunity for success rather than stain his reputation for magnanimity. His place in history, and the approval of his conscience, is more valuable to him than the applause of the multitude.

Never were these truisms more fully illustrated than they were by General Lee in his temporary invasion of Pennsylvania. It was thought when he entered that State he would retaliate for the many outrages which the enemy had committed upon the South. That he, also, would announce that "war is cruelty," and proceed to apply the torch. That in answer to the demands made upon him by some Southern journals, he would hoist the "black flag," and proceed to chase women and children from their burn-

ing homes, and drive them houseless and penniless refugees into the mountains and swamps of that State. But little did the men who entertained these expectations know of the grandeur of the Confederate Chieftain.

As soon as he entered that State he issued orders forbidding his troops from taking private property, unless paid for on the spot. That no private dwelling was to be entered without special authority. Grain fields were guarded by troops on starving horses. Store houses and barns were surrounded by ragged and bare-footed pickets to shield them from depredation. A few Dutchmen gathering up their mules and oxen pretended to fly before the rebels, but the vast majority of the citizens remained at home along the line of Lee's march, and the infant babe slept as sweetly upon its mother's breast as though no invading army had crossed the lines; and virgin innocence reposed as safely upon its nightly couch as though it had been resting in a father's arms. There were no smoking ruins left in his path—he issued no orders to destroy, and made no reports like the following, by General Sheridan: "I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand head of sheep, and have made the country entirely untenable."

A writer on International Law says, "A belligerent prince, who should, in the present day, without necessity, ravage an enemy's country with fire and sword, and render it uninhabitable in order to make it serve as a barrier against the advance of the enemy, would justly be regarded as a modern Attila."

After he fought the battle of Gettysburg, and during his retreat—though that retreat was conducted in perfect order and unmolested by the enemy, yet there were no poor old Cassvilles in his rear, with every house in its incorporate limits reduced to ashes, except its three churches—there were no Cartersvilles, with every house on its public square left in cinders, and its Baptist church destroyed—there were no Mariettas—there were no Atlantas, with its inhabitants driven into exile, and their homes, "palace and hovel," left blackened monuments of barbarism and cowardice. There was no long track of embers and wrecks—no flying throngs of shrieking, wailing women, and starving children. There was no Columbia, with its churches—its halls of learning—its palaces of justice—its eighty squares of buildings all wrapped in flames—its insulted women—its desecrated graves—its sack, in which intoxicated soldiers and fire did the "work of hell" from dark to sunrise.

Oh, no! There were none of these things—General Lee was in command of Southern troops. It was not Count Von Moltke, or the Crown Prince, carrying desolation to the harmless peasantry of Alsace and Lorraine. It was the Hero who had achieved greater victories than Gravelotte, subjecting “war” to the high standards of humanity and Christian mercy. It was a man who gave no unnecessary pain—inflicted no gratuitous suffering—started no tears. He was a Knight tender as woman, and fearless as Bayard.

Lastly: **Every great man fears God, and keeps his commandments.**

Human greatness is estimated by its works. By their deeds will posterity judge the great of this world. Professions of friendship for the human race will only be esteemed valid, when sustained by the consecration of great intellectual and moral powers to the public good.

But the enemy of God was never a true friend to man. He who violates the law of God, and “teaches men so,” is to the extent of his ability, at war with the public good. For the highest human happiness can only be reached through obedience to God. Christianity is the foundation of our civilization, and the only elevating and refining agency of our society. He who rejects Christianity undermines the intelligence and the virtue of the human race and attempts to force back the tide of civilization upon the sources of barbarism. A Christian is not necessarily a “great man;” he may not have the power to shape and mould his fellow-men; he may not have the tact to command the world’s attention; he may be incapable of great thoughts and great actions, but every “great man” is a good man—a “God-fearing” man—a righteous man. For he cannot be a lover of men unless he be a lover of God in Christ Jesus.

As we have stated, General Lee was a Christian—a communicant at the altars of a Christian Church—partaker of the emblems of “Christ’s broken body and shed blood”—a man of prayer—a man of faith—one who hung all his trophies, all his spoils “upon the Cross.”

We can never forget his dispatches announcing to the country memorable victories—victories destined to live in history and song as long as great deeds are honored among men. They were in spirit but a repetition of the old doxologies: “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.” “Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks; unto thee do we give thanks; for that thy name is near, thy wondrous works declare. O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten him the victory.” “The Lord hath made known his salvation. And hath redeemed us from our enemies.” It is probable that General Lee did not believe that battle was a decision of the “justice of God,” or that the results of war determined

the legal equities of an international cause. But he was deeply religious—he recognized the hand of God in everything—his heart was the trained and disciplined respondent of God's mercies, and he habitually attributed every success to the "Father of Lights."

When he parted with his troops at Appomattox, he dismissed them with these manly words: "I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection." It was a father commending his children to the God who had watched over all his earthly pilgrimage. It was Israel in his last hours, reaching out his hands and laying them upon the heads of Ephraim and Manassah, saying, "The angel which redeemed me from evil, bless the lads." It was the Apostle committing his sons "to God, and the word of his grace."—who "kneeled down and prayed with them all." And they all wept sore, "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

Grand old man! Great in all thy actions, but greatest and noblest in communion and fellowship with thy God! Thou wert not permitted to lead thy people to their coveted inheritance," but on "Nebo's lonely mountain" God handed thee gently and gloriously to thy grave!

Oh! ye coming historian! Write it upon thy future page, that the desolated South has produced the only Chieftain of the Nineteenth Century who by his acts in war, demonstrated his piety to God. Havelock, and our own Jackson, were subordinates. Like the Phoenix, which is said to renew itself from its own ashes, so these Southern States, when they were crumbling into ruins, developed and matured the sublimest specimen of a Christian Soldier known to his age.

The world does not produce many "great men"—only here and there, along the track of time, do they make their appearance. Heaven bestows its ordinary gifts lavishly, but its extraordinary endowments are given sparingly. There are not many stars of the first magnitude—diamonds are scarce among the sands of the earth. These "great men" seem to be given for our guidance. They are blazing monuments, by which the multitude may direct their aspirations and their actions. When one begins to grow dim with years, God raises up another, and to-day Robert E. Lee is Heaven's latest monument on the path of human existence.

Let us reach out as far as practicable towards this illustrious example. Let us, like him, submit quietly to the necessities of our situation, obey the laws, and by industry, economy and enterprise, restore the "waste places" of Georgia. Above all, let us by faith in Christ, secure the blessing of Almighty God.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

An Address Delivered at Ashburn, Georgia, on April 26,
1915, Upon the Invitation of the United
Daughters of The Confederacy.

By Mrs. W. H. Felton, Cartersville, Ga.

Respected Audience: It is the principal token of civilization to remember with respect, and memorialize with accuracy and affection, the good and the great, who have preceded us, in the journey of life.

All nations of the earth, save benighted Africa, have numerous memorials, arches, temples, and tablets, for this worthy purpose. Even in heathen lands beautiful monuments remain, erected centuries ago. Inscriptions inside the Pyramids of Egypt, prove to us the respect that ancient Egyptians entertained for their dead Pharaohs.

In more modern times—there are monuments of various kinds, built of purest marble, hardest granite, enduring bronze, to commemorate the victories of Great Generals and notable Statesmen. Our National Capitol has its Hall of Fame. Among the great of America, the Commonwealth of Illinois has placed a marble statue of Miss Frances Willard, the great leader of the Temperance Cause in the United States and the World!

All over our country there are monuments being constantly erected to memorialize the victorious leaders in our Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

Georgia has made a legal holiday of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee. The United States Government had previously made legal holidays of the birthdays of General George Washington and President Abraham Lincoln. On those legal birthday holidays all business is suspended. The public schools give holidays, supposing that teacher and pupils will occupy the time in discussing the history of the three greatest men who ever lived in their respective states. Every American who travels in foreign lands is pleased to know that General Washington's name commands the respect of the residents of the Old World.

"Like a thread of gold,

His life has wrought good a thousand fold!"

Thus it is in the South with the name of General Lee. He was a truly great man, and also a great soldier. He was a good citizen, a wise father, a devoted husband and a Christian gentleman. There is no taint of greed or corruption in his wonderful career. His example was always good in camp and field, in the lecture room, and wherever he was placed to illustrate his State and Nation. He died as he lived, a great and noble son of Virginia, a worthy son of worthy sires. He prized character above money.

His former foes appreciate him—for his courage and his virtues. Before the smoke of battle had risen from the battlefields around Richmond, the finest writers in Europe bore testimony to their high regard for the defeated General of the collapsed Confederacy.

As the years roll on and the critics see clearer, their admiration increases. The better we in the South become acquainted with General Lee, the more we admire his beautiful loyalty and resplendent patriotism. If he ever made a military mistake, and he made some mistakes, he was able to rise in majesty of truth and justice and admit them. There is no greater test of noble character than to confess a fault. General Lee was true to others and true to himself.

Our Confederate experiences were sore and heavy toward the end. It was a tremendous responsibility to lead a forlorn hope in bloody battles. General Lee was appraised, from the beginning, that our chances were doubtful. No Southern General had such clear vision as to the resources of the Federal Army as General Lee. He had reached such prominence in the U. S. Army that General Winfield Scott had picked him for the Succeeding Commanding General.

He was reared as a soldier. He was the son of General Henry Lee, who commanded "Lee's Legion" in the Revolutionary War, and who was called "Light-Horse Harry Lee." It was he who delivered the celebrated eulogy on General Washington, in which he said: "First in war; first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He served in Congress; was Governor of Virginia from 1792-95. In 1814, he was visiting in Baltimore when the house was attacked and General Lee defended his host and family, but the mob was victorious. He with his host and others were carried to the jail for safety. The mob broke into the jail, killed some, maimed others, among them General Henry Lee. He never recovered from those wounds. He sought health in the West Indies. Without improvement he tried to reach home, and reached our own Cumberland Island, Ga., where death found him. He died March 25, 1816, nearly one hundred years ago. His great son, Robert Edward, was only nine years of age when his father died. He was born at the family (Lee) homestead, named Stratford, which Richard Henry Lee, the signer of Independence, inherited—he who wrote that famous sentence, "That these Colonies are, and of right, ought to be, free and Independent States." Those of you who will ever take a boat-trip down the James River can have Stratford pointed out to you.

Our own great General Robert Lee was sixty-three years of age when he died suddenly from rheumatism, contracted from exposure in the Confederate war. He should

have been in the prime of his life, but he lived only five years after the surrender at Appomattox.

He was much opposed to secession. He did not resign his position in the old Army until Virginia seceded in May, 1861. Georgia seceded in January, 1861. His wife (Mrs. Lee) wrote to General Scott, that "her husband had wept tears of blood" over the situation. General Lee wrote a letter to his own sister, which is extant, "I am grieved at my inability to see you. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia has been drawn after a long struggle, and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet I, as an individual had to make choice, whether I would act for or against the people of my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and my loyalty as an American citizen, I have not been able to raise my hand against my relatives, my children and my home. Save in defense of my native State, I shall never draw my sword. I hope my poor services will never be needed, I know you will blame me, but you must think of me as kindly as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what was right."

When Richmond became the Capitol and General Lee volunteered with a Virginia regiment he had a small position. Do not forget, he was going up head, under General Scott's good will as fast as he could advance. He had liberal army pay and owned Arlington, with other fortunes. Had he chosen to leave Virginia, honors would have been heaped upon him. His magnificent home would have been saved to him. He knew, as before said, what the South was rushing into—unprepared. Our own fiery Georgia speakers told of this unpreparedness, and General Lee knew the chances were all against us. The whole civilized world, except Brazil, had abandoned the system of African slavery. It had "no dignity" in any powerful government. Yet General Lee saw with clear vision, with mammoth losses to himself at the very beginning; without his regular army pay; forced to abandon Arlington and take his large family of sons and young daughters into a rented house; he made these heroic sacrifices for his native State—Virginia. He joined the Confederate army as a Brigadier General. When he reached Richmond, Governor Letcher conferred upon him the command of all Virginia troops with title of Major-General. A great mass-meeting was held at the State Capitol, with brass bands, fervid oratory and military processions. After General Lee had been formally intrusted with the Major-Generalship, he rose and modestly said: "I am grateful for this confidence, so kindly expressed on this, to me, most solemn occasion." He wished there had been a better one

selected for the work, but he would do his best and await results.

When Congress assembled at Richmond, a re-organization of the army was ordered and General Lee was set down as a Brigadier General for the second time, and placed under some political generals who had been active in pushing the crisis upon the country and who wished to win fame as martial heroes. General Wise and General Floyd got to quarreling in West Virginia and had to be separated. Everything went wrong. General Garnett was killed, his command destroyed, and when General Lee was ordered to the command, Pegram's artillery had been sacrificed and everything was hopeless. This defeat lost West Virginia to the Southern Confederacy, although General Lee held the forces intact during the long, dreadful winter of 1861-62.

As a quasi rebuke, he was removed to the Coast of Florida and Georgia, and held that inconsiderable appointment until the summer of 1862. He had no attention while the battle of Manassas was fought in July, 1861, but there was no complaint, no personal grievance ever exposed while he remained comparatively unnoticed in the Army by Confederate authorities. The absence of all resentment marks one of the finest traits in the character of General Lee.

Not until the Battle of Seven Pines in June, 1862, after General Joe Johnston was wounded and disabled, did the authorities turn to the consideration of the fitness and military capacity of General Lee. They did not seem to appreciate what was ready to their hand until that time. General Beauregard had gone out West to supervise the Western Army under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston. This was another case of glaring oversight. General Albert S. Johnston had been soundly abused for inactivity, etc., but when General Beauregard made his report he said he was astounded that there were only a little over 20,000 men. The Border States sent a number of enthusiastic Confederate troopers, but the masses of the people stayed at home and saved their stuff!

When General Lee was placed in command of the army of northern Virginia he had time to find out that he must have men who were trained in military affairs. Political generals, as a rule, had been a failure. Ever afterwards he kept Stonewall Jackson within reach. General A. P. Hill he knew to be sterling metal and he was kept in close touch. General Longstreet, the best trained soldier that Georgia ever raised, was never far away, but once, when he was dispatched with an army corps to assist General Bragg at the battle of Chickamauga. General D. H. Hill was a trained soldier, reliable to the core, only when he got angry or petulant with orders that he did not like,

maybe did not understand. Major-General Ewell was also a great soldier.

I read some time ago of the seven days' battles that came in swift succession after the retirement of General Joe Johnston at Seven Pines. General Lee had swiftly organized his army under these trusted and trained men. General Jackson had been operating in the valley—and it was a season of heavy rains and flooded streams. General Lee summoned him to the defense of Richmond. McClellan was approaching with a large, well-equipped army, pressing on in great force. A battle was set for the 27th of June, near Mechanicsville, and Jackson was anxiously expected. The last word was that he had to repair Beaver Creek bridge to get his guns across. General Lee was in Hogan's house, with A. P. Hill and Longstreet near at hand and waiting. The lesser officers were sitting on steps of Hogan's house, and piazzas. General Lee was alone in a bed room, anxiously waiting for Jackson. The word that went around was, "Can Jackson reach us?" Those who saw General Lee's face said he was pale, but composed.

At length a courier came in sight, waving a piece of paper, his horse covered with sweat and foam. General Lee caught the paper from his hand, read the lines, mounted his horse and ordered A. P. Hill to charge, as "Jackson was coming!" Longstreet was held until Jackson came in sight—and then the battle was on!! Longstreet gave his troops General Lee's final command, and from two P. M. until dark the battle raged.

The victory remained with the Confederates. They saved the Capitol of the Confederacy from the enemy when McClellan was sure he had it in his very clutch. There were captured ten thousand prisoners, 35,000 stand of small arms, and 50 superior cannon and immense stores. General Lee said in his modest way: "We regret that more has not been accomplished but regret gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign ruler of the universe." Said General Stonewall Jackson: "Gratitude is due to God for this great victory."

As General Lee sat in Hogan's house he had utmost confidence in these Generals: Jackson, Longstreet, the two Hills, and General Ewell. On the 29th was the battle of Savage Station; on the 30th that of Frazier's Farm; on July 1st, of Malvern Hill.

It was no time or place for political generals. The time was too dangerous, and the crisis too great. He had also his old regiment of Virginia troops. They loved him, they were also close to him, night and day. I haven't time to go through the series of battles, the dreadful carnage, the varying fortunes of these troops, but it is a good time to say that Stonewall Jackson was shot down, to death, by a mistake, and by his own troops. General Long-

street was also shot by mistake of his own troops—and was troubled with his wounds to his dying day. General A. P. Hill was killed near the close of the war—and spared the trial of the final surrender. He was one of our greatest Confederate Generals. The battle of Sharpsburg was a mistake, as we see it now. General Lee was encouraged to go into Maryland with the hope that the Southern sympathizers would rally in force and recruit his army. The battle of Gettysburg was a similar mistake. General Lee was mistaken. He was not afraid to say so. Efforts have been made in various quarters to charge blame on one of his beloved Generals. The human heart is too prone to seek to fasten blame—in the heat of political fury.

At last came the fateful day at Appomattox. The end was near. General Lee could not postpone. His ragged, hungry and shoeless legions were depleted to but little over 25,000 men. The enemy was so near and had so completely surrounded him that he saw the hour had nearly come—when he could do nothing but surrender.

I had a tragic story of the last night before the end, from General Charles Field, who was in command of the Virginia troops, who went into the army with General Lee at the beginning of the Confederate war.

General Field said General Lee understood that General Grant was not far away and would propose terms of surrender on the following day. A Council of War was held in General Lee's tent, and matters discussed. After midnight, when the Council adjourned, General Lee asked General Longstreet to remain with him after the others had gone. He said he hoped there would be terms offered that he might reasonably accept for the army, but he could not listen to dishonorable terms, etc. He had made up his mind to try to cut his way into the mountains of Virginia, in such an emergency, and die in the attempt. Looking General Longstreet full in the face he asked this question, "Will you go with me, in this event and lead the forlorn hope?" General Field said it was a wonderful interview, knowing both men as he knew them—both animated by the same courage, and same patriotism.

Longstreet grasped the hand of his chief and replied, "General Lee, I will go with you!" The terms were not dishonorable and the end came quietly. I am hoping that Georgians will in a coming day erect a suitable monument on the Capitol grounds in Atlanta and dedicate it to Lee and Longstreet. I wish it might come in my time, and that I could be there to see! Georgia owes it to them!

General Lee was never greater in his noble life than when he rode down the lines after the terms of surrender had been signed and bade good bye to his old soldiers. He wasted no words, he made no complaints, he reviled nobody, he accepted the inevitable as nobly as he had announced victory. "Men! we have fought through four

years of bloody war. I have done the best I could for you."

He retired to his rented house in Richmond, with no income, nothing left of the fortune that he had sacrificed to remain with his kindred on the soil of Virginia. With a large family to care for, the future must have looked gloomy enough. After things had rested for some months, he entered upon his duties as president of a boy's college in his native State, and within less than five years he went to his Eternal reward! He was as much greater than his former property, as William of Orange when he opened the dykes of Holland to stop invading armies. He was greater in defeat than his conquerors were in victory, because of his self-poise, his calm endurance, and humble Christian Faith in the darkest hours of his life.

General Lee was a wonderful father. I have a letter written to his young son, then at school, before the war came on:

"My dear Son:

"I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My old regiment has been ordered to that distant region. I must hasten to see they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26-27-28. Your letters breathe the true spirit of frankness. They have given your mother and myself great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of liberty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion. I take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor you must grant it if it is reasonable.

"If not, plainly tell him you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocations of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend. The man who requires you to do so is bought dearly at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly with your classmates. Above all do not appear to be to others what you are not. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle but it is the path to peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter inform you that nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the Dark Day, when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished by an eclipse.

"The Legislature of Connecticut was in session and the members saw the sudden and unexpected darkening coming on. It was supposed by many to be the Last Day of Judgment. Some one in the confusion of the moment moved an adjournment. There was one old Puritan legislator, by name Davenport of Stamford. He arose and said, "If the Last Day has come, he desired to be found at his

post of duty." He moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty.

"There was a quietness in that man's mind of heavenly wisdom, and inflexible willingness to do present duty. Duty is the sublimest word in our language. You cannot do more. You should never desire to do less.

"Never let me or your mother wear a gray hair for lack of duty on your part.

"Your affectionate father.

"R. E. LEE."

I greatly wish that this letter might be read on the birthday of General Lee in our public schools, I am sure it would do good and how better could that holiday be celebrated?

General Lee had two or more sons in the Confederate Army. His son, Rob, was a private in Rockbridge Artillery and with Jackson in the Valley campaign. Rob was dirty, ragged, worn out with marching and crept under one of the gun caissons for a nap. Somebody roused him and said there was somebody wanting to see him. Half awake, he crawled out, and there was his father and his staff all in new uniforms. Sometime afterward Rob was promoted, but before that his mother asked General Lee to keep Rob near him. He replied he was opposed to officers surrounding themselves with near relatives. "It is wrong in principle that selecting should be made from private and social reasons, rather than from the public good. I prefer that Rob should remain in independent position in the line where he could rise by his own merit, and not through the favor of his own relatives."

His daughter, Annie, died in North Carolina in October, 1862, where she had gone for her health. He wrote to his wife: "The death of our dear Annie is to me a bitter pang, but the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. In the quiet hours of night, when there is nothing to lighten the full weight of my grief I feel as if I shall be overwhelmed, but God, in this, has mingled his mercy with the blow in selecting that one best prepared to leave. May you be able to join me in saying God's Will be done!" When the army was near Charlottesville, in 1864, the officers in General Fitzhugh Lee's command gave a great ball, and sent General Lee a ticket. In a reply letter he wrote the only word of censure that appears in his writing: "This is a bad time for such things. We have too grave subjects on hand to engage in trivial amusements. I would rather the officers would entertain themselves in fattening their horses, healing their men and recruiting their regiments. There are too many Lees on that committee. I like them to be present at battles, but can excuse them at balls. I think it would be better if Fitz Lee moved his camp further from Char-

lottesville. He and I are too old for such assemblies. I want him to write how his men are, his horses and what I can do to fill up his ranks."

After he was President of the College many girl friends visited his own daughters of whom there were several. There were callers every evening from students and young professors. Their house was small and the son writes: "If his daughters had guests, my father sat with my mother in the dining room, adjoining the drawing room. When the clock struck ten he would rise and close shutters carefully and slowly. If that did not succeed as a hint, he would simply say, "Good night, young gentlemen."

General Lee always held family prayers and they had to have breakfast at seven so he might reach the chapel at a quarter to eight, where prayers were held in College Chapel. That was early rising in the home, for prayers were held before breakfast. His daughter-in-law said "she did not believe General Lee would have had a high opinion of even General Washington (if he could return to earth) if he did not attend family prayers."

Some letters to his wife, written before Virginia seceded, are pathetic. He did not believe secession advisable (and it was not) and yet he cast his lot with Virginia, knowing he had all to lose and nothing to gain. He speaks of Arlington being lost to them, but hopes they will have a farm that will yield cornbread and bacon, but he warns her that the war will not be a short one—that the South need not rely upon foreign aid, not even on account of the Trent affair, as the United States would give up Mason and Slidell rather than go to war with England, which came true.

This great man accepted poverty and defeat with a resignation that was wonderful, when we think of his large family of daughters and sons and loss of fortune and loss of Arlington, the elegant home of his family in days of peace. He never owned a home any more. I have a clipping from "The Youth's Companion," printed in Boston, February, 22, 1912, that shows that even his former foes accorded him great respect.

FEBRUARY 22, 1912.

GENERAL LEE.

"The whole life of General Robert E. Lee was a fine, although unobtrusive, protest against the worship of wealth. He stood, as Tennyson wrote of Wellington, "four-square to all the winds that blew!" He was above money and beyond price. Here is the proof, from Mr. Charles Foster Smith's recent book, "Reminiscences and Sketches":

Owner of the baronial manor of Arlington and possessor otherwise of a princely fortune, General Lee had lost

all in the cataclysm of civil war. And when he was thus impoverished, in the autumn of 1863, the city council of Richmond voted him a house for his family; but he declined it, suggesting "that whatever means the city council may have to spare for this purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field."

After the war an English nobleman offered him a country estate, with an annuity of three thousand pounds; but he declined, saying, "I must abide the fortunes and share the fate of my people."

In 1865 he accepted the presidency of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University,) at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; but when General Ewell, in 1868, gave five hundred dollars to the college, on condition that it be added to General Lee's salary, the latter declined it, writing General Ewell, "I already receive from the college a larger amount than my poor services are worth."

He was invited to become the head of a firm in New York to represent Southern commerce, with a salary of fifty thousand dollars; but this, too, he declined. "I am grateful," he said, "but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

The presidency of the Southern Insurance Company, in which Hampton, Gordon, B. H. Hill, and other distinguished ex-Confederates were directors, was offered him at a salary of ten thousand dollars. But this also he declined, saying, "I feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time, or as long as I can be of service to it."

The distinguished ex-Confederate officer sent to make him the offer said:

"We do not wish you to give up your present position, general, or to discharge any duties in connection with our company. The truth is, we only want your name connected with the company. That would amply compensate us for the salary we offer you."

General Lee's face flushed. "I am sorry, sir," he replied, "that you are so little acquainted with my character as to suppose that my name is for sale at any price."

One of the general's biographers states that he "found his letter-book filled with replies to offers of this character."

In May, 1870, when General Lee was away seeking health, the board of trustees of the college deeded the president's house, which had been built under General Lee's supervision, to Mrs. Lee, with an annuity of thirty-five hundred dollars.

But he declined it, saying, "I am unwilling that my family should become a tax on the college, but desire that all its funds should be devoted to the purposes of education. I know that my wishes on this subject are equally shared by my wife."

After the general's death, the trustees sent Mrs. Lee a check for the first quarter of the annuity, but she promptly returned it, with a beautiful letter of thanks, saying that she could not accept the annuity and was ready to give up the house to the new president whom they should elect.

The new president elected was her own son, and she died in the president's house.

There were famous Confederate Generals who did allow the use of their names in questionable enterprises. The Lottery Company of Louisiana was championed by General Beauregard and General Early. They secured large salaries for the use of their names, and eternity alone will tell how many thousands of dollars that went out of the pockets of Confederate soldiers into that terrible gambling concern and never returned them a penny in profit. There was universal regret that these Confederate Generals allowed the purchase of their names and influence. The time came when the strong arm of the U. S. Government had to be applied to squelching out this foul den of speculation and graft.

There were other Confederate Generals that many of us knew in person who were used in divers schemes that were also used to decoy Confederate soldiers into swindling enterprises. General Lee could not afford to do that. "His name was not for sale."

In conclusion, I believe I am authorized to say that the "Lost Cause" has still one jewel among its assets—one so valuable that the blight of Civil War does not discount, that age has not tarnished and Time will never corrode, namely the life and character of General Robert E. Lee. It grows brighter each year that has passed and I esteem it a privilege to stand in this presence and say to this large company that I lived in General Lee's time and have been spared nearly fifty years since he passed on and I have never heard of the taint of gold in his history. He was a true-hearted Christian soldier and Southern gentleman!

With a word to the few remaining veterans who attend these exercises today, the lesson for us is a renewed covenant with ourselves to give inflexible adherence to duty—our present duty. The respect and confidence of the people of Georgia is lavished upon you. They intend to show you respect and confidence so long as you remain with them.

While you will never be called upon again to fight the battles of your country, you are expected to stand in your places, and acquit yourselves, like patriots and golden-

hearted citizens of Georgia. It is your privilege to pose as an example to the younger men of your State, to stand for the good things in civic righteousness that General Lee stood for in the sixties.

It is your especial duty to examine into the qualifications of your office seekers and to patriotically advise younger men to stand in their places and vote for good and true men, that your beloved State may enjoy the peaceable fruits of righteousness. There are new and untried conditions that are forcing themselves to the front. This European war will crowd a vast number of persons upon this country, who know nothing of our laws or our language. They can vote very early after an allotted time. Coming from a section where blood and carnage have run riot, they must be handled with exceeding care and patience, as well as justice, if this Republic is to be preserved.

As you were brave in war, show continued courage in meeting these coming dangers.

The time cannot be long for you or myself; but I implore you to cast your votes for clean government, and in behalf of human liberty. Nothing else is worth troubling about. As survivors, where so many of your comrades perished on the field of battle, in hospitals or with lingering wounds, you owe a duty to their widows and especially to their children and grandchildren.

You have been spared in the providence of God to remain nearly half a century. You must defend the Cause of Right, as your Great Commander was glad to do. Others have told you when and how these memorial days were instituted. They will be celebrated long after you and I have passed over the river.

As one who lived through the war-time, who suffered its privations and endured its dangers and difficulties, I wish for you the best things, here and hereafter, with a sincere prayer that at eventide, when the shadows come, it may be well with you and me!

**"THE STRIPED PIG OF GEORGIA" IS WHAT MRS.
FELTON CALLS THE DISPENSARY AT ATHENS.**

She Says It Is No Better Than a Noted New England
"Zebra," in Which Liquor Was Sold—Some
Warm Remarks Touching the
Pending Controversy.

Near Cartersville, Oct. 27, 1898.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I am in receipt of your letter asking for my views upon the following subject:

"Is it right for a church member to sell whisky in a dispensary, under the conditions existing at Athens?"

I take it that you wish for my individual notions, and I will say I knew nothing of the aforesaid conditions at Athens until I read The Journal containing an elaborate exposition of the subject about a week ago. Being an humble member of the Methodist church, and an old-fashioned temperance woman, I do not think I could be induced to sell intoxicants to anybody, were the salary much larger than such a traffic affords in the city of Athens. I grant to every person the right to choose their own profession or calling in life, their conscience bearing witness, but a traffic that makes madmen of those who drink intoxicants—women-beaters and child-starvers, I feel safe in saying is an unenviable profession—for those who may be hereafter judged by "the deeds done in the body."

My astonishment was great when I read of the united action of the churches in Athens in favor of an open liquor shop, where corn whisky was the favorite beverage, and presided over by a member of the Baptist church; with a Methodist assistant to hand out the liquor bottles and take in the money for the same. The salary is doubtless very satisfactory to all concerned. But a cold chill of apprehension passed over me when Manager Johnson declared that the "best ladies" in the city were his patrons, and said they called in person to purchase. Those bottled liquors are the sort of purchases they could only make in such an Athens dispensary. I wish the elect ladies of Athens, who neither buy nor drink his wares would rise up and clear their skirts of this unenviable reputation in the public prints, because I have strong faith in the women of Georgia and unlimited confidence in their sound judgment regarding the saloon system as carried out among us.

Perhaps Manager Johnson was misrepresented in this strange declaration, for Senator Turner disclaims the Athens dispensary bill, and says his bill no more resembled the Athens affair "than a house cat does a Bengal tiger."

I am a true, loyal friend to the university, but I think the hardest blow ever leveled at its progress was this open legalized dispensary in the public streets of Athens. Newton county voted out barrooms for the sake of Emory college. Bibb is now struggling in behalf of Mercer; but Athens with fatuous indifference to public sentiment, has opened a liquor shop with a new name right under the shadow of the time-honored State University, and forthwith, brings it forward as chaperoned by preachers and church members!

This discussion has thrown considerable light on the subject of university interests, and I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion the trustees should allow the people of

Clarke county to make a speedy choice between the "corn whisky" business and the public education of the boys of Georgia, in the city of Athens.

I have heard that old story, namely, "that prohibition does not prohibit." Prohibition always prohibits unless courts officials are unworthy of trust, and grand juries are made up of incapable men. When men are courageous enough to execute the prohibition law, and whisky drinking officers are voted out—then there will be no trouble with prohibition.

But the idea of church members and preachers appointing bartenders, from the prominent churches in Athens, and chaperoning the sale of \$70,000 worth of intoxicants within a single year, tells the story for Clarke county! That amount of liquor in the stomachs and brains of Clarke county citizens uncovers the dispensary project in its proper light. It is preposterous to claim this Athens liquor shop as a temperance measure.

In a New England prohibition town, once upon a time, there was set up a sort of animal show—and circulars issued for the public gave notice of a zebra, but when the knowing ones went inside they found a pig gaudily striped, and the whisky was handed out for what was paid as entrance fee. This Athens dispensary should go down in history as the striped pig of Georgia, for liquor selling is the same sort of thing whether it is managed by church members or by Beelzebub, the prince of devils! It is not the handling of the liquor that makes the evil, but the victims are the men who buy and drink it. Satan must have patted himself vigorously when he looked over the shoulders of preachers, church members and the "best ladies," and found his striped pig in clover—about the State University! Saints, angels and ministers of grace defend us!

I remember hearing of the heroic temperance pioneer speeches of Chief Justice Joseph Henry Lumpkin, in concert with Josiah Flournoy and Dubney P. Jones. It seems to me that Athens would be the last place in the world to go back on the record of distinguished citizens. Alas!

That Sarepta Baptist association perhaps retains a memory of the noble names that stood for righteousness and good government in the long ago. Thanks to those noble preachers. For myself, I would prefer plain open barrooms, with suggestive green blinds, and "No minors allowed in here," to the deceitful, Pecksniffian liquor traffic, that entraps both churchmen and innocent children—under the name of dispensary. And I have no patience with the use of the livery of heaven to secure enormous profits on liquor. Princeton had a lamentable experience with dispensary sales. Yale disgraced itself with the debauchery of students, meanwhile claiming perfect immunity from the evil. The snake is bad enough out in the

open—where you can strike a fair blow at it. When you warm it at your hearthstone you endanger preachers and churchmen if you hit it—judging from the enormous affair set up in Athens. There is a state institution down at Milledgeville that tells us what will result from the unabridged sale and use of whisky. The state penitentiary and almost countless county chaingangs will verify that story. It surpasses belief that preachers and church members should claim public protection because it is handed over the counter by church people. If there is a sober brain to hire, the saloonist will get him to manage his cash box. The Liquor Dealers' political association is careful to nominate its sober but ambitious candidates to fill public offices and carry out its well-planned designs for self protection. But what about the poor drunkard who upsets his own mind and becomes a maniac, in his miserable cravings for the drink that destroys him? Who is accountable, the seller or the buyer?

“Who butchers his children and poisons his wife
Must be pitied, not blamed, though he forfeit his life.
For he could no more help doing what he has done
Than the train could hang back when the engine
moves on.”

In conclusion I would like to say that I fully believe the time is coming when our successors in life will look back with horror to a period in our history when a man could buy a license to debauch his fellow man. And if the history of the Athens dispensary shall travel down the stream of time it should be accompanied with an account of the sale of \$70,000 worth of strong drink within three hundred and sixty-five days, in a small provincial town, “to point the moral—and adorn the tale.” If the story should be illustrated with church members discussing religion across the counter, while the “best ladies” thronged the room to get a bottle, passing out “without insult,” I guess the dispensary would be set down as a relic of the dark ages. Imagine John Wesley or Charles Spurgeon hunting up the brethren in a liquor shop—especially if they exhorted from the text, “Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his brother’s lips!”

I am informed that women and minors must keep out of Atlanta liquor shops. In Athens we are gravely told that anybody that is full grown—man or woman—white or black—can buy a bottle, but they must drink around the corner. It was a shallow pretense to compel the drink-loving student to hire some unscrupulous citizen to slip in and make for him his purchases. Why not allow him to go along with the “best ladies,” in a more honorable way?

Who doubts for a moment his ability to buy any quantity “from a pint up,” when he gets ready for it? I have claimed for Athens superior advantages as a place of education, when anxious mothers would tell me it was

dangerous to sobriety and prudent conduct. If I had been earlier made aware of the exceeding accessibility of this dispensary business I should not have been found trying to pick a briar from a lame finger of excuse, but should have agreed at once that Athens had a cancer in its midst, sufficiently developed to disease the whole body politic.

In direct reply to your question, "under the conditions at Athens," I am obliged to say I am simply amazed and disheartened at the aforesaid "conditions." The state is paying high to provide dispensary victims—for seventy thousand dollars' worth of intoxicants in a single year carries along the evidence to sustain the fact of fearful work. Church membership thereabouts is evidently a thrifty policy. If I should ever foolishly resolve to make liquor selling my business in life I would join the church in Athens and call my dram-shop a dispensary. Respectfully,

MRS. W. H. FELTON

WHY I AM A SUFFRAGIST?

The Subjection of Women and the Enfranchisement of Women.

Doubtless it is well to state that I have been moved to publish my views on this subject by the great number of letters that I receive from men and women all over Georgia, asking for information on the subject of **Votes for Women**.

Almost in touch with the eightieth mile-post of my life's journey, and understanding that there can be no selfish plea in my own heart, as I am only struggling for the good of those to come after me, I decided to publish my views on the subjection, as well as the enfranchisement of my own sex, as a convenient reply to these numerous appeals, and for the satisfaction of my own descendants, after I have passed on to my eternal reward.

Every sane and sensible reader of current events is already convinced that the march of progress will bring equality in the rights of citizenship to every State in the Union—time enough being given. In the year 1912, four millions of women were entitled to vote in County, State and National elections. This privilege was given them by the men voters of nine States and one territory. In 1914, under most unfavorable conditions, two other States were added to the enfranchised States. For many years, partial suffrage for women has been granted by the men voters in other partially enfranchised States. In every case it has been accomplished by the votes of men; and the result has been enthusiastically approved by the Gov-

ernors, Senators and representatives of those free States. For lack of space I must omit these commendations at this time, but I have the data in hand and whenever my statements are disputed I will make suitable reply. There can be no retreat in this war. While the opposition is often rabid and in a manner insulting to those who see the end from the beginning and who have courage to express their honest and well substantiated convictions, we remember it is always so in reform movements. Twenty odd years ago, when Georgia was full of bar-rooms and liquor distilleries—I dared to go, upon request, to various towns and cities in Georgia and demand protection from the destruction that walked in darkness and wasted a noonday—and which destroyed thousands of Georgia homes—and crucified hopes of tens of thousands of mothers and wives in our own state. I was not only fought by those who were making fortunes out of the liquor traffic, but by politicians and even churchmen. I was often warned as to what would happen to me if I persisted. To-day, it is expected that temperance women shall publicly debate this subject, hold temperance prayer-meetings and openly oppose (with their limited influence) every liquor candidate for office. I have had knowledge of these things and I have decided that this terrible thing was voted in upon us by “big interests” and can only be voted out by giving the ballot to women—who are the chief victims. **Woman Suffrage had its inception in this fight against Saloons.** The W. C. T. U., the National Organization, is pledged to Woman Suffrage.

In discussing the equality of sex in citizenship it is well to go back, briefly, to the era of John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. I read their arguments nearly fifty years ago as presented in the celebrated British Reviews of that time. Following so closely upon the enfranchisement of the African race in the United States, the subject was interesting to me. I had seen the negro man given his freedom, (liberty to own himself) and also endowed with the ballot, to be able to hold fast to his liberty. I saw the 15th amendment adopted by the Georgia Legislature, and voted for by various men, who afterwards posed as rabid Democrats. The story appears in the Journal of the House, year 1869, and is beyond dispute. I noted also that our prominent politicians, those who were active in secession were also willing to see the 15th Amendment ratified, because, to quote Hon. A. H. Stephens, “Under it all the whites as well as the blacks are entitled to vote.” These prominent statesmen had been disfranchised by Federal enactment. They had been very active in politics before the Civil War—had taken an oath to support the Federal Constitution, and later on took a similar oath to support the Confederate Constitution. For this reason it was deemed proper by our conquerors that they should be

penalized to that extent. They were well-nigh frantic because of this disfranchisement. The arguments they used—the denunciations they hurled at their so-called oppressors—and their demands for a restoration of their liberties are most satisfactory arguments for those who now demand enfranchisement of women. I lived in those stormy times. It is not hearsay with me. They repudiated their war debt without resistance. They adopted the 13th Amendment without demur, giving freedom to the negro race, because the results of the war settled that dispute. They fought the 14th and 15th Amendments until they became convinced that their own ballot restoration was contingent upon acceptance. I say without hesitation that they esteemed the ballot privilege superior to their contention of property rights in slaves—as of greater import than the billions of values that disappeared after Appomattox—and of such importance to themselves, as to compel them to give the ballot to their former slaves so as to be able to vote and especially to hold office under their State and Federal Governments. Perhaps it is this high estimate which has caused eleven states and one territory to give the ballot to their women.

Former Subjection of Women.

Savage tribes used physical force to manage their women. The club and the lash were their only arguments. Moslem fanatics go a step further in saying women have no souls. According to statistics these Mohammedans comprise about one-third of such religionists at this time. Athenian law allowed a man to sell his wife or sister under certain conditions. Feudal law allowed men to imprison their sisters in convents—while they used the property that was rightfully their sisters—in riotous living.

English law, in the time of Herbert Spencer, allowed a man to beat his wife, and he could lock her in any room in his house, and keep her imprisoned until her will was subdued to his own. English law was copied by the Colonies of America. Lawyers will tell you now, that English law has been the basic stone of our laws—State and Federal. As late as the year 1857, a man in Georgia was allowed to beat his wife, provided the hickory withe was no larger than his thumb. I wish I knew the Georgian's name who introduced the bill for a married woman's relief in 1857, three years before secession. I would like to contribute to a fund to place a suitable tablet to his memory in our State Capitol.

As late as 1868 a Supreme Court Judge in North Carolina reiterated the law allowing a man to beat his wife, with a rod no bigger than his thumb. In his verdict (on a wife beating case) he said a man should make his wife behave herself, otherwise it would "engender insubordination."

A woman in Georgia could not own her own wages—as late as 1897. Hon. W. H. Fleming introduced the bill to allow a married woman to receive and spend what she earned outside her home. Before that time “her man” could demand them from her employer on pain of compelling him to pay twice, and he could spend them where he pleased, in a dram shop or gambling den, or bawdy house—and she could not recover them to her own use. Before the Civil War, a married woman in Georgia could not own her own clothes. When she went to her new home she might carry a fortune in lands and slaves, but she did not really own a copper cent of their value. Thousands of slaves and lands belonging to ante-bellum women were sold for the husband’s security debts. Sometimes her first information was received when the sheriff came to dispossess her. Sometimes a marriage contract was required by anxious parents, but the woman was made to suffer for it. I knew a young woman who declined a marriage contract, because her fiance told her it would be a reflection on himself and it would “break his heart” to be thus distrusted. Nevertheless he proved himself faithless—in mind, morals and her estate. A woman cannot practice law in Georgia today, no matter how well prepared by study and genius. There are scores of women doctors—but our legislators draw a line at the law.

Before the war her only chance lay in her foresight in accepting or finding for herself a good master. I have known the same privilege extended to favorite slaves—who were forced to sale for legal reasons. There were many, I trust, very many men of good character and proper self-respect, who did not push legal rights to the extent of the law, but there were thousands of two-legged brutes who used the lash on short notice. The prevalence of wife beating has had much to do with the coarse manners and insolent behavior of their own male progeny. As I understand the meaning of law, it is to provide against what an evil doer is apt to do, but our ante-bellum Georgia laws furnished the opportunity to brutal men to exercise their right as masters over wives as well as slaves. What is known as chivalry found no expression on the statute books of Georgia until the Civil War made changes. It exploited itself in courting days, in bowing and scraping in public company, and in personal encounters, which were known as duels. An insult called for a challenge, and then pistols. Nevertheless the law of Georgia allowed any sort of a man to beat his wife, provided the switch was no bigger than his thumb. Glance down at your thumb, my dear reader, and then we will proceed a little further.

In the homes where the lash was used the sons either despised the father or concluded it was the proper way to treat women. The daughters, afraid and disgusted, took

chances, hoping to do better in selecting kinder masters than their mothers had done.

Those who were fortunate were contented in their ignorance. Those who felt the lash were helpless before the law of the land.

In Georgia before the war, a woman might teach school as a genteel profession—if she was educated. If she was illiterate she could weave or sew, if her rich neighbors gave her such work to do. The school teacher generally married some man with slaves to wait on her. The illiterate woman went to the kitchen and cornfield, like the slave woman of the big plantations. The well-fed negroes made a standing joke on “po-white trash.”

Constitutional Convention of 1868.

This convention has been abused without mercy, as a radical body, controlled by scalawags and carpet-baggers, but it was the first state convention in Georgia to secure property rights to women who were married. It was said to be a selfish proposition because the vast majority of our men were hopelessly in debt when the war closed. If the woman could claim the property, then there would be a home, a living, and maintenance. Otherwise the dear good man would be in bondage to his obligations. It has proved to be a popular law for the men as well as the women. “Calico pensioners” are still plentiful. And if the man was mean and cruel he could make his wife turn over the proceeds—and if he was suave and polite, he could borrow and forget to pay back. If she was prosperous, he was more so—and he is still amusing himself by putting all things doubtful in “his wife’s name.” And the majority of these “calico pensioners” are almost rabid maniacs in opposition to votes for women!

Votes for Women—Some Objections as Printed in the Papers.

It is claimed that women should not vote, because she does not pay her husband’s debts, while he is obliged to pay her debts. That is not correct. He can put a little “ad” in the newspapers and nobody will give her credit who sells dry goods or provisions. Others say she shirks jury duty. Georgia women have not had any jury opportunity. Again; she does not perform military duty. I think they are mistaken. The woman provides the material out of which soldiers are made and devotes sixteen years of hard toil towards their raising. Another objects that women can marry men younger than themselves—while men are interdicted in like matters. As the woman is always to be chosen and not the chooser, the objection is invalid. Again, a man cannot say “cuss words” on the street, in presence of women. Ninety-nine times out of

a hundred—the foul-mouthed man will say a hundred times worse things in presence of his wife and daughter, and nobody cares to rebuke him. Again, it is urged that women are favored as to hours of labor. These favors have been wrung out of greed and indifference, by the votes of labor organizations, who demanded better treatment to wage-earning girls and married women—because of injured physical conditions. Being poor men with working women they had the votes and said so! It is understood that labor organizations are almost unanimous for Woman Suffrage, because they understand they would themselves be at the mercy of their employers without the ballot. I have seen white women on their all-fours, scrubbing the halls of the great Department in Washington City, thirty years ago, and nobody protested that these child-bearing women were out of their sphere. In the very shadow of the Capitol dome and in the very offices of the great leaders in political and social economy there is discrimination as to the pay of men and women. Equal work fails to secure equal pay. The thing that is lacking is the vote, (compelling attention) and equity, (demanded at the ballot box.).

Is the Ballot a Right or a Favor.

It is an erroneous idea that has been actively promulgated for a purpose—that women have no claim to the ballot privilege, because they have no title to its possession. One objector says the ballot is a franchise and a dispensation, without any inherent or moral or legal right, as pertaining to women. I claim that they were born into all the rights that are the property of their brothers, born of the same parents and raised in the same home and educated in the same way. The law of inheritance, where parents die intestate, gives to each child, **regardless of sex**, equal shares in the inherited property, and when the property is divided, dollar for dollar, the daughters own their parts as legally as the sons own their parts, but the law of the land gives to the males liberty to say how and when and by whom, that property shall be taxed, and denies to the females this essential and inherent right. The right to own property is allowed to every person in a republican form of government, regardless of sex, but the right to say how, or when, or by whom that property is to be taxed is denied to one half the citizens of the United States, except in the States which have been enfranchised by the good sense and common honesty of the men of those States—after due consideration, and with the chivalric instinct that differentiates the coarse brutal male from the gentlemen of our nation. Shall the men of the South be less generous, less chivalrous? They have given the Southern women more praise than the man of the West—but judged by their actions Southern men have

been less sincere. Honeyed phrases are pleasant to listen to, but the sensible women of our country would prefer more substantial gifts.

For instance we hear a great deal about "witchery in our women." It is a honeyed phrase, but I remember that Salem, Mass., had a good deal to do with witchery and women. More than fifty persons were burned at the stake, hung from the gallows tree, and drowned in a near-by pond. And every one was a woman and the men called them "witches."

So long as women were denied property rights, denied higher education and kept in bondage by hickory withes no larger than a man's thumb—the women dared not ask for more than liberty to live and to bear their children in quiet homes, but with education and property rights and the ballot conferred on all negro men, who are not idiots or criminals, Southern women are not willing to be disfranchised when a dozen states of this Union have conferred the ballot on the wives, mothers and daughters of that section of our country. It would insult the average father, who delights in his young daughter as the ornament and the joy of his home, to tell him that she is the inferior of his son—that she is incompetent and too silly to know what she wishes to do with her own property—that she is obliged to marry some man, good, bad or indifferent to fill her proper sphere in life—that her place is subjection, because of her sex—that the Bible says, "Submit yourselves to your husbands," and that it means endure, suffer, forbear, obey and have no opportunity to do anything except as commanded or permitted by a husband who can take her children from her—take her property away from her—and make life a torment to her with his infidelities, with drunken habits and horrid example for his own sons and daughters! "Is thy servant a dog" to accept such serfdom?

It is said that women are represented by their husbands at the ballot box. This is not true; of the ten millions of unmarried women who have nobody to vote for them, there are between eight and nine millions of unmarried men, who vote for nobody but themselves. **And nobody votes for the drunkard's wife?** There are as many widows in this country as widowers. As a rule they manage well their business affairs and they were forced to learn under difficulties. They deserve the ballot because their property is taxed to the limit and beyond, and they are not allowed to protest. **Women make fine teachers.** A callow youth can vote at 21, while his capable teacher, if a woman, is forbidden to vote. Women are the mainstays in public schools. They are not only forbidden the vote, but their pay is reduced because of their sex. They make superior stenographers, but while pay may reach fifty dollars a month the young man in trousers gets from seventy-five to

a hundred, with no better work—and according to common report, not so reliable as to fidelity and regular habits. The more I think about these inequalities and this manifest injustice, the more I am tempted to eulogize the heathen, who lived on the Ganges river, and who drowned the girl babies, because they were unfit to live!

In this connection I desire to quote a significant paragraph taken from General T. R. R. Cobb's law book, entitled: "**Cobb on Slavery.**" I suppose you can find it in our State library. It is pertinent because our Anti-Suffrage men and women are continually appealing to our law-makers and our newspapers; to hark back to slavery times—to find the sort of laws and principles that should govern us, in the 20th Century. We are often called "**traitors,**" if we disagree with the arguments that were used for secession. Says General Cobb, "In a slave-holding State the greatest evidence of wealth in the planter is the number of his slaves. The most desirable property for a remunerative income is slaves. The best property to leave his children and from which they will part with the greatest reluctance is slaves. Hence the planter invests his surplus income in slaves. The natural result is the lands are a secondary consideration. No surplus is left for their improvement. The homestead is valued only so long as the adjacent lands were profitable for cultivation. The planter, himself, having no local attachments, his children inherit none. On the contrary, he encourages in them a disposition to seek new lands. The valuable slave property he can easily move to fresh lands, much more easily than buying fertilizers to improve the old. The result is, as a class, they are never settled. Such a population is almost nomadic. It is useless to try to excite patriotic emotion in the land of your birth, where self interest speaks so loudly. On the other hand, where no slavery exists and the planter's surplus cannot be invested in slaves, it is appropriated to the improvement or extension of his farms, the beautifying of his homestead, where his fathers are buried and where he hopes to lie."

General Cobb died on the battlefield of Fredericksburg. He did not live to see the end. It was "property rights in slaves" that forced on the War of Secession. It is now called "State's rights" but it was the desire of slave owners to protect their rights to slave ownership—and their determination to carry their slaves to richer lands in newer States—like Kansas and Nebraska, that made the bloody war of the Sixties. I can speak of this matter without embarrassment. My Maryland forefathers were large slave owners—as far back as 1640. All of my family on both sides—paternal and maternal—were slave owners. The bulk of my own marriage portion was in slaves. My husband was a large slave owner, when I was married.

But I do not hesitate to say in this presence, that slavery was a curse to the South—that the time had come in the providence of God to give every human being a chance for liberty and I would as soon hark back to a charnel house for healthy inspiration as to try to find rules and regulations, drawn from the fetid atmosphere that prevailed in the madness of the early sixties. No excuse or apology will disturb the inevitable verdict of history and the doctrine of **State's Rights** as applied to the legislation of secession days, is like Dead Sea fruit that lapses in ashes!

An address made by President Wilson to the Daughters of the American Revolution at the opening of their late Congress, held in Washington City, makes my meaning plain, in this connection. The address was made on April 19, 1915. "There is no dignity in a tradition which has lost its practical energy, and our only interest in traditions is that they should bear fruitage in the present and richer fruitage in the future. I take it for granted that it is not your thought to create an exclusive company of those whose recollections run back to that great (Independence) day, but that your thought is also of the constant rebirth of the nation. In a peculiar degree the United States seems to be reborn from generation to generation, because renewed out of all the sources of human energy in the world. Therefore it seems to me that the object of traditions such as this society cherishes and means to assist in perpetuating is to show us the basis of the principle upon which we shall keep our pose. **We are not interested in the politics of Government for their own sake. We are interested in the United States, politically speaking, in nothing but human liberty.**" In my old age, after long experience with parties and politicians, I echo these words of wisdom. **We are only interested in human liberty.** Let the dead past bury its dead! It would be most unfortunate if we cannot ever divert ourselves of this eternal slavery question—because of dead traditions. It has "no dignity" in this country, and it is painful to know that our Southern politicians have no greater rallying cry than "State's Rights," as exploited in Secession. They use and abuse State Rights—in prohibition—also on the woman question. They do not appear to understand that their use on one question is completely nullified by their abuse on the other question in voting.

Some years ago, in 1901, I was invited by the Legislature to address the members of House and Senate in joint session on the "Infirmities of our Public School System." I was placed on the Speaker's rostrum, with Governor Allen Candler on my left and President Howell on my right. The hall was packed—floor and gallery. Crowds stood because there were no vacant seats. After I came home

Governor Candler wrote me a long and approving letter. As it bears directly on the present subject, I will copy a few lines at this time. "The truth is, Mrs. Felton, we started wrong in 1865. We had been overpowered by our Northern invaders. The flower of our manhood had perished in battle. Those of our population who had survived the conflict and returned to their ruined homes were disarmed and put on parole. The fanatics whom the fortunes of war had enthroned in Washington first demanded that we repudiate our war debt. We did it. Secondly we were ordered to emancipate our slaves, and we did it. Thirdly they demanded that we arm them with the ballot to protect them in their newly acquired freedom, and we did it. Then they said we must educate them to make good citizens out of them and for thirty years we have been taxing ourselves almost to the verge of confiscation to fit them for citizenship and we have failed. Education has no more effect on them morally and intellectually than it has physically. God made them negroes and we cannot make them white folks by education. We are on the wrong track. We must turn back. We must limit suffrage to virtue and intelligence. The tax payers are in the minority and in almost every country there is an unreliable and irresponsible vote which constitutes the balance of power and the law makers consult this class, rather than the interest of those who sit on juries—who pay the taxes—fight the battles and bear the burthens of Government." In this connection I will inquire where can you find this virtue and intelligence unless your wives, mothers, sisters and daughters come to your relief?

If Women Do Not Want to Vote—No Objection.

It is a stock argument with our anti-suffrage friends that women do not care to vote, will not vote, etc., etc. This can only be proven when the test is applied. There are those who say they have all the rights they want—have never needed better laws than we have had in Georgia since it was a colony, etc. Such arguments were presented to the Legislature last summer by highly educated Georgia ladies. To these I can only say if they prefer to hug their chains, I have no sort of objection. If they accept the position of inferiority, why try to impress them with repeated arguments against serfdom in mind, body or estate? If they choose to be parasites, of course they can be such. If they can afford to lower their own claims below idiots, the insane and the criminal classes and are content to allow negro men superior voting privileges to themselves why disturb their stagnant equilibrium? I make no appeal to that class of our women. At that very time when these distinguished Georgia women were assuring our legislators that Georgia women had all they needed—all they were entitled to, and more, there were anxious Georgia

women who were pleading for a more humane age of consent, as Georgia has adopted ten years—lower than any other state or territory or dependency, except Hawaii, on this continent. A little ten year old child is considered sufficiently able to protect her virtue from the wiles of the libertine and the debasing lures of a procuress! Time and time again have these faithful women appealed to a stubborn Legislature to alter those figures, to no effect. At that very time we were imploring the Legislature to allow qualified women to practice law in Georgia, without effect. At that very time, patriotic women were appealing for a law to keep small children away from cotton factories where their no-account daddies were using the money they earned: in soft drinks, cigarettes and other indulgences and doing nothing for themselves. At that very time these patriotic women were pleading for equal pay for equal work—for women. At that very time, they were asking that bigamists should receive their deserts. At that very time, they were pleading for a law to give the woman equal partnership with her husband in her own children. At that very time women were giving time, strength and constant attendance, hoping that our legislators would revise ways and means to perfect our State-wide prohibition law. At that very time Atlanta was in a perfect turmoil and the "Men and Religion" movement was thundering in the daily papers about vice conditions in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol of Georgia! (Of all the helpless things under the shining sun in the Commonwealth of Georgia, it is a poor, unfortunate girl, without money and without work—when her seducer walks the streets with head up and no hindrance!) And to no effect!

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning!—

Satisfied with high position in women's organizations, to which they had themselves been chosen, by the votes of their own colleagues, they were manifestly ignorant of their own sex in matters that actually took hold on life and death. It is needless to say that many patriotic efforts were repelled by such lack of sympathy and non-appreciation of patriotic women who were pleading for relief under difficulties—in behalf of those women who were poor and unfortunate and helpless. It was to be expected that common, coarse men should vote "no." They had been doubtless raised when the rule of the rod no bigger than a man's thumb prevailed, and breeding will tell, in humans as well as in cattle!

The Serious Mistake.

When we consider how many men have become tyrants and oppressors because of the brute idea that women were only made for man's use, and abuse, the breath and depth

of human misery that has been going on and is daily caused by this one mistake in our dealings with the sexes, is most appalling. Marriage between a master and a slave was obliged to be debasing to both. Marriage in its true meaning rests upon absolute equality between the sexes as to rights and privileges—legal, political and social. Marriage has an exalted meaning for those who have clear vision on this line. The hope for the regeneration of mankind is dependent upon a community of interest in all things material, as well as affection in matrimony. Marriage is a partnership, and the children are blessed, when the father accords to the mother every right that he claims for himself, with honest dealing and mutual respect from both partners. The family in its best form is a school for mutual tenderness, mutual sympathy, self-sacrifice, forgetfulness of self, and four-square dealing as to benefits and obligations. Honorable marriage is the only conservator of National health and of National prosperity!

Years ago Dr. Powell, then at the head of the State Sanitarium, told me that seventy-five per cent. of the insane women came from the poor farms in Georgia. Like dumb-driven cattle, the brain broke down. The treadmill of all hard work and no recreation wore out body and soul! The delicately pampered females in modern Paris and New York dwindle to decay as did they of old Rome. The poor, illiterate woman and the idle parasite woman amount to less than nothing. One is crushed with her burden, and the other is only a butterfly of fashion. One great defect in both cases lies in the lack of co-operation in their homes. They have had no preparation for life and its realities. Of course these women have had no experience in governmental affairs—would be ciphers everywhere. But they are not alone. There are tens of thousands of men in this country who know as little, after having the ballot privilege since they were twenty-one years of age. The mire of politics has been too much for them. As Governor Candler truly said, they are totally unreliable and irresponsible. Why should such men dictate laws to educated, high-toned and capable women?

A Word to Men Concerning Their Mothers.

Whatever you may have lacked in life, you surely have had a mother. The great majority of men are willing to accord decent respect to these authors of their being—but there is also a large class which has no respect for any woman. It is well to remind those who sneer and jeer, that every mother's son of them owes his social status to his mother. It is the rule in royal houses of Europe. A morganatic wife could not give heirs to the great kingdoms or empires of modern Europe today. The mother must have the blood of kings and emperors in her own

veins to mother the crown princes of the old world. In the time of slavery in the United States, slave mothers always made slave children. A white father did not give freedom to the slave woman's child—but the degenerate white woman who sunk herself below the pity of her sex, and outlawed herself beyond recovery, she gave them freedom, no matter how dark complexioned. It was the law before the war—they obtained freedom through the blood of the white mother. On the other hand the degenerate white man willing to put his offspring in the kitchen and corn field, and speculators bought and sold them on the block, the overseer's lash drove them while the stars were shining before day, and while the stars were shining after dark, and the law of the land said "slaves," because the mother was a slave. Some few slaves were emancipated by their owners, for various reasons, but the free-born, Afro-American came to his freedom by the white blood of his mother.

Freedom belongs to the white woman as her inherent right. Whatever belongs to the freedom of these United States belongs to the white woman. Her Anglo-Saxon forefathers, fleeing from English tyranny won this country from savage tribes and again from English bayonets, by the expenditure of blood and treasure. Whatever was won by these noble men of the Revolution was inherited alike by sons and daughters. Fifty years from now this country will hold up hands in holy horror that deadly intoxicants were ever sold to debauch men and women, and also that any man or set of men in America should assume to themselves the authority to deny to free-born white women of America the ballot, which is the badge and synonym of freedom!

Lame Excuses.

We are told that women will vote as men do—vote their prejudices and go off half-cocked in election matters. The first thing the women of California did was to vote out saloons as election booths and put the ballot boxes in clean school houses. One was owned by the liquor traffic and the other by the State. And we are told that white women might vote, but what about negro cooks? As our men in Georgia have paddled down the voting stream for nearly a half century, with negro men cooks and barbers, etc., we will not cross that bridge before we come to it. They tell us that the women of the underworld would crowd the polls. The authorities will tell you that every voter must register in their own names, with place of residence, and this they never do, if it can be helped. A few women like Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Hetty Green own one-third of the wealth of this country. Their chauffeurs and negro butlers can vote, while they are denied the ballot.

You have known some men who never could have reached Congress except through bad men's votes. Lorimer, the Republican, went to the Senate by bribing Democratic legislators in Illinois. Roberts, of Indiana, has gone to the State prison, after being a Democratic candidate for Governor, because he bought and sold votes in Indianapolis. Women could not possibly do worse than that! Statistics tell us that there are thirty men criminals to one woman criminal, and there are as many women as men in this country. It is said that women are keen after the offices. I am not posted on that part of it, but the very idea of opposition to the chronic office seeker will send cold chills down his spine and make his teeth chatter.

I have heard stalwart men complaining that women stenographers were robbing men of their own employment. I thought there was still plenty of out-doors for the complainant, where he could improve his muscle as well as his temper. If women must stay in the home, the man should exercise abroad. I would like to print a list of great Queens, like Victoria and Tsi Ann of China, of great astronomers, great singers, great novelists, great teachers, great leaders in philanthropy like Francis Willard—all women; but my space forbids. I will mention modest Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who sits steady in the boat while Kings and Emperors are fairly bursting with blood-thirsty rage against their opponents. She is the only woman ruler in Europe, and apparently has more self-control than any of them under most embarrassing conditions. If women can make good queens, they might be tolerated as plain voters in a republic.

New Men as Well as New Women.

The "New Woman" is often criticised. The term is never applied as a compliment, but there also is the "New Man" to be reckoned with. This New Man has given the ballot privilege in extenso to between five and six millions of voting women. They are giving a partial ballot in a dozen other States. These States are fast coming into full enfranchisement. Today, in a presidential primary, these voting women will hold the balance of power. And we, who claim the vote as our right; inherent—moral and legal right, are as proud to be the daughters of our fathers, as the daughters of our mothers. We belong to a womanhood like our mothers did, which was never bought and sold for a European title, or made a millionaire's plaything to be treated like a pet cat—fed on cream and purr in idleness. We come of a race who shirked no danger, nor cowered in fear. These women of our blood stood side by side with their mates when it was considered treason to the King to sign the oath of Allegiance to Independence in 1776-'78. It can never be dishonorable to unfurl the

banner of freedom in a free country, but it will be the New Man who will give the ballot to his mother, his wife, his sister and his daughter. He has had clear vision in the great West. The Star of Empire is turned, and leading to the East. He knows that the elevation of women has given vitality and strength to mankind. "He knows that the standard of mothers is the final standard of all races of men. He knows as the mother's brain weakens, the brain of her son weakens; as her muscles soften, his child's muscles soften; as she decays, the people decay in every station in life. The parasitism of child-bearing women has always weakened the race. The mother of his children must be given the best, that she may do her best. While he knows there are women who are more selfish than patriotic, more indifferent to the duty of child-bearing than to society frubbles, and there are those "who prefer like Helen of Troy to be passed along from man to man, and who will, like Cleopatra, entice great men to their overthrow," yet he also knows that the coming mothers of the United States must be prepared to understand the principles of government, to meet the exigencies that doubtful conditions are forcing upon the country. He knows that he can trust the wife of his bosom with the nearest and dearest interests of his existence. The call of the age is for wise and capable women, and the New Man understands that his mate must be his comrade and likewise his friend in every emergency.

This woman's movement is a great movement of the sexes toward each other, with common ideals as to government, as well as common ideals in domestic life, where fully developed manhood must seek and find its real mate in the mother of his children, as well as the solace of his home. "The time has long passed since the hard-drinking, fox-hunting, high-playing country squire was excused because of his generosity and hospitality." He was not the equal of his sober mate, whose hand held the distaff, who made good cheer from kitchen to drawing-room. The call of the age is for partnership in the family, in the church, in the State and National affairs, between men and women.

The brothel, the gaming table, the race course and habits of physical excess are still with us, but the hope of this Nation lies in the broad-minded men who boldly acclaim woman's success in every field of literature, science, music, art, in the organized professions, and great national philanthropies. These are the men to whom we look for the early recognition of women everywhere, in the everyday duties, with everyday experience, and mutual acquaintance with the various problems of government.

Cartersville, Ga., May 14, 1915.

MY PET.

When a young friend of mine gave me a small puppy during one of Rev. Sam Jones' tabernacle meetings I had no thought of the treasure that surely came to me by this happy presentation thus named.

He was a little fat, roly-poly sort of fellow—always greedy for sweet milk and always in a wiggle when he could take the time from his frequent scratchings—to perform the wiggle. But Sam soon left the infantile baby stage and began to develop into what he afterwards became—the handsomest Scotch collie my eyes ever beheld.

He is a perfect picture of what a perfect dog can be—of his species.

If I was an artist I would make his picture for you, but I can only describe his looks as best I can and leave the rest to your imagination.

As he lies before me, while I am writing this notice of him, he is a model for Rosa Bonheur, or any other animal painter or artist.

He is large in size, well-developed for strength and grace in every particular. His hair appears to be black until the strong wind parts his silken coat, then you find it shades into a clear, rich tan, with white trimmings. The hair is thick and inclines to curl. He has a royal Elizabethan white ruff around his neck, wears a snowy vest, white stockings, and the end of his thick, plummy tail has six inches of soft, waving white hair that gives it a superb finish and loveliness.

His small face, with its white oblong star, is illuminated with the softest and clearest of brown eyes, that seem human in expression when he looks in your face as if to tell you how much he loves you.

But his beauty, strength and activity are not his chief attractions, although all these are excellent for their superiority, as before said, and again emphasized. His crowning excellence is his true loyalty and generous devotion to those he loves. He never fails to be vigilant, never omits a single phase of his duty as he understands it, and has never to be coaxed to do anything, for he is constantly alert and always up to the mark in his business.

His loyalty is so perfect that it knows no variableness or shadow of turning. Night or day, he is ready with a joyful welcome when I enter our gate, and it is many the dress that his eager feet has soiled in the warmth of his greeting and profuseness of his welcome.

If strangers are in the house Sam never loses sight of me, and if their conversation is loud or emphatic Sam will not leave my side. If I walk in the yard he follows at a respectful distance, but if I am accosted by a strange voice he is instantly within touch of me. When I super-

intend outdoor work he keeps near me, as a protector, and if I ride on horseback in the fields he leads the way and hovers about me, without regard for his own amusement or recreation.

If we come to a fork in the road he stands at the parting of the way until Gipsy's head is inclined to the right road; then Sam gives a joyful bark and on we go—the brave dog intent on my pleasure and protection.

Instant to obey, he is always ready, always more than willing, never to be urged, never to be scolded, except for overdoing. My dog, Sam, is the finest specimen of duty well performed that I ever knew in man or beast.

He has a comrade—Dick—another thoroughbred Scotch collie, of a different strain, and a good enough dog if he was not always eclipsed by Sam, the glorious none-such.

Sam is very kind to Dick in a way, but if Dick gets a thrashing from his owners Sam immediately proceeds to give him another to make him better.

Dick loves to sleep; has to be called; has to be "set on," but Sam is like a sensitive plant, he is so easily impressed and so vigilant, both by day and night. Dick is devoted to my saddle mare—lies by the saddle night and day and is like a bright, well-oiled machine when he is once aroused and started, but Sam loves Gipsy because his mistress rides her; he caresses her to keep her up to her duty, and as soon as we get home he leaves the saddle to Dick's care and betakes himself to the care of his mistress, as usual.

When we cross streams of water in our frequent outings Sam runs ahead to enjoy a plunge bath and I am happy to watch his pleasure. Again and again he dives until Gipsy passes on, when he forsakes his greatest fun to be ready to accompany me homeward. When Gipsy drinks at the branch Sam takes his drink also, just as near to her mouth as the highbred, disdainful steed will allow him. Sometimes she snorts and refuses to partake with her small companion; then Sam patiently waits her pleasure, but generally contrives to have his way, which I verily believe he is moved to do because he never relaxes his watchful care for the beloved rider. His desire to have his thirst slaked, where the water is sweetened by the mare's breath, very much resembles an intention to keep a lynx-eyed surveillance on her movements, for certain it is that she may drink fifty times a day in the house lot branch without any such demonstration, on his part, when she is riderless and unbridled.

Sam belongs to a distinguished ancestry. His grandparents were imported at a cost of \$300 to the Canadian purchaser.

Sam's sire is said to have been also an uncommon dog—for beauty and sagacity.

Whatever the best of them may have been none could be superior to my dear pet, now advancing into the sixth year of his age, growing better and more cherished with each succeeding year of his life.

Sam is unlike a dog in his great fear of thunder and lightning. He crouches under the bed or shelters his head under his mistress' apron while the storm lasts. Time and again has he crept to my bedside to touch my hand with his cold nose as he trembled and panted in an agony of fear. When efforts are made to drive him out his distress is pitiable, for he will fall on his knees and take the rod without flinching to be allowed human company while the storm rages.

He knows when you talk about him. Often I make a test of this surprising faculty. Some days ago as I sat in my room I heard a mule pawing at the barn door. I remarked as I looked through the open window, "Old Tom is sure to break down that door if he is not driven away."

Quick as thought Sam darted from the room, ran to the lot and singled old Tom out of a dozen horses and mules for a furious barking and pursuit.

If I narrate his smart deeds on my return from a ride he wags his tail with regular beats on the floor so long as he is the topic of conversation—perhaps to verify what is being said of him.

Dick might raise his head to hear his own name called, but he shows nothing of Sam's wide-awake and astonishing comprehension when his conduct is discussed or commented upon.

If his master chances to forget to feed him, which rarely happens, Sam makes it known, not in words, but with as much certainty as if he had the gift of speech. He does not loiter outside looking for the missing meal, but he gets around and before you, no matter where you go or what you are doing until you are made aware of his wishes and of your neglect.

When I share tidbits with him he does not jump and clamor for them, but holds his head reverently near the hearth until the coveted morsel is placed before him.

Take him as you find him, everywhere, he is the nearest all-round dog that I can ever hope to see. If he had been trained to herd flocks he could have been taught perfectly, but in default of sheep and herds of cattle his gift has shown itself in his unequalled care of his own white folks. He is not particularly averse to colored people—not belligerent or ill-tempered, but he passes them by with a hasty glance unless they are trespassing, but of his own dear ones—the trio that he loves to devotion—he never wearies or ceases to appreciate. There is no picture of contentment that I have ever seen which will compare with his plainly expressed satisfaction as he sits in front of our little family, to be stroked alternately by each

loving hand as he turns from one to another for the kind attention. When he walks beside us—every fiber of his active frame thrilling with delight and happiness—I never saw greater physical beauty in any creature that could not speak. He carries himself at such times with royal grace from the beautiful head to the curving tail that moves and glistens with its silken shaded plumage, until he spies an intruder, when his majestic dignity subsides into fleet action with swift pursuit and encounter—for he is a very Julius Cæsar for courage.

He is as sensitive to rebuke as a tender-hearted child, and I verily believe unkindness would break his noble heart. Some years ago he attempted to hold a fat porker while an awkward lout knocked the hog senseless with an ax, but the blow fell on Sam's forehead, laying it bare to the bone.

The red blood spouted and the poor doggie suffered with violent pain. Again and again we stanchd the flow, but he rubbed the wound open, as often with his feet. It was thought necessary to chain him to save his life, but we despaired when he refused both food and water and became listless and unresponsive. I watched all day and had given him up at bedtime, for he lay prone and limp on the back veranda in the darkness. I could not sleep, and when midnight came I rose and carried the wounded pet a basin of fresh water with the same result. Suddenly it dawned upon my mind that Sam was grieving because of the chain!

I unclasped the links, set him free and petted him with a flood of tears on my own part, that I had been so stupid. Instantly he recovered his spirits, caressed my hands, danced about me and joyfully accepted the food and drink. He lay quietly on the rug until morning, renewing his caresses and his gratitude when I greeted him with petting words after the welcome daylight dawned for us both. I believe he would have died from grief if that chain had not been removed. I think he would die with shame, if again humiliated and made to feel an indignity or disgrace. It is an open question as to how much he really knows, and feels, and suffers, for he is evidently on a higher plane than the common brute creation, if his sphere is lower than that of the human mind.

April 10, 1894.

MRS. W. H. FELTON.

MRS. DR. W. H. FELTON ON HEREDITY.
Thoughtful and Brilliant Discourse by One of the Greatest
Minds Among the Women of America—Created
Favorable Comment Everywhere.

The proceedings of the Mothers' Congress, which was held in Washington in February, have recently been pub-

lished in book form, and it is not surprising that among the brilliant features of the entire congress was the address made by a Georgia woman—Mrs. W. H. Felton. She was honored by the National Association of mothers when selected by them to represent Georgia at large.

The reports of the congress make a most attractive pamphlet and was printed by the Appleton's of New York City. It contains nearly 300 pages and is illustrated with fine pictures of the general officers of the organization.

By special request of the committee Mrs. Felton's paper on "Hereditry" was applied for and printed in the volume before us. Except Mrs. Cotton, of North Carolina, Mrs. Felton was the only southern woman thus honored. All Georgians feel appreciated interest in the paper of Mrs. Felton and it is here reproduced:

"The bearing, nursing and training of children who must take up the burdens of human life after we have passed away and carry on the work which falls unfinished from our lifeless hands are perforce the subject of first importance to intelligent and patriotic mothers.

"So long as mothers are a necessity for the human race, these subjects must retain vital interest, for whatever one may lack in this earthly career certain it is we have all been granted a mother. Aye more, every human being ushered into this world has been impressed in character, health and tendency by the belongings of the mother—her health, features and disposition in a greater or less degree.

"This connection is manifestly close and intimate. If every human life is lifted up or lowered down by the home that it is born into we hazard nothing to affirm that the happiness and morals of a child are more intimately affected by the happiness and morals of the parents than by any other influence to which infancy and childhood are subjected.

"We are told that the hand which 'rocks the cradle rules the world.' I have lived in the world for over half a century, but I find no evidence of rulership in the act of cradle-rocking. If it had been recorded that the hand which rocks the cradle bears the burdens of the world the connection between the truth and poetry would have been self-evident.

"Mothers are emphatically burden-bearers. Mother love walks hand in hand with anxiety and care. This companionship between mother, love and apprehension begins at the cradle and lingers at the grave of the offspring. We also know that whatever of privation, self-denial, grief, poverty or shame is allotted to the household, the mother is certain to take to herself the lion's share of it. When her child suffers in health or character, no one feels it more keenly, and when the law condemns its victim, it is her poor knees that bend to the executive for pardon.

“Remembering the universality of this rule of suffering then, the value of information and the proper understanding of the hereditary tendencies and their evils must ever remain of vital interest to mothers, so long as children remain what they are—namely, a part and parcel of the mother’s own existence.

“If this congress of mothers rises to its full scope and liberty, the world will take a fresh start for usefulness from the standpoint of motherhood in relation to its holiest and most exalted privileges.

“I made choice of the present subject, not because I approach heredity with the skill or learning of a physician, nor because I can make plain how ‘like produces like,’ nor because I could promise you a remedy in my children or your own, but I come simply to emphasize the importance of the subject, which has molded the lives of your ancestry and will affect those who will come after you in the cycles of eternity.

“The time for enlargement and development has come to the woman question. Human life has felt the touch of progress, and it was nearly one-third of a century before I appreciated the dangers that lie in wait for the innocent unborn. I was led to investigate the statistics of drunkenness, and found an evil which generates murderers, law-breakers, suicides, lunatics and idiots, and I could trace the hereditary taint in families. A pestilence that walked in darkness and wasted at noonday, which destroyed more of the children of woman than war, plagues or famine. This is not the place to record the extent of this hereditary evil of intemperance, but it is the place to confess that I was ignorant for so long a period of my life, and to emphasize the awakening of mothers to these conditions in latter years.

“Because these hereditary evils are hidden, intangible and insidious—generally unknown to the victim and sufferers—I venture into this discussion to sound a note of entreaty and warning.

“It astonishes a thinking mind to see the care lavished on musty titles to real estate when people rush into matrimony without a thought of the past or future very often. The contract for ‘better or worse’ is a literal one, so far as the protection of the helpless is concerned. It is likewise astonishing that people select homes, mostly for pecuniary betterment, when their children will mate or mismatch with those whom they are thus thrown. We engage the best legal talent to defend our property rights, but children rush into matrimony without investigation of past history or entailed diseases in the most of cases. Such scant outlook for the past and future brings about unhappy alliances and rapid divorce proceedings. ‘On such feeble causes do our destinies hinge.’

“Stock breeders take no risk with unknown pedigrees. Florists demand pure seed or fertilization is wasted. The

fruit grower expects only perfect fruit with good grafts to insert in reliable stock. American girls are nevertheless flung out to catch money or position, no matter what sort of barnacles infest their life's craft.

"To my mind there is nothing so pleasing in art or nature as a young mother's smile for her first born. When the little one returns her smile there is a holy light in her eyes that is not found on land or sea; yet that young mother may carry disease in her system, or the father may have already infected that child with enough of hereditary evils to disease it for life and make its existence a misery to others.

"It is a fearful responsibility to become a parent! Man is wonderfully and fearfully made, but among the dangers and wonders, none are so great as the transmission of such evils from parent to child.

"The curse that follows to the third and fourth generation is obliged to be an inherited curse. Thanks be to God, He has promised to show mercy to those who live uprightly and keep His commandments.

"One of the most effective paintings I ever saw was on exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial. Perhaps you all remember it.

"Rizpah standing on the rock keeping watch over her dead sons who were hanged by the Gideonites because they were also the sons of King Saul. The picture of hopeless, fierce mother love, fastened itself upon my memory. It is a fearful thing to know that innocence and helpfulness must suffer because of the sins of the father, yes, and of the mothers, likewise. I measure my words in the sight of heaven when I say that every child born into this world should have a clean home to be born into, with clear blood in its veins, or that helpless innocent should not come here at all. It comes without its own consent. It has no 'say so' in this forced existence. The vices that germinate in unbridled passion, unholy living and filthy appetite are surely transmitted to the unborn. 'Woe unto them by whom offenses come.'

"It is rank injustice to pure mother love, which goes down into the valley of the shadow of death to give life to an immortal being, that this child of her devotion and self-sacrifice should be loaded down to the gunwales with ancestral failings before its eyes open to the light of day. When the mother finds the agony greater than she can bear and her soul floats out into the unknown, what a mercy it is when the little one goes with her before it takes up the unequal burdens of life, bereft of mother's love and watchful care!

"The protection of motherhood is the highest obligation of the human race. There should be active, living responsibility. The courts should shield it as they protect no other party or principle. The pulpit should thunder in the ears of the indifferent and careless. Fathers and

husbands should resolve that whatever else may deserve protection, the mother and her infant deserve first mention and most extraordinary care.

"When we remember that every sudden shock, excited nerve, painful thought, cruel treatment or harsh word is felt and impressed upon an innocent child—that the mother would almost die to save from evil and disease—the magnitude of this obligation in regard to child-bearing assumes its proper proportions.

"Excessive mental strain is known to produce nervous diseases in the offspring. Neurotic children become victims of consumption, epilepsy and idiocy. When nerve cells are once destroyed they never develop again. There may be diseases not strictly inherited, but if the child has an irritable, unstable, inadequately developed and badly nourished system, the tendency to disease may be inherited. Among inherited diseases we find consumption, cancer, scrofula and kindred ailments. They are handed down to posterity more surely than gold or lands. It would be a most unwelcome revelation to see what sort of possessions are inherited that are not set down when wills and 'last testaments' are recorded in court!

"I believe that the time must come when the nation, in self-defense, will place a limit upon the propagation of diseased men and women because of expense to the state. Diseased moral and physical beings confined in quarters of filth and depravity generate their offspring in a hotbed of sin and physical decay. Local restrictions prevail as to consanguinity. Your property is assessed to educate the ignorant to protect the state against crime and depravity. An ounce of prevention is said to be worth a pound of cure. If the state pays for cure, why not for prevention?

"Motherhood is horrified to find such entailment on its children when aroused to these dangers. I know of no remedy but a rooting out of existing causes. It is the common-sense remedy that holds good in all business, public or private. The world needs a revival of interest in true woman's work, for there is scope for the best judgment and energy of the best minds to protect the mother and her offspring. No well informed person can look upon the human wrecks that strew a storm-swept shore without asking the question, 'What would I have been if my fore-fathers and fore-mothers had flung sobriety and decent living to the winds and brought me into a world of sin, loaded down with hereditary evils and debased environment? Therefore, my mother-heart grows tender to the frail, soiled dove in last night's station house. Therefore, my soul sympathizes with that sin-soaked boy in the penitentiary. If one-half the energy and zeal which is displayed in convicting and punishing the criminals had been expended in removing temptation and the sink-holes of perdition from their vicinity, my word for it, we would

find outelves in more satisfactory business—with marked decrease in crime and misery. I cannot draw a dividing line between inoculated inclinations and those of their own devices. The epidemic of suicides shows the curse that follows to the third and fourth generation. The fathers ate sour grapes and the children's teeth are on edge. The Almighty is too wise to err, too good to be unkind—but blame will fall in the final account which was hidden from mortal sight, and mercy will comfort those who were more sinned against than sinning.

“As mothers we have been disinclined to take our own children into our confidence on this mutual relationship of mother and child. There must be some proper way to interest even a little child in the history of its life without detriment to innocence or embarrassment to the parent. There is nothing offensive in purity, there can be nothing vulgar in innocence. If our daughters understood the duties and obligations of married life before as well as afterwards, there would be fewer failures in matrimony. The prevalence of divorces grows out of this ignorance before the contract is entered into. There is nothing more lovely than a pure-hearted maiden. There is nothing more pitiable than her unhappiness when her idol turns to clay and becomes an instrument of torture in her disappointment and despair, to be reflected forevermore in the lives and habits of their children. Children can be instructed before the tide of passion rises high in their affections. Experience shows us that they will risk everything afterwards. Marriage is truly called a lottery. That the children of loving mothers should throw dice for the uncertain result, is a sad commentary either on our intelligence or general indifference to their own fate. When a hereditary curse is located, there should be no compromise—no hesitation in warring on it. An organization of women will evince more of resolution and energy toward a remedy or relief than individuals can do. The influence of a good mother in her home is beneficent and uplifting, but union of mothers will add force to inquiry and strength to influence public opinion.

“Fifty years from now the country will look back on a generation which raised revenues from the licensed debauchery of its citizens with contempt and disgust. In less time pure-hearted mothers will wonder why a little ten-year-old girl in Georgia is considered able to protect her virtue from a libertine under the laws of a sovereign state.

“To those who will say that men are amply able to bring such reforms about, I can only reply they have had a hundred years of free government to make any changes they chose, yet these enormities in legislation remain in force on our statute books. Mothers, we know, are held responsible in large measure for the characters and conduct of their children. It would be foolish to remain silent

any longer. I welcome free discussion of all the duties and obligations of motherhood touching all these vital questions. It is not likely we will ever know more of the subtle force, in this life, which transmits hereditary tendencies to the unborn child. I find a tiny spark of green on the wall during these bright spring days. Directly I find a tiny leaf and perfect flower. Last year the same phenomenon occurred. Perhaps it will occur so long as the wall shall last. Each year the new seed plant is a copy of the one that perished under wintry blasts. I know nothing of the transmission of vitality—I only know there is reproduction in plant life and animal life—that 'like produces like.' The reproduction in human life would seem to be a subject that even the angels would desire to look into. Mothers have vested rights to inquiry and investigation. You have doubtless seen the motto: 'She is only half a mother who does not see her own child in every child—her own child's grief in every pain which makes another child weep.'"

WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO FOUNDING OF NORMAL
AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Editors Chronicle: There seems to be some controversy as to whose brain and patriotism the establishment of the industrial school for girls belongs. But let that go. It is not the first time by many that nimble feet have beaten those who were either too slow or too modest to assert their claims.

There is also a question as to who shall be president—a man or a woman. Let that go also. Give it to the man who is resolved to have the place and the salary, and let the women wait until they shall be more than suppliants for public favor. They have waited on the anxious bench for a long time, begging recognition. Let them wait until the force of public opinion grants it as a duty and a right. Some of us will not live to see the day; others will. Let us be thankful!

As to trades and professions, the time has passed when woman's cry for a share in them, as to profits, had nothing in it. The difficulty is, men have possession, and fight to keep it. There is a growing impatience in the country against the usurpation of places, which belong by right to women, who are compelled by circumstances to support themselves. Out of this feeling industrial training schools are starting up all over the United States.

There is a great overplus of women in some of the states. There has been a vast increase of poverty in the South since the war. The lower classes among the white population are in a deplorable condition. They may well

cry, "No man cares for them"—in a just and proper way. The scarcity of field labor compels these women to go to the roughest and hardest work, unfit for the delicate and peculiar conditions of the sex. They may be out of their sphere as lecturers, reformers, etc., but certainly they are not where they ought to be in the cornfield following a plow or wielding a hoe. When we recollect the army of men who are dancing behind counters, or occupying clerk's places, which work these women could do with ease and ability, it seems as if the eternal fitness of things should prevail, and the men should go to outdoor hard work, while their sisters should come under shelter to earn their living. My heart aches for the poor white girls in Georgia. Millions are being donated for the education and industrial training of colored girls. A day or two ago a rich heiress in Philadelphia took the veil and left millions to found a college near that city for the uplifting of colored girls. The Slater fund is at work all over the South—millions upon millions are donated willingly and cheerfully to make the colored girl a proficient in literature, science and self-sustaining in the marts of the world.

God forbid that any Southern woman should begrudge the help that fanatical patriotism and puritanical sectarianism has given them! But my heart aches for the poor white girl! Thousands were deprived of their natural protectors by the war. Many a man died in the Confederate army who never had a slave to fight for! It is the descendants of poor parents—poor white girls—that I am interested in, because they are nearly friendless in a cold hard world, and they are to be the mothers of the coming generations of whites. Two years ago, when I had opportunity I appealed to a farmer's meeting on this point. I left my sphere, perhaps, to beg them to remember these girls—and when I descended from the improvised rostrum a young woman met me, with tears streaming from her eyes. "Bless your heart," she cried, "my father died in the war. His poor bones lie over yonder on that hillside and this is the first word I have heard since that time which seemed to remember he ever had a daughter. I work in the field to earn the bread we eat. I crave learning as I never craved food, and I've been hungry many a time. I can do nothing to earn a nickel but plow, hoe and pick cotton in the hot sun. God bless you for your sympathy, if you can help me no more!"

When this industrial college starts, do let it be a school for women. Don't make it a man's school, patterned after man's ideas, and based on what man has done or can do. There should be simplicity of living, strict economy—to suit the means of those whom it should benefit. If it is to be a local affair for Milledgeville, it will be a local affair and nothing more. The salary of the president should not run up into the thousands. We find the rivalry in salaries in other institutions in Georgia about the most

prominent feature of the concerns. When the state cashes the salary checks, provides certain pay, a good man (if there is no woman considered fit to hold the office) ought to take the place for the interest he felt in the work, not for how much he could spend additional on his home or invest in outside real estate. State work of this sort shouldn't be an adjunct to any other scheme to make money—denominational work especially. If big pay from the state is forthcoming, let the whole time be given to the pupils, and public opinion will make the demand right early. Next, let the health of the pupils be under continual oversight. The health of a woman stands for more than the health of any living creature under the sun. God made choice of woman as the most careful, attentive, faithful and reliable custodian of the human race, at a period when nothing else, no other sort of care would answer. To be a healthy mother, girlhood should be attentively watched as to health, as any physician will tell you.

For pity's sake, if nobody but a man is considered fit to oversee a girls' industrial school, do let his wife or some other woman draw a little pay to watch after wet feet and other imprudences common to careless children, away from their mothers. How much consumption has been transmitted to the third and fourth generation by this sort of negligence will surprise the assembled multitudes, at judgment day. Again whatever is taught let it be useful—something to last—and something whereby to make a living. I see it proposed that the president (man, as he is to be) must then go abroad to see and learn what he is expected to do. No doubt of that in my mind; I only hope he will devote enough time to the search to apply what he sees and hears to some good purpose. If he is paid by the state to qualify himself, why not send some woman on the same errand to point out what a female thinks would be useful to the female sex? The moral and religious training of women means the moral and religious training of the whole race. Do not forget that when the school is set upon its feet.

Respectfully,

Mrs. W. H. Felton.

Bartow County, Feb. 16, 1891.

A NIGHT IN THE CONFEDERACY.

Written by Mrs. W. H. Felton More Than Thirty Years Ago—Tells of the Trials of a Refugee.

Many Soldiers Sing "How Firm a Foundation."

Atlanta had been in the hands of Gen. Sherman two months. All who could get away had left the city in advance. These refugees had been crowded in upon the

already crowded population of middle and lower Georgia. But more were yet to come. Gen. Sherman issued an order which read thus: "I have deemed it to be the interest of the United States that the citizens of Atlanta should remove—those who prefer, to go south, the rest north." Gen. Hood in command of the Confederate troops denounced the command as barbarous, but it was acceded to through humanity. Thus the city was made to empty itself upon a section already crowded.

The question of food for this largely increased population became paramount. Wheat sold that week in Augusta, Ga., at \$20 to \$25 per bushel; corn in the ear, from wagons, \$12 to \$14 per bushel; tobacco, \$3.50 to \$5 per pound; sugar, \$6 to \$8 per pound; eggs, \$3.50 per dozen; potatoes, \$15 per bushel; rough unbleached domestic, \$3.50 per yard; and jeans, \$10 per yard; salt brought \$40 per bushel; horses, from \$800 to \$1,000 each.

No wonder Gov. Brown went to the front to make provision for the people escaping from Atlanta under the flag of truce—during the ten days' armistice! The accounts from the city after capitulation were alarming. A reliable correspondent published the following in the Macon Intelligence, a paper with an immense circulation in the state: "On Monday night the yankees had a grand ball at the Trout House in Atlanta. Gen. Sherman, his staff, his corps and division commanders patronized the affair. One of our traitors proposed to open the ball with prayer and thanksgiving for the great and decisive victory that had captured Atlanta, broken the spirit of the Confederacy, and brought Georgia where it could be governed by the enlightened rule of the royal ape. He said he was proud to see so many black sisters in arms welcoming the conquerors. The negro women were feted, toasted and monopolized the attention of the entire crew. They waltzed, schottisches, polkaed and danced until everybody was tired and drunk. The saturnalia was kept up until morning, when they tottered away in many tired pairs of ebony and ivory."

The country was in no pleasant state of mind or body.

As winter approached the situation became alarming. Gen. Sherman's movements were carefully concealed. The southern papers pronounced his situation hazardous, and the Confederacy was about to win its decisive victory, but the people were not satisfied, they had been deceived too often.

One class throve upon the miseries and misfortunes of their fellowmen. Trade was brisk about the commissary and quartermasters' departments. Blockade runners made Wilmington, N. C., a place of thrift and activity. Negro slaves sold as high as \$5,000 in Augusta and Macon, just before Sherman began his march to the sea. But those that had nothing to sell had, of course, but little money to

buy. Privation pressed heavily upon the honest and patriotic, while unscrupulous men made fortunes.

So thought Mrs. M. in a secluded farm house five miles from Macon, on a bleak November day, as she watched the road for the return of a messenger from the postoffice. She had been living in Atlanta two years—a Kentucky refugee. He, her husband, was in Lee's army, and she had rented the farmhouse, her only place of shelter, when she was dismissed from the city by Gen. Sherman's order. She was grateful for a roof over her head and food to eat—although it was a place destitute of every luxury, and the food was as plain as possible, inferior in quality and poor in preparation. The monthly board for herself and children completely wiped out her husband's pay as an officer in the Confederate army, but shelter and food were imperative necessities. There had been a battle in Virginia, she was inexpressibly anxious. The reports were meagre, casualties many, and she longed for a letter. When the messenger came there was a letter, but not from the army. It told of her mother's extreme illness, in Carolina—above Augusta, where she had drifted as a refugee with another married daughter, whose husband was in the navy. Mrs. M. resolved to go, although the trip entailed an all night railroad ride, and away up into the next day. It meant more still to her, as it would consume every cent of her little store of Confederate money to make the journey. There were rumors of raids—everything was in a state of uncertainty, confusion and discomfort. But she must go, the beloved mother might be dying.

She recollected her closing request, "Come, my daughter, and close my eyes when I die, if I must die away from Kentucky in this war-stricken land. I came here to take the chances with my daughters. Come when I send for you." How could she fail to go under such a pledge? Besides, she was so lonely and helpless, better starve with her dear ones than endure this life any longer. Such were the conclusions after a night of sleepless anxiety.

Next day was consumed in an effort to get herself, children and trunks to the Macon depot, where she arrived in the afternoon for a weary spell of waiting until the night train for Savannah on the Central railroad pulled out. Chairs by the fire in the Brown house retailed at \$5 per night, so she shivered in the car-shed, hoping to be on time to secure a good seat in the train that left after dark on schedule time.

When it pulled across the river and under the carshed, it was already full of people. She found every car but the so-called ladies' car packed with soldiers, moving across the state to reinforce the Virginia army. The ladies' car was full, and she was thankful to find an end seat, with no back to it but the wall of the coach itself. It was dreadful to think of the long night before her, with

those little children in that uncomfortable place, but it was to be preferred to a seat on a valise in the middle of the aisle, to be jostled and get up with every trip of conductor through the train. Men were glad to find standing room, many deeming it good fortune to find a seat to lean against in the jam.

The night was cold, but there could be no fire—the crowd was too great. Well worn army clothes and the breath of so many travelers soon raised steam, as well as a sickening odor, to poor Mrs. M.'s nervous head. Her eyes ached—her head, her limbs—every part of her frame ached.

With standing room at a premium, her stiff narrow seat was a boon to her weary limbs. The train had been forging along for a half hour; the way stations illuminated by bonfires made of blazing fat pine knots, and settled herself for the inevitable, when some passenger called her name in the rear of the conductor and his ticket lantern. She recognized him at once as an Atlanta acquaintance, but refugee life had completely demoralized him. He was drunk—almost maudlin. "Oh, Mrs. M., this is lucky. I'm in luck, certain. Lemme set down there; I'll nurse the little girl—(hiccup). Cap'n M.'s a good looking man; so's his children. Come here, little woman—let your papa's old friend nurse you a little," (hiccup, etc.)

Before Mrs. M. could arouse herself to forbid his occupancy of the seat beside herself he was in place with the frightened child on his lap. The conductor was ahead, too far away to protest. The situation, already uncomfortable, became appalling. For twelve hours to sit in the immediate proximity to a drunken stranger already approaching stupid intoxication was intolerable to contemplate. His inebriate condition made him oblivious to genteel conduct.

If Mrs. M. should complain to the conductor, things might even be worse as she feared and the poor woman was nearly frantic with apprehension. When that official came near her on his return trip, she gathered courage to say: "Please, can't you find me another seat?" but the conductor hardly waited to hear her finish the appeal to assure her that the person who occupied a seat, no matter how uncomfortable, had better hold fast to it. "Half loaf's better than no bread, my dear madam," added the conductor with a most reassuring nod of the head as he bowed himself out the door at her side.

Her little one in her arms was fast asleep and the other child had shrunk so far away from her captor until she was almost on her lap also. As the train rocked and swayed, her companion nodded and rolled to and fro so far as his cramped limits allowed. She momentarily expected him to keel over and strike the seat in front of them, and she almost forgot her torture of mind and body in constant expectation of that event, but no, he caught

himself each time—squared himself, opened his eyes only to go through the same performance time and again—giving a little variety by an occasional bump on her shoulder.

It seemed hours to her excited mind, that they were thus occupied—when the acquaintance aroused himself to “look after his luggage”—(maybe induced to go by the flask hidden therein) and with careful request “to save my seat until I get back,” he waddled away to the rear as fast as the packed aisle permitted.

A woman’s fertility of resources came at once to her relief. She resolved he should sit there no more that night. Making a pallet for and placing the oldest child at her feet with rug and shawl, she stretched herself along the seat with the little one closely clasped in her arms, covered her head and feigned sleep, in less time than it takes to write of the proceeding.

After awhile her late companion was heard in his delayed attempt to reach the seat once more. Smothered curses followed his stumbling awkwardness, as one after another was forced to rise in the aisle and let him go by.

“Beg yer pardon, old fel; it’s mighty bad to make yer get up this way—but I shan’t bother you agin. I’m only trying to git out’n yer way, back to my seat up yonder!”

Mrs. M. could measure his approach by the surly flings and good-natured jokes that accompanied him—until she felt him stumble against the door—rattling the bolt as he caught it to save himself a fall. Once, twice, three times he called her name. Then he stooped over and called her again. No answer. Some soldiers nearby began to read between the lines, and cried out: “What’s yer doing? That lady’s asleep, I expect. Better let her alone, if she ain’t any of your folks.”

Mrs. M. felt herself an arrant imposter, but she gained her own consent to snore—if her apparent condition of sleep was further disputed. She photographed the scene in memory (because she could not see) to laugh over it a thousand times after the war closed—but there was not a figment of merriment in her brain at the time. She felt desperate and had resolved to make public explanation of her dislike and the reason therefor, then and there, if the seat was not relinquished without such an effort being required at her hand.

At last the drunken man decided to give up the whole matter as a bad job, saying, as he retired: “Well, I’ll get a seat when we are at Millen, see if I don’t?” Mrs. M. saw him no more.

Millen was reached at midnight. The conductor bade Mrs. M. to stay beside him with the children during the transfer from one train to the other. But when the cars for Augusta were reached there was not even standing room in the ladies’ car. There was nothing to be done but

crowd into a soldier car and risk the accommodations, whatever might be found therein.

It was dark as Egypt inside. Oil and candles were too dear and scarce to waste on a soldier train. It was dismal indeed when the poor lady found herself and one child in a seat relinquished by a soldier whose face she couldn't see when she thanked him, and little Maud was lifted by some unknown person's hands to a seat beside her. Her feet were blocked by her own luggage that the conductor had brought inside the door and asked some person (also unknown) to place near the lady with two children.

The coach had been in a wreck at some time. The windows were shattered in some places. They let in the cold night air, that chilled her through and through, after coming out of the Russian sweat bath they had just left behind—with all the windows down and in good order—so far as closing the car was concerned for passengers.

As they whirled along in the midnight darkness, it seemed as if she was in a mad rush to destruction. The only light was the conductor's lantern, at rare intervals, as he made his trips through the train during the remainder of the night. Gloom and danger seemed intensified after he disappeared. She braced herself constantly to hold herself on the seat, with the children clinging to her in a panic of fright. Again and again the jarring, jumping, pitching process was repeated as the train rocked around curves and dashed onward with every window sash rattling and the frame work creaking. Then she began thinking rapidly; in fact her thinking apparatus went on a rampage. Every faculty of mind and heart was in a strain. Here she was, alone, in a death trap, perhaps, with those dear little babes. Perhaps her mother was dead—maybe her husband was a corpse on the battlefield, for the last paper had said there was constant skirmishing. Suppose Gen. Sherman was now awaiting this very train to cut off reinforcements and should fire on this very car to call a halt? Suppose she was cut off, couldn't go back to the old, distasteful shelter, and no way to get into Carolina?

Everything that had happened to her in life crossed her mind. She recalled herself a merry-hearted girl in that far away Kentucky home, a maiden at school, a bride at the altar, a mother in luxurious Louisville mansion.

Now all was black, uncertain, miserable! A stranger in a strange land—an exile—almost penniless! If this crazy, pitching car should break down and hurl them to destruction, her body would probably never be identified or claimed. As she clutched the little one in a convulsive grasp—they screamed together—at her sob of despair. "What's the matter lady?" said the voice at her side. "Let me take the baby. I am only a rough old soldier, but I do love the little folks. My mother always told me

I was the best nurse of any of her boys. I've been thinking all this time of my mother since you came in. I'd give a pretty to see her dear old face again."

Was it a gleam of star-light that entered Mrs. M.'s mind? What made her turn the baby into the soldier's arms with tremulous thanks.

The scene was all changed, and yet there was no change in her hazardous situation. They were still rushing along—pitching forward and jerking backward like mad. There wasn't enough light to see little Maud's face—as close as it was to her own—but that paralyzing fear was all gone. Directly she knew all about the soldier's regiment, his home, his mother and his present destination. In turn he promised to go to her husband's command and tell him of this change in her location, aye, she would also send a few lines herself when daylight came.

The babe was quiet in the soldier's arms as they talked. When the child stirred the soldier hummed a tune to keep it quite still. The mother recognized the old hymn that fits so nicely to "How Firm a Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord." As he hummed the tune she joined softly with the words. The sentiment fitted her mental state exactly. After a little others added their voices also, until the rattling car was filled with a swelling tide of melody,

When through the deep waters I call thee to go

The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow,
made by scores of lips and hearts, brought tears to Mrs. M.'s eyes and she found herself weeping from joy—aye, rapture! Verse after verse followed—the last one repeated more than once.

As if to give sanction to this midnight worship and sympathy of human hearts—the moon rose in the eastern sky—sprung upward as they left a deep ravine and whirled along the smooth level country, that now looked like a sea of molten silver under the hoar frost that rested on shrub and leaf—stretching far away to either side of the railroad track. With darkness gloom had also fled away.

The engine whistled, the train jolted, jerked, rattled and swayed from side to side, but the old car was alive with merry laugh and jest. The soldiers were the merriest in the land. They had jokes for every stay-at-home as they halted at depots and stations. "What's the price of butter-milk?" was the greeting to an agent who stood shivering with high-crown hat on, in the dim light of early morning. "Can't tell you, sir," was the reply. "Our cows are gone dry." With a unanimous shout of laughter, the crowd yelled out: "That's the reason you are wearing the churn on your head, is it?"

But the whistle blows: again the train moves and ere long Augusta comes in sight. Mrs. M. bade the boys good-bye with a heart full of tender sympathy. So long as she

could see them, as the train rolled away, they waved their caps and signalled good-bye, with a "rebel yell" at the last turn of the road. A touch of nature makes the world akin.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

(Read before the Georgia Sociological Society, Atlanta, June, 1902).

The Problems that Interest Motherhood.

By Mrs. W. H. Felton,
Cartersville, Ga.

My appearance before this audience to-day stands for no intimate acquaintance with the science of medicine, or knowledge of the questions which you discuss so ably. I am only a learner—and my eager interest in these matters no doubt influenced your President to extend to me an invitation to appear and explain my reason for this interest. Three years ago I made an address on this subject before the Woman's Club of Atlanta, and in 1897 sent a paper to be read before the Mother's Congress in Washington City. My greatest regret is my inability to awaken a lively interest in the minds of the mothers of the country on this and kindred subjects; because I feel sure if the subject could be presented in force and pertinence there would be an awakening that would show itself in every home in this broad land of ours.

I agree with your President, that all human life is influenced by heredity; by training and environment in the order here named. Heredity comes first. Mothers should have some conception of the part they play in life's drama, when every child must have a mother, and when every child's life is unavoidably shaped by the mother's nature, her health, her tempers and idiosyncrasies. She herself is the repository of the ills and benefits resulting from close relation to her ancestry—those who handed them down to her. There are legacies handed down—bequeathed—that would shock and startle many of us if we could trace the end back to the beginning.

But our young women, about to step into matrimony, know less of themselves and what is involved in parental relations, than any other subject heretofore considered by them. Their previous education is all away from the subject rather than towards them. Children are being born into this world every day, every hour, aye, every minute, and I feel sure that nine-tenths of the mothers know less about the influences that will make or mar the physical, mental and moral destiny of those they bring

into the world than any other subject that interests them. This ignorance is alarming. When stock-raisers, fruit-growers, seedsmen and everybody interested in such business matters are so scrupulously exact in securing proper reproduction, the destinies of their own children and grandchildren are put aside in the most indifferent way; and alliances are contracted in the most haphazard style. Truly, marriage is a lottery.

People move into new neighborhoods; settle in hard localities; invest their money and spend their time in getting money, when their children and grandchildren have scarcely a thought as to proper associates and those they will mate with, because they will mate at mating time; and the mates will be found generally where they chance to be associated. This is the rule—almost without exception.

If a piece of real estate is purchased, a lawyer is hired to trace the title, and the utmost care is taken to be sure, before the money is paid over; but when the daughter falls in love with an unknown lover, and maybe marries a whited sepulcher, with a fair outside, but full of inherited rottenness and dead men's evils, what comfort or happiness or peace of mind will attend the mother, after such a disaster?

Why it is that the world does not recognize the fact, that motherhood and all the problems of human life are indissolubly connected and cannot be divorced, since every human being must have its mother?

With the snows of sixty winters drifting down on my head, and my steps going down the sunset slope of life, I come to you, to add my word of approval to your undertaking, and to beg you to so broaden the scope of your organization that intelligent womanhood may be instructed, entreated and warned on the subjects in which their interest is so great, with influences so potential.

For two decades I have lifted my small voice in Georgia towns and cities to plead against the crime of forcing little children without their own consent, into drunken homes and entailing on their little lives the curse that travels along with inebriety and debauchery. I have been called "a fanatic, a crank, strong-minded, out of my sphere," and many names of that sort, because I cried aloud for home protection to the mothers of such children; but standing as I do in the sight of God and in the presence of this distinguished company, I affirm, as my honest conviction, that no greater service can be done for the human family—without regard to sex—than the protection of unborn children from the evils—inherited evils—that go with drunkenness; and this protection must come through the united efforts of the mothers and fathers of these children.

How many families can you call to mind, who, after twenty-five years of marital union, can present a clean bill of health—moral, mental and physical? Without deformity, insanity, drunkenness, immorality and crime? Tons of writing-paper have been devoted to the proper training of children; and pulpits have thundered for a full century on the curses that follow to the third and fourth generation; but how little has been said or written or preached about the proper training of fathers and the needful instruction of mothers in the greatest calling ever followed or pursued under the shining dome of Heaven!

Mothers hold the race-endowing function in themselves. The Lord Almighty decreed it. This function is at once the greatest mystery and the grandest work ever confided to human kind; but nine-tenths of the women—may I not say ninety-hundredths—know no more of the dangers that attend the destinies of the unborn child, or of their own intimate relation to reproduction of their own kind, than the birds in the air or fishes in the sea. I blame mothers for much of this ignorance—but much of it also belongs to the apathy and indifference of the public. No stream rises higher than its source. The mother can only give her child what she herself possesses. Oh! that we might reckon in the list of virtues the uncommon attribute of common sense on these subjects.

Mothers have been trained, unfortunately, to a system of false modesty and unwholesome avoidance of this and kindred subjects. Why should not they instruct their daughters, aye, their sons, as the king's chamberlain tutored Esther before she was wedded to Ahasuerus? Oh! it is pitiful to know that a young girl is pushed out of the home nest to flutter in dismay and too often to perish on the ground at last! How is she to know without a teacher, and what teacher so proper, so tender, so sympathetic and so loyal as her own parents?

There were thirteen thousand divorce cases in New York city alone in the year 1897. That tells a tale of failure, defeat, disappointment, mismating, that needs no comment; and it is so all over the land.

When the census of 1890 was taken there were 700,000 defectives in the United States—blind, deaf, deformed, insane, imbecile, epileptic, etc. That is another story that needs no explanation in this presence.

I believe as firmly as my mind can grasp the condition, that the negro's education in books has been largely unproductive of good results, because it antedated the proper training of the mothers in their lewd homes.

This land is burdened with convicts and ex-convicts, the latter without character or credit, after they are turned loose on the community. These lewd homes are continual crime-promoters. They pull down faster than book education can build up. If I could only whisper a word in Mr.

Carnegie's willing ear, I'd say, spend some of your money on reformatories for ignorant women and girls, who should never be permitted to marry or propagate their kind until good character shall have been established.

This brings me to the question of indiscriminate marriage licenses. A health certificate should have been required a hundred years ago. No honorable man would be willing to enter the parental state when his physical conditions failed to warrant reproduction under their influence and sway. Those who would disregard the restriction should be legally restrained, for public safety, in view of public expense.

Now that the State has assumed the burden of educating the child independent of its parents, it should be given discretionary powers to forbid the spawning of an interminable horde of defectives with inherited evils of mind and body. Begin at the beginning. Reform where it needs reformation. The running stream can be diverted when it is a brook. After it becomes the river, it must go its own way. Hereditary characteristics are transmitted. There is no question about it. Some weeks ago statistics were given in New York State as to the progeny of a woman who died in 1828. She had 800 known descendants. Ninetenths were criminals, as she had been a criminal; some hundreds were diseased in various ways; many were hung—some died serving life-sentences; and the State spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in convicting and punishing that woman's descendants. You all read her history, I presume. If her crime had made her immune to child-bearing, then she would have been less inimical to public safety and spared some physical suffering also. She was an unfit person to fling 800 of her own dangerous class upon the public purse, and her descendants were a curse to the population upon which she and those like her were permitted to spawn them. There can be no question as to the duty of the State to protect itself from this indiscriminate spawning, and to protect itself from indiscriminate marriage licenses. Your organization has authority to make itself heard before legislative committees. Why not inaugurate the movement yourselves?

I believe the State should require due notice to be given of an intended marriage. You all understand that you cannot buy a piece of land from an administrator of an estate without publishing it for weeks in a public gazette. He must get leave to sell and then give equal notice of proposed sale; but any chap that can beg or borrow a dollar and a half and will swear that the parties are of legal age, can go to the ordinary's office between dark and day-light, and buy a permit to marry a woman who may have 800 descendants, good, bad or indifferent, within her allotted period of reproduction. Fifty years from now public opinion will stand aghast at the liberty that is now

allowed to lust and liquor. When a money purchase is involved (as the sale of land goes to show) you strain at gnats, gentlemen, but when the fate of unborn millions hangs in the balance you swallow camels, and never make a wry face at the swallow.

Motherhood is now asking itself why these things have been so long overlooked—why the protection to its high and holy calling has been so long delayed.

Public thought must be awakened! Agitation is imperative for these reforms. Nothing can be done until the people begin to think. Perhaps you are living ahead of your time. I feel sure I have been working with a small pick and shovel for twenty years at least, with small evidence of progress; but you know and I know that we are confronted with race problems and all other sorts of problems, all of which alarm the patriot and the taxpayer.

We are living in an era of mob violence which is ominous. We seem to hear the earth's tremblings that may culminate in a San Domingo or a Mont Pelee disaster. May God help the helpless and innocent!

As I believe in eternal justice, truth and mercy, I do believe we must begin reforms at the starting place, and remodel our permits to marry, and permits to sell crime-promoters and stand firm like Zerubbabel in the rebuilding of our earthly Jerusalem, or we will, ere we know it, find a Mont Pelee right in our midst, with all that attends such an eruption in disaster.

To you, gentlemen, who are so closely in touch with the great problems that touch mother-life and mother-love, I bring this reminder to-day. Throw around this high and holy calling the protection it needs and would call for if it was awake to its danger. It is the hope of the nation. It is the anchor against mob violence. It is the home-life of America to-day that holds the ship to the safe points of the compass.

It is at the very foundation of race troubles. When colored homes are reformed from their profligate population, and clean living prevails rather than dissolute and shameless reproduction, we will see that it can only be done by shutting off opportunities for infanticide and indecent prostitution among the mothers of the colored race. But all the crime does not come from the submerged world. Like the frogs and flies in Egypt, sin, evil and moral disease go up into the palaces as well as the hovels. There must be a general provision to reach crimes against motherhood—no matter where discovered.

In the year 1874 the State had many less than four hundred convicts to turn over to the lease system. We established public schools a little before that time. We have run along the succeeding years with both systems in full blast—both costing a mountain of money. In 1901 we had four thousand negro convicts and misdemeanors,

and about four hundred whites. Now what is the matter with us anyhow! Where will we end up at this gait we are going? If we had clear vision to the horizon we would see that one system tears down faster than the other can build up. Something is radically wrong somewhere.

I may be mistaken—I know I am liable to mistakes; but I do believe we should shut the door on the reproduction of the species that continues to fill chain-gangs, and apply some of this school money to reformatories where they do not marry and are not given in marriage until they can present a clean bill of moral health, at least.

An illegitimate child should send both parents to the rock-pile, and a seducer of innocent girls should have a life-term at hard work; fully as much penalty as the getting of money on false pretenses, by theft or by murder, because two lives have been sacrificed to the baser passions of the betrayer.

Oh! that the world would wake up to this needed protection to the unborn child which is forced into life, without any consent of its own, and its very life made the football of the vicious and depraved progenitor!

I thank you very much for this courtesy and attention. May my words find an echo in every true man's and woman's heart that hears me to-day.

FROM MRS. FELTON.

The following eloquent and stirring letter from this brilliant crusader in the cause of temperance, was written last fall, just before the Convention in Madison, as will be seen by its contents:

My Dear Mrs. Ansley: Your kind request that I should send you something touching the earlier efforts of the W. C. T. U. in Georgia, particularly as to their influence on legislation, has been received.

In the spring of 1886, I attended the State Convention, held that year in the city of Macon, Ga. I joined the W. C. T. Union in that year.

I introduced a resolution, looking to a reform in the Convict Lease System of Georgia, and induced Rev. W. H. Potter, who was then Editor of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, to follow my resolution with his endorsement. I was authorized to write and present a memorial petition to the Georgia Legislature, setting forth, so far as I could, the horrors of the Lease System, particularly condemning the herding of women convicts along with the male criminals, and the constant contact of juvenile criminals with veterans in crime. A legislative report, made in 1879

and printed in the proceedings of that year's General Assembly, gave forth the astounding fact that twenty-five little children, under three years of age, were then in camp, along with their convict mothers, little helpless innocents, born in the chain gang, in the lowest depths of degraded humanity. These children, according to the report mentioned, were born from convict mothers, were also the offspring of the guards, (employed by the Lessees to punish all offenders,) who had basely used their authority to compel these women to submit to their carnal desires. This state of things was so plainly horrible that I wrote it up in the newspapers at the time this legislative report was published, namely, 1879. The author of this legislative report and also Chairman of the Investigating Committee, Col. Bob Alston, came to see Dr. Felton and myself in the National Hotel in Washington City in February, 1879, and told me that his life had been threatened by certain parties who were connected with the Lease, and that he had received a letter from his wife that morning, who was very uneasy and unhappy on his account; that certain women whose husbands were making fortunes out of the Lease, were not only defiant, but talking big of what would be done to people who meddled with their husbands' business, etc. He walked the floor and said he had never encountered such enmity in his life. In a few weeks he was assassinated in the State Capitol in Atlanta, shot down by a sub-lessee in the office of the State Treasurer, his life blood spattering the very walls of the strong-box of Georgia as he fell to the floor. He had appealed to Gov. Colquitt, told him that morning that he was being hunted down by this man, afterwards his slayer.

My husband, as a member of Congress from Georgia, was assailed in the newspapers by a United States Senator, himself a lessee of the state Convicts and the head of one of these lease companies. In replying to his attack, Dr. Felton exposed his connection with these infamies, connected with the Lease System. When Dr. Felton offered again for Congress in 1880, every lessee—bent his every energy to silence him in Washington City and retire him from public life in the state. He was counted out in the election, and, as poor Bob Alston was in his grave, the lessees believed they were in the saddle and all opponents silenced. The people of Bartow County persuaded Dr. Felton to represent them in the Georgia Legislature, and he was there when my Memorial from the W. C. T. U. was presented to the General Assembly. He fathered the movement in that body, and, together, we opened up the war on the horrible Lease System, which was abolished a few years ago, amid the execrations and loud denunciations of all sane and sensible men in Georgia. It was stamped upon as the most infamous combination of public graft ever known to the state, the Yazoo Fraud not excepted.

But it placed three men in the United States Senate, and elected two of them to the Governor's chair in Georgia, and it was the money and base influence of this Lease System which fastened this vile Octopus on the tax-payers of the state for twenty years afterwards, I mean after I was commissioned by the W. C. T. U. of Georgia to Memorialize the Legislature at its State Convention in the year 1886. These Lessees named congressmen, they ruled the politics of the state, and it seemed so strongly entrenched that any opposition was futile.

Dr. Felton pressed and advocated a reformatory for juveniles before the Legislature, and, not only was he attacked by Lessees' influence, but I, myself, a woman without a ballot, and no weapon but an active pen, was attacked in that legislative body, because I obeyed the mandate of the W. C. T. U. and presented the Memorial, which aroused the anger and antipathy of these rich Lessees and their satellites. ✓ But this Memorial paved the way to broader reasoning and fuller examination of this terrible Lease System, which was described in London, England, time and again as "A cancer sore on the war-stricken South," a blot on our fair name, as a section, and a withering blight and menace to our civilization. Words were not adequate to express their contempt and disgust for the infamous political combination which sentenced thousands of negroes to the pen that these men might rake in millions of profit from their labor and their misery.

Fifty years from now the name of every man who filled his pockets with this vile lease money extorted by the State's injustice from its dependent and criminal classes, will be so mortifying to his descendants that they will eschew their very parentage as the descendants of the Yazoo Fraud swindle are forced to conceal the infamy placed upon the men who sold their votes for gold, land and negroes when that Yazoo Fraud was perpetrated.

Acting for the W. C. T. U. of Georgia, as their agent, as their messenger, I led the way to reform and, although it was secretly consummated, yet those negro women convicts were removed from association with males in convict caps, and, as I was told, employed at broom making in a separate camp, and this removal occurred about the year 1890 or 1892.

If I had not been given liberty to approach the Legislature by your organization, no one can tell how long the movement might have been delayed. This is one movement affecting Legislation in Georgia which is clearly traceable in its beginning to your authority—you deserve the credit—and should boldly lay claim to it.

A few days ago a convict white woman was so severely beaten in the Atlanta convict camps that someone reported the outrage. She was given 110 lashes on her body by a white whipping-boss. He admits he inflicted 100

lashes and says he punished her for cursing and obscene language. While I am a foe to profanity and obscenity, when was it ever known before that a brutal guard could ever be allowed to put over 100 lashes at one time on one poor female's body? And for cursing! As it is well known that many men, outside prison camps can curse and go unwhipt of justice, I here propose to your Body, now in session, that you shall give me liberty to memorialize our law makers at their next meeting, and I will call the State's attention to this outrageous punishment. It is clearly within your province to protest, and, while I have passed seventy-five years of age, God willing, you shall have someone to bring the enormity of this incident to the State's attention, and I ask you to consider your duty to your sex and state. And the brutal woman-beater was not dismissed. He was only reprimanded and is here still, armed with a whip, and prepared to beat down any other white or negro woman who uses obscene language or curses in his high and mighty presence.

As a pioneer in the Temperance Cause, I have traveled from my home in the gable end of Georgia to many and various places, towns and cities, to plead for prohibition in years gone by. I went forth when the world of society looked askant at a woman who should dare to go out on the public rostrum and plead for the safety of her people. The Liquor Demon was entrenched in every city in Georgia when this little David gathered a pocket full of small stones from the brook and sallied forth to meet the enemy. How many taunts and slanders, and covert insinuations that were thrust at me, eternity alone can discover. How many sneers were leveled at me, I perhaps will never know, but as I look back at the struggles of that early period, I almost tremble to remember that I was the target of such entrenched power and influence, and that their slanderous and liquor-soaked tongues could disseminate their vile hints and innuendoes and like thistle down in the wind, scatter them everywhere—in public or in secret. I here thank my Heavenly Father that He has led me along in safety and that I live and can congratulate you upon your heroic work for curbing the Liquor Traffic. You can never fully estimate at this time their willingness to drag everybody down to the level of the dram shop. Except their own kith and kin, they spared nobody in their effort to hold to their ill-gotten gains.

I addressed a joint committee of the House and Senate in behalf of the Bush Bill, which you recollect, and heard a man get up and say he would rather his daughter should marry and live with a drunkard than curb the authority of liquor dealers in the prosecution of their unholy traffic. To that complexion had it come in Georgia!

Two successive legislatures in Georgia memorialized

Congress to repeal the infamous Internal Revenue System, but there was never a man in Congress with courage sufficient to rise on the floor of the House of Representatives or Senate and represent the wishes of the citizens of the State of Georgia on this subject. When I went before a large Atlanta audience at a State W. C. T. U. Convention and made the atrocities of this Internal Revenue System so plain that he who ran might read, there was not a man in Georgia, save the lamented Walter B. Hill, of precious memory, who dared to stand on the same platform and echo my stinging words to that people. Preachers and pulpits—even a Bishop of my own church, took opposite sides in a political campaign that I wrote up in newspapers, and avowed his opposition to any sort of an independent Prohibition Campaign in Georgia.

For decades the people of Georgia were absolutely ruled by the Lessees of Convicts and liquor campaign money. It is not easy sailing now, but there were tides and breakers innumerable when I went to Atlanta, Macon, Thomasville—all filled with liquor dens, to utter a protest against the wholesale slaughter of the men and boys of this country. This was pioneer work—and hard work.

I went to Madison when there were two government distilleries in full blast, and nine grog shops on the main street, and pleaded like a woman pleads for the life of her child, doomed to the gallows. It was my dear mother's county, Morgan county. She went to its High School when she was a girl. Every foot of the soil around and about Madison today is dear to me. My kindred are living there—my dear ones are buried there, and every pulse in my body thrilled with these memories when I stood in a tent the day before the election and plead for the safety of the people and their children. There were fifteen hundred voters, one thousand of them negro voters. I asked that the negro men and women might be allowed and a section was arranged for them in the tent as I requested. I plead with them for their own safety and the safety of their children, and when I reached home that night on a late train, I prayed all the way, that God might save and bless Madison and Morgan county. Tired to almost exhaustion, after the day's work, I asked God on my knees at nearly midnight to bless my humble efforts at next day's election. I was the only speaker of the day—the last plea was the one I made, and, when a telegram was handed me late the next evening after the election was over, saying Morgan county had given four hundred majority for Prohibition, I was limp as a rag from fatigue, but I was ready to shout Hallalujah to God! forever!

Bear my good wishes to the Convention. I am so busy with other work which I must not put aside, that I cannot be with you at this meeting. I return you the Minutes of the Eighth Convention, and ask that you hold on to

them until I can at some time copy the address I made into a forthcoming book, which I am to publish, God being willing to continue health and strength for the work. If you have an opportunity read to this Convention what I said at Rome so many years ago. I think it will bear the test and I stand right there at this time.

Mrs. R. A. Felton.

ADDRESS MADE IN ATLANTA AT STATE CONVENTION, AFTER PROHIBITION HAD BEEN IN FORCE TWO YEARS AND WAS THEN DEFEATED.

Mrs. Sibley, our beloved State President wanted me to appear before you at this hour. I felt embarrassed for more than one reason. But in the presence of these noble self-denying women, who lay aside many anxious cares and duties to meet with us, I felt that a refusal would be more embarrassing than to make the effort. I can at least show loyalty to the cause and unite my efforts however weak, with their devotion and disinterestedness.

I speak for myself and do not presume to comment or to question the duty of other wives or mothers. I recognize the purity, virtues and freedom of all who differ with us as to policy. I lay no claim to any superior excellence for the work. My conscience and my duty constrain me. Whatever of failure or defect of judgment I may risk, from ignorance and inexperience, yet my duty as I see it, lies in this direction.

Fully measuring the work by the orthodox standard of conservative womanhood—weighing with deliberation the difficulties which are thrown about our movement, both North and South—understanding as I do the criticism we encounter in meeting together as an organization, criticism that is hard to ignore when it comes through channels that we are accustomed to revere and respect and conscious that public opinion has not fully joined itself to the understanding—and like all other reformers, we find rough places for our feet and difficult work for our hands and hearts, still I can bear witness, that this temperance work is a comforting one—its rewards are satisfying and its hopes brighten with every succeeding year. The resolve itself—makes you better, in that it meets the approval of your conscience. When I compare our appeal to young men, for total abstinence—with the champagne toasts at a convivial gathering,—with all that the wine may bring in its train, I feel like the temperance work is a foretaste of heaven in comparison with the other aims and its privileges. Believe me I esteem it a higher privilege to stand

at the door of a liquor saloon and plead with your wayward son rather than to be recognized over the wine cup as a fashionable leader in society. Oh! mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, while there is no blight which can so fatally wither your domestic happiness as the awful curse of drunkenness, and if like Asmodeus we could uncover the roofs, and gain a private view into homes of the inhabitants of this country and understand the anguish—the desolation—the apprehension and the hidden crimes which attend the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, the wonder would be, not that women of high and low degree, of my race and color had united to oppose the curse, but that the very stones did not cry out with the wrong and injustice. When gentle women—tenderly raised and lovingly sheltered, leave their homes, to go out and spend a lifetime in China, India or Brazil—to be able to reach a class, who are not to be reached by missionaries of the other sex;—the church and the world bestow approval and blessing. They do a self-sacrificing work, worthy of all praise in earth or heaven. They encounter not only the deepest ignorance—but the most violent heathen prejudice.

So when gentle women in Georgia—understanding by sad experience, that there is a class here, who have not been reached by any previous efforts,—a class that scoffs at sobriety and gloats over the privilege of fastening liquor saloons upon the homes, the churches, the property and the civilization of our native state,—when these wives and mothers lay aside self indulgence, and go into all places where such persons may be reached by entreaty—tears—prayers and good works; that the land may be redeemed and their homes protected, I affirm that the effort is equally praiseworthy—equally humane, equally Christian and heaven blessed, as the work of missionaries in foreign lands.

We have only the weak things of the world on our side—and like those dear daughters of the church far over the sea, we go, not in our own strength but in the power of a just cause, and God's promise to the suffering—worn and heavy laden. The city of Atlanta could not protect itself by man's help from liquor saloons, after an imperfect trial of two years with the prohibition law, even though it was confessed and acknowledged that they were two of the most peaceful, happiest and satisfying years, in the whole history of this Capital city. I passed along these streets on the day of defeat, saw the mountebank of doubtful lineage—perched upon a dry goods box on one of these thoroughfares, throwing out sacks of flour and bushels of everything else that could be bought with the great Whiskey Ring's money;—to catch liquor votes, and turned sorrowfully into a church on that election day, to find some of the best women of Atlanta on their knees, praying God to save their husbands, fathers,

brothers and sons from temptation and destruction, and to avert the threatened return of the saloons in these streets. In the midst of this confusion, there were temperance men, who were more afraid of women's appearance on the street or in the lunch rooms than of the danger which stared them and their children in the face, and which they were unable to manage or control as it transpired. Oh, how we strain at gnats and swallow camels!—What a grand farce to sneer at the presence or help of women, and yet promise to protect them and their offspring—when Yellowstone Kit could boldly fling his bribes into the hands of ignorant voters and they chirped not a word to the police authorities and allowed him the freedom of the city to do it!—Such a surrender has no parallel!

There was never a time in the history of Georgia when more active vigilance was required to protect what has been gained by the hardest temperance work. Party spirit runs so high, that bribe givers and bribe takers are all over the land, their pockets strutted with Whiskey Ring money. It appears that temperance men are even unwilling to train their cannon on the common enemy, because it may hurt some of their political friends and brothers. Both political parties are winking about, and whispering, "Hush, until we can elect a president." The 200,000 liquor saloons and gin palaces meantime providing all sorts of bribes to make the liquor vote a success. Every office seeker is afraid to offend them and who will rescue the perishing or pity the young boys, beset by sin and pollution, unless the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters unite for their protection? Oh! men of America! Who cares for our sons, when the whole tide of official influence is set against our homes!

In Washington city, at the grand official banquets, not less than seven wine glasses are circled around each guests' plate. If one brand of liquor does not please there are six more, ready to steal away his reason and make him a willing party tool—yet these are two of the leaders in the House of Representatives—men on the topmost round of the ladder, who have been rescued from a drunkard's fate by God's mercy—who dare not touch one drop or they will fall from their high estate. Their only safety lies in total abstinence—a fact known to all, friend and foe alike. Nothing but ambition and the ceaseless vigilance of their noble wives have kept them from a debauchee's grave long ago, and yet those seven wine glasses stare at those men at every turn and the Demon of drink smiles and smirks, prompts the temptation and prompts the tempter or temptress to ruin these truly great and brilliant men—and for what?

What is politics intended for, in the name of Heaven, if it refuses to protect life and property? As sure as there is a sun in yonder sky, the reaction will come. Peo-

ple are already asking—in what am I, my children or my homes improved by present politics?

Last August, the very reliable correspondent of the Augusta Chronicle, reported a meeting of the liquor men at the Kimball House, and they pledged one hundred thousand dollars at that meeting to defeat prohibition here in Atlanta. When the money was distributed, cause and effect were easily joined. Such is the bait set to catch human ignorance and depravity. Such are the traps to catch votes, and such the agencies which control our legislation.

Sneer at woman's weak effort, if you will, but the time thus wasted, would be better employed in vindicating your own patriotism and manhood. The women have no part or lot in such legislation. It is no wonder that gentlemen should shudder, because ladies should witness such efforts at election times. No wonder that fathers and husbands should declare politics to be a dirty pool—but what a commentary on men's work when they run it alone! A woman, whose kitchen or work room was so foul that she must stand at the door and proclaim its unfitness and its filth to the world would get but little sympathy from either sex. The remedy would be too plain and so easily stated, that she would crawl into a dust hole and pull her robes along in with her, but our law makers and law dispensors take so much pride in their own incapacity and incompetency, that they return again and again to wallow in the same cesspool and enjoy its exceeding bad odor so much as to enthrone and deify it, in every canvass for President, State officials and even minor officials.

But with these facts so plain, that they are question—you find beardless boys, and small, sap-headed editors sneering at the ladies of the Temperance Union—as being “out of their place”—unwomanly—a “hard lot,”—and other kindred terms. The grog shops inspire their insolence and all such “poll parroting” is directly traceable to such influence. So far as I can understand or am informed, we are seeking no office that any of the politicians can claim—there is no intention or desire to usurp any power or privilege that belongs of right to man. When you charge us with unwomanliness—because we petition our law makers to protect us from the curse of liquor selling—so that our young sons may go to school or to market or the post office without passing the open door to every sin known to the decalogue, I ask is it manly to force us to the extremity? Can it be womanly to endure such evils quietly? Can it be unwomanly to seek to avert them? An evil agency, placed right at my threshold which makes of innocent children, thieves, murderers, forgers, prostitutes, lunatics and suicides, is an evil that mother-love will rise against irrespressibly, and you could not censure a mother who would thrust out her right arm to rescue her helpless

babe from the fang of a snake, and can you be unwomanly, to seek to protect your child from the fang of the reptile which never dies, which frequents public thoroughfares—lurks in dark places—hides in the wine cup of the rich and poisons the life breath of the poor, and never sleeps and never tires—which sits over the ballot-boxes and flings its banner under church steeples. Say, oh! men of Georgia, would'nt I be less than a woman not to cry out for safety? Would you add insult to injury by telling me to make tatting, paint China plates, or fondle poodle dogs, while the door to perdition was opened on the next street corner, and my boy may be gone, before I know it?

My sisters, it is not only right, but our bonden duty to antagonize it, at home or abroad—no matter where it may be found. I feel it to be right in every fibre of my frame, and if this is unwomanly, in common parlance, perish the bauble which rests in so frail a foundation and give me instead that crown of mother-love, universal sympathy and Christian charity, that can know no fear in the cause of right, and which temporizes with no evil, that destroys or afflicts. One of the saddest sights under heaven is the appearance of a wife and mother to plead for a man's life—when condemned to the gallows. If the crime was caused by liquor the case is more pitiable still. The poor woman is as helpless to prevent the cause—as she is certainly the first to suffer. Whatever there may be of shame, of loss, of agony—her poor heart is always in place for the stroke. I would ask, is it more womanly to kneel at the executive's feet and implore pardon—or to go into the lawmaker's presence and demand a prevention of the cause? My sisters, the evil is ever present with us. It is not an occasional case. The State of Georgia is filled with police courts, court houses, jails and convict camps and the taxpayers are called upon to furnish nine-tenths of all their tax-money to pay for the results of liquor selling and liquor drinking. It permeates nearly every home—it touches directly or remotely on every life.

It has been even charged that we women seek notoriety in making this public protest—especially if we open our mouths and speak the mind that is in us. It would be strange indeed if some were not so prompted. In all their lifetimes they have discovered the men of the family, anxious to speak, and perhaps violently doing it. Perhaps it is a weakness inherent to the race, irrespective of sex or color.

It has been charged that we make mistakes. Allowing for our inexperience and the masculine examples we have had to follow, the wonder is, we make so few.

Our vision is perhaps obscured very often—but when has not such obscurity obtained, judging by the efforts of our critics, in church and state.

Believe me, calico is entirely willing to follow broadcloth quoting our dear Mrs. Chapin—but when broadcloth is afraid—or too indolent, calico aims to get there nevertheless.

I am of the opinion that a lady who is the woman of all work in the family—trainer of children—housekeeper and cook—seamstress and servant—mistress and maid—counsellor and waiting woman—nurse and general standby in all difficulties—graduated and accomplished in so much valuable work, and in so many useful ways, is entitled to rather more respect than some accord her, because she has reached the deliberate opinion that God helps those who help themselves. The clinging ivy and sturdy oak is a pretty simile of domestic dependency but nevertheless the ivy is sometimes so foreshortened at the top and so closely trimmed at the sides that it must stand alone perforce—and some women remind me of the cab horse of Pickwick—who, when buckled into the domestic harness, “We bears ’em up very tight, and takes ’em in very short, so she can’t werry well fall down,” and when she starts the domestic wheels, onwards, they run after her, and she must go, because she can’t help it.

But I must add a word of thanks to the good husbands, the good fathers and the good brothers and sons, who stand by us, and perhaps I am emboldened thus to speak my mind freely, because I am helped to it in my own home and at my own fireside. My path in the work has been smoothed for me—and I speak advisedly when I say a temperance home is a gracious boon to every true woman’s heart.

I would like the privilege of quoting an extract from an editorial published in a Cumberland Presbyterian newspaper when the National W. C. Temperance Union was in session at Nashville. Rev. Mr. Harris won golden opinions from the delegates by his courtesy and genuine good will, and he had full opportunity to give an unbiased criticism.

Said he: “It was a most remarkable assembly of cultivated, refined, earnest, consecrated Christian women. No nobler body of women ever honored this city with their presence. The great majority of them are model wives and mothers. They are, we verily believe, the very angels of God sent out to bear a conspicuous part in the work of reform so much needed and so little heeded. There were women in that convention who, for mental and moral power and personal dignity, have no superiors among the women of this generation. Over twenty religious denominations were present, but while so many in creed, they were of one mind and heart; no dissension or disputing, all seemed to have one object in view, the glory of God, and the good of the world?” By way of contrast allow me also to allude to a late convention in this city

to select Cleveland delegates to send to St. Louis. I did not see the scenes reported to me by a friend but some of the occurrences were printed in the daily papers. I asked myself, what an example to the youth of this country? What a commentary upon the politics which excludes temperance from its platform? Maudlin drunkenness took possession of the floor at one stage of the proceedings, and a Punch and Judy show followed with politicians as the harlequins.

The uprising of the women of America on temperance is a natural sequence to their mother love. As Mr. Grady said of himself so touchingly in a speech last November before the Prohibition club, in this city, I can also say of myself, and the mothers here present will I doubt not repeat the echo. Said he: "I have a boy as dear to me as the ruddy drops that gather about this heart! I find my hope centering in this little body. I look to him to take the work, which strive as I may must fall unfinished from my hands. That boy may fall from the right path, as things now exist, but if I were not to oppose this liquor curse and he fell through this agency I could not find answer to my conscience or support my remorse.

"If I felt that my hand had lured my son to the bottle, or my love for wine had fostered the fatal appetite, God alone knows how the agony could be borne."

MRS. FELTON'S SHARP REPLY TO DR. ROBERTS, OF TRINITY.

July 7, 1897.

To the Editor of The Atlanta Journal:

Twice within the past week, the pastor of Trinity church in Atlanta has appeared in the public prints—to exploit his opinion of temperance women—especially of those who have been accustomed to worship in Trinity church, some, perhaps, for a quarter of a century.

His first appearance was headlined a "Hot Roast"—and came out as an interview with a reporter. Alleged mistakes on the part of the reporter gave an excuse to come again—the last time as "pastor of Trinity church"—his official cognomen.

The "Hot Roast" was bad enough in tone and temper, but the explanation was even worse. One was the opinion of J. W. Roberts, D. D.—the other voiced the opinion of his official board—because he claims to "own" the church and its belongings, and when he issues an article signed officially, it stands as the voice of those whom he claims to "own."

Before beginning a review of these two appearances, I wish to explain why I notice them at all, because the women that were ejected or evicted from basement privileges, are amply able to take care of themselves. His offensive words have a personal bearing in my case, and I leave it to your readers to decide whether I have a warrant for public criticism or not.

Some months ago, when the anti-barroom measure was en tapis before the Georgia legislature, I received a written invitation from an official member of Trinity church asking me to appeal to his Sunday school class in the auditorium and to the audience, before preaching hours, and entreat their influence to secure favorable action on the measure, from the standpoint of the mother in behalf of the children. I had no intimation that the pastor had opposing views about women, and accepted Mr. Witham's invitation in the spirit and letter of its proposal. I did the best I could and was publicly thanked by Mr. Witham for the earnestness of my appeal. The pastor did not appear, either to listen, to commend or disapprove. That was his privilege, but I insist that it was the time to make known his disapproval, without waiting all these months, to come out in a newspaper to condemn "all sorts of folks" who had been making a "town hall" of the church building. I presume Mr. Witham felt he had some rights, as I understand he belongs to the board of stewards, and I could also understand that in such a crisis the people who were earnestly in favor of practical temperance measures, were willing to listen to something else beside the glittering generalities and expansive platitudes on everything out of sight, and far removed from the sublunary trials, difficulties and besetments near at hand. It is a remarkable state of things when revivals in modern Methodist churches are almost unknown. Occasionally the churches get so hungry for the bread of life that they import an evangelist to stir up the church and awaken sinners.

I cannot wonder at the apathy in Atlanta's two high church Methodist buildings, nor at the avidity with which the common people accepted Rev. Sam Jones' revival sermons, because it is understood that the fashionable Methodist officials in both organizations gave prohibition a very black eye in the last state election. Methodist preachers in Georgia were always considered sponsors for the temperance cause in former times, but with some honorable exceptions the latter day "big Ikes," actually took pleasure in pulling off the lion's skin and giving full scope to the ears and the bray of the other animal—in last year's elections. Dr. Roberts made very sweeping declarations against "all sort of folks" who had spoken in Trinity's auditorium and as it is understood that I came in for a share of censure by indirection—if not by name—I am here to emphasize the fact, that I not only did not

force my efforts upon himself or dissenting members who agree with him, but I went by invitation of one of the board of stewards. I repeat, Dr. Roberts had the occasion and the opportunity to put his veto upon the movement at that time, and could have saved himself the present trouble and myself the mortification of being unwelcome to himself and friends, and I insist that having failed to rebuke Mr. Witham for sending me the invitation, and having failed for some reason to notify me at the time, that my appearance and my theme were at cross-purposes with the "powers that be," the manly thing to have done was to have stated the facts and made the proper exception in my case or to have held his peace until another similar occasion arrived for stringent measures. Therefore I do not intend to hide the facts in this case, and I propose to review the whole affair in the spirit of proper inquiry and investigation so far as I am able to do so.

I have never joined a suffrage association and have never made a public appeal for the right to vote, but whether my "brain" is strong enough to comprehend the subject or too "small, light and fine," to know what I am talking about, I am still a woman and the pastor of Trinity church deserves some attention as an official which the doctor of divinity per se does not merit from my sex, at this time.

He tells the public, speaking as "pastor," that women should be kept where "he thinks" they belong, because their brains are "smaller than men's, lighter and of finer structure." Pray tell me, who constituted him the judge of what they must think or speak (outside of his own household), and on what "meat hath this Cæsar fed," that he should suppress her protest against anything of public nature, that materially affects her "life, liberty or happiness?" If a woman has only a half-ounce of brain matter, while he weighs his own in pounds avoirdupois, who gave him permission to put his ecclesiastic limit on her intelligence or freedom of speech?

The "pastor" should be reminded that the elephant has bains to spare, but that great amount of gray matter expends its intelligence upon its voracious appetite and in pursuing its revenges by squirting gallons of filthy water on all it dislikes. This is a bad showing for the argument that small brains mean small intelligence, while great amount of brains means superior excellence.

As pastor of Trinity church, in the city of Atlanta, there can be no lack of subjects to preach about, even leaving out the violations of disciplinary rules of the Methodist church. A pastor with small brain power would perhaps be able to see there had been a very cyclone of disaster—moral wrecks, swindling schemes, murders, suicides and a thousand other dreadful happenings all around and about his pastorate. The discipline bears heavily upon wordly

amusements, dram drinking, etc., but the "pastor" with great expanse of brain has overlooked the wrecks, the debauchery, the corruption, and it has led him on to fighting women, and those women in good repute and members of his own church! Alas!

He had better pray for some sort of massage treatment, that will bring his brain to normal condition, and clear his vision as to what he is expected to do, in the service and ministry of the living God!

What a pity that he couldn't find a reporter, while the town was ringing with all the horrors mentioned when he could so easily stumble upon a willing pen—to pour out the vials of his wrath, from an elevation,—upon the praying women of his own congregation and members of the same church! If a fine-toothed comb was passed through his congregation do you not suppose he would catch other vermin than the women who asked his permission to warm their cold feet by the embers of the priest's fire down in the basement, and sit on the benches for an hour, once a week—to unite in prayer to God, to save themselves and children from another immoral cyclone? He has accused them of "gossip and politics"—taunted them with their small supply of brains—and says, in derision, that "all sorts of folks" go to Trinity, turning the church into a "town hall," etc. The Bible tells us that a living dog is better than a dead lion—and I would remind the pastor that the virility of a town hall is better than the decorum of a fashionable graveyard! It would take a double-acting microscope to enable an outsider to tell where the saint leaves off and the sinner begins—among some of the great brains of his own class and order, and common rumor says the "gossip" of these masculines is as deadly as their brains are extensive. For instance, the most pungent piece of gossip, which has traveled this far from Trinity church, relates to the discussion of one preacher's character by another.

One had money to loan and the other desired to borrow, but the brother that sheds tears at communion service—and looks up lovingly into the other preachers's face for public effect decided not to loan him his "surplus," because he "would never expect to see a dollar of it again." Along with this gossip we hear about garnisheeing preacher's salaries—to make their creditors easy in mind and pocket—and I'll put my little bit of temperance politics in my own pocket, and give the "pastor"—the acrid gossip of Trinity church, and feel comforted in my poverty and bid him welcome to his riches—and the remarkable unity of Trinity church!

The doctor of divinity told the reporter that men "lose all respect for women who dabble in politics." I reply—that all honorable people regardless of sex—despise hypocrisy and double dealing in both saint and sinner—preachers not excepted.

Respect and disrespect are comparative terms of expression. The value of the respect is proportioned to the quality of the "respector." Rev. John Wesley received but little respect from his foes in Savannah or his ecclesiastical opponents in England. But John Wesley did not cry his eyes out about the respect and I am not going to do so either. I can say to the "pastor of Trinity" that he is at liberty to fold up any "respect" that gives him trouble in my case—in a clean linen napkin—and lay away the precious thing with decent burial. I thank God that His ear is ever open to the cry of the honest seeker of truth—and that His habitations are many—and His work is in nowise destroyed by the opinionated disciples that are eager as of old, to occupy thrones in these ecclesiastical kingdoms. Of all the silly things under the sun it is the dry-as-dust Methodist preacher who banks on his good looks and his pocketbook! They are forever catching at the Lord's ark to keep impious hands from shaking the treasure, and regardless of Uzzah's fate—they seem to learn nothing from another's unhappy experience!

The time has been when Methodism was the greatest reborning church known to this broad land. The preachers received only a scheduled salary—so much for himself—so much for his wife and a similar portion for each child. By this method, the pulpit was confined to those who were eager to save souls—and kept away from those who were greedy for money. There were hardships and privations—but the Lord's work was all powerful and people had faith in these humble followers of the Master. They were ambitious to tell of conversions at the annual conferences. Now they talk of assessments and collections. It is the most desirable of professions, because it gives the quickest return in money and position. Law and medicine go at tortoise gait for many years, but a preacher in favor with his superiors in office, jumps at one bound into the best society, and has the full power of the church organization to force payment of his salary from the members.

As a rule, preachers are not less human than other men. They have a keen relish for the good things of life—all of which they are to be excused for—but when dressed in a little brief authority they get impressed very often with the belief that they are the Lord's anointed and fly to the horns of the altar for protection from criticism which their assumacy merits. It is somebody's duty to take enough of the shine off the shoe to see whether the leather is genuine or shoddy. Maybe their expansive brain-cells do not or cannot understand this situation—but a little inquiry will make it clear that the people are getting awfully tired of the whip in Methodist methods, and even more tired of some of the whipsters.

MRS. W. H. FELTON.

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